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Shakespeare

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
WITH THE
CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:
COMPREHENDING
A Life of the Poet,
AND
AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,
BY
THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.
WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ
ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. *Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

VOL. XIII.

LONDON:

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1821.

Shakspeare

W. H. Dixon

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CYMBELINE.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

CYMBELINE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

Mr. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled Westward for Smelts. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in some material parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by Kitt of Kingston. STEEVENS.

The tale in Westward for Smelts, which I published some years ago, I shall subjoin to this play. The only part of the fable, however, which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from thence, is, Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken, at a subsequent period, into the service of the Roman General as a page. The general scheme of Cymbeline is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakspeare has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. See Act II. Sc. II. It appears from the preface to the old translation of the Decamerone, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately: "I know, most worthy lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory,) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] *have long since been published before*, as stolen from the original author, and yet not beautified with his sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither savouring of his singular morall applications."

Cymbeline, I imagine, was written in the year 1609. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian æra: notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; Philario, Iachimo, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. MALONE.

An ancient translation, or rather a deformed and interpolated imitation, of the ninth novel of the second day of the Dacameron

of Boccacio, has recently occurred. The title and colophon of this rare piece, are as follows:

"This mater treateth of a merchaūtes wyfe that afterwarde went lyke a mā and becam a great lorde and was called Frederyke of Jennen afterwarde."

"Thus endeth this lytell story of lorde Frederyke. Imprȳted ī Anwarpe by me John Dusborowhge, dwellynge besyde y^e Camer porte in the yere of our lorde god a. M.CCCCC. and xviij."

This novel exhibits the material features of its original; though the names of the characters are changed, their sentiments debased, and their conduct rendered still more improbable than in the scenes before us. John of Florence is the Ambrogiulo, Ambrosius of Jennens the Bernabo of the story. Of the translator's elegance of imagination, and felicity of expression, the two following instances may be sufficient. He has converted the picturesque mole under the left breast of the lady, into a black wart on her left arm; and when at last, in a male habit, she discovers her sex, instead of displaying her bosom only, he obliges her to appear before the King and his whole court completely "naked, save that she had a karcher of sylke before hyr members."—The whole work is illustrated with wooden cuts representing every scene throughout the narrative.

I know not that any advantage is gained by the discovery of this antiquated piece, unless it serves to strengthen our belief that some more faithful translation had furnished Shakspeare with incidents which, in their original Italian, to him at least were inaccessible. STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.
CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the Name of Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the Names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.
PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, Italians.
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.
A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.
PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a Physician.
Two Gentlemen.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
HELEN, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Britain. The Garden behind CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *GENT.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem, as does the king's [1].

[1] You do not meet a man, but FROWNS: our BLOODS
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still SEEM, as does the king's.] The thought is this; we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather, but by the king's looks. "We no more obey the heavens [the sky] than our courtiers" obey the heavens [God]. By which it appears that the reading—*our bloods*, is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of *colour*, but by change of *countenance*. And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem*. We should read therefore:

"———— our *brows*
"No more obey the heavens," &c.

which is evident from the precedent words:

"You do not meet a man but *frowns*."

And from the following:

"———— But not a courtier,
"Although they wear their *faces* to the *bent*
"Of the king's *look*, but hath a heart that is
"Glad at the thing they *scowl* at."

The Oxford editor improves upon this emendation, and reads:

"———— our *looks*
"No more obey the *heart*, *e'en* than our courtiers."

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it of all thought and sentiment. WARBURTON.

This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. Of the two emendations

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?
1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

proposed, Sir Thomas Hanmer's is the more licentious; but he makes the sense clear, and leaves the reader an easy passage. Dr. Warburton has corrected with more caution, but less improvement: his reasoning upon his own reading is so obscure and perplexed, that I suspect some injury of the press.—I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. "We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods—" our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—"no more obey *the laws of* heaven," —which direct us to appear what we really are,—"than our courtiers:"—that is, than the 'bloods of our courtiers;' but our bloods, like theirs,—"still seem, as doth the king's." Johnson.

In The Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608, which has been attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* appears to be used for *inclination:*

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Again, in King Lear, Act IV. Sc. II.:

"——— Were it my fitness
"To let these hands obey my *blood.*"

In King Henry VIII. Act III. Sc. IV. is the same thought:

"—— subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,
"As I saw it inclin'd."

Again, in Greene's Never Too Late, 4to. 1590: "if the King smiled, every one in the court was in his jollitie; if he frowned, their plumes fell like peacock's feathers, so that their outward presence depended on his inward passions." Steevens.

I would propose to make this passage clear by a very slight alteration, only leaving out the last letter:

"You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
"No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
"Still seem, as does the *king.*"

That is, "Still look as the king does;" or, as he expresses it a little differently afterwards:

"—— wear their faces to the bent
"Of the king's look." Tyrwhitt.

The only error that I can find in this passage is, the mark of the genitive case annexed to the word *courtiers*, which appears to be a modern innovation, and ought to be corrected. The meaning of it is this:—"Our dispositions no more obey the heavens than our courtiers do; they still seem as the king's does." The obscurity arises from the omission of the pronoun *they*, by a common poetical licence. M. Mason.

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow [2]; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *GENT.* None but the king?

1 *GENT.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *GENT.* And why so?

1 *GENT.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth

Blood is so frequently used by Shakspeare for *natural disposition,* that there can be no doubt concerning the meaning here. So, in All's Well That Ends Well:

" Now his important *blood* will nought deny
" That she'll demand."

We have again, in Antony and Cleopatra, a sentiment similar to that before us:

" —— for he would shine on those
" *That made their looks by his.*" MALONE.

This passage means, I think, "Our bloods, or our constitutions, are not more regulated by the heavens, *by every skyey influence,* than our courtiers apparently are by the looks or disposition of the King: when he frowns, every man frowns." BOSWELL.

[2] ——— She's WEDDED;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; &c.] I would reform the metre as follows:

" She's *wed*; her husband banish'd, she imprison'd:
" All's outward sorrow;" &c.

Wed is used for *wedded,* in The Comedy of Errors:

" In Syracusa was I born, and *wed*——." STEEVENS.

For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far[3].

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself[4];
Crush him[5] together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan[6];

3 You speak him FAR.] You are lavish in your encomiums on him: your eulogium has a wide compass. MALONE.

"You speak him *far*," i. e. you *praise him extensively*. STEEVENS.

4 I do EXTEND him, sir, WITHIN himself;] I extend him within himself: my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his merit. JOHNSON.

My eulogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence; it is rather abbreviated than expanded.—We have again the same expression in a subsequent scene: "The approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, are wonderfully to *extend* him." Again, in The Winter's Tale: "The *report* of her is *extended* more than can be thought." MALONE.

Perhaps this passage may be somewhat illustrated by the following lines in Troilus and Cressida, Act III. Sc. III.:

"——no man is the lord of any thing,
"Till he communicate his parts to others:
"Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
"Till he behold them form'd in the applause
"Where they are *extended*," &c. STEEVENS.

5 CRUSH him—] So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

"Croud us and *crush* us in this monstrous form." STEEVENS.

6 —who did join his HONOUR
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;] I do not understand what can be meant by "joining his *honour* against, &c. with, &c." Perhaps our author wrote:

"——did join his *banner*
"Against the Romans," &c.

But had his titles by Tenantius [7], whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their
 father
(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus [8];
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time

In King John, says the Bastard, let us—
"Part our *mingled colours* once again."
and in the last speech of the play before us, Cymbeline proposes that "a Roman and a British ensign should wave together."
STEEVENS.

7 —Tenantius,] Was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son (his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome) was established on the throne, of which they had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of Sicilius, who was admitted King of Britain, A. M. 3659. The name of Leonatus he found in Sidney's Arcadia. Leonatus is there the legitimate son of the blind King of Paphlagonia, on whose story the episode of Gloster, Edgar, and Edmund, is formed in King Lear. See Arcadia, p. 69, edit. 1593. MALONE.

Shakspeare, having already introduced Leonato among the characters in Much Ado About Nothing, had not far to go for Leonatus. STEEVENS.

8 —Posthumus;] Old copy—Posthumus *Leonatus*. REED.

Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd [9]:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feated them [1]; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress [2],

9 ———— Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd :] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised*, is truly *rare*. JOHNSON.

1 A glass that FEATED them ;] A glass that *formed* them; a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

This passage may be well explained by another in The First Part of King Henry IV.:

" —— He was indeed the glass
" Wherein the noble youths did *dress* themselves."

Again, Ophelia describes Hamlet as—

" The *glass of fashion*, and the mould of form."

To dress themselves, therefore, may be to form themselves.

Dresser, in French, is to *form*. To *dress* a spaniel is to break him in.

Feat is *nice*, *exact*. So, in The Tempest:

" —— look, how well my garments sit upon me,
" Much *feater* than before."

To feat, therefore, may be a verb meaning—to *render nice*, *exact*. By the dress of Posthumus, even the more mature courtiers condescended to regulate their external appearance.

STEEVENS.

Feat Minsheu interprets, *fine*, *neat*, *brave*. See also Barrett's Alvearie, 1580: " *Feat* and pleasant, *concinnæ et venustæ sententiæ*."

The poet does not, I think, mean to say merely, that the more mature regulated their *dress* by that of Posthumus. A glass that feated them, is a model, by viewing which their form became more elegant, and their manners more polished.

We have nearly the same image in The Winter's Tale:

" ———— I should blush
" To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,
" To show myself a *glass*."

Again, more appositely in Hamlet:

" He was the mark and *glass*, copy and book,
" That *fashion'd* others." MALONE.

2 — TO his mistress,] Means—*as* to his mistress. M. MASON.

For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen[3].

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,

[3] —Imogen.] Holinshed's Chronicle furnished Shakspeare

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[*Exit Queen.*

Imo O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty[4],) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause

with this name, which in the old black letter is scarcely distinguishable from *Innogen*, the wife of Brute, King of Britain. There too he found the name of *Cloten*, who, when the line of Brute was at an end, was one of the five kings that governed Britain. Cloten, or Cloton, was King of Cornwall, and father of Mulmutius, whose laws are mentioned in Act III. Sc. I.
MALONE.

4 (Always reserv'd my holy duty,)] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON.

To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall[5].

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends[6];
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—

[5] Though ink be made of GALL.] Shakspeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* used in ink, with the animal *gall*, supposed to be bitter. JOHNSON.

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal galls* with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, "Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —he does buy my injuries, to be friends;] He gives me a valuable consideration in new kindness (purchasing, as it were, the wrong I have done him,) in order to renew our amity, and make us friends again. MALONE.

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death [6]!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the Ring.*
While sense can keep it on [7]? And sweetest, fairest,

[6] And SEAR up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!] Shakspeare may poetically call the *cere-cloths* in which the dead are wrapped, "the bonds of death." If so, we should read *cere* instead of *sear*:

"Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death,
"Have burst their *cerements*?"

To *sear up*, is properly to *close up by burning*; but in this passage the poet may have dropped that idea, and used the word simply for to *close up*. STEEVENS.

May not *sear up*, here mean *solder up*, and the reference be to a lead coffin? Perhaps *cerements*, in Hamlet's address to the Ghost, was used for *searments* in the same sense. HENLEY.

I believe nothing more than *close up* was intended. In the spelling of the last age, however, no distinction was made between *cere-cloth* and *sear-cloth*. Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, explains the word *cerot* by *sear*-cloth. Shakspeare therefore certainly might have had that practice in his thoughts.
MALONE.

[7] While sense can keep IT on!] This expression, I suppose, means, "while sense can maintain its operations; while sense continues to have its usual power." That to *keep on* signifies to continue in a state of action, is evident from the following passage in Othello:

"——— *keeps* due *on*
"To the Propontick," &c.

The general sense of Posthumus's declaration, is equivalent to the Roman phrase,—*dum spiritus hos regit artus.* STEEVENS.

The poet [if *it* refers to the *ring*] ought to have written—can keep *thee* on, as Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read. But Shakspeare has many similar inaccuracies. So, in Julius Cæsar:

"Casca, you are the first that rears *your* hand."

instead of—*his* hand. Again, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"*Time's office is* to calm contending kings,
"To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,—
"To ruinate proud buildings with *thy* hours—."

instead of—*his* hours. Again, in the third Act of the play before us:

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle [8] of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*
IMO. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE *and Lords.*

POST. Alack, the king!
CYM. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.
POST. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
IMO. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is [9].

" ——— Euriphile,
" Thou wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,
" And every day do honour to *her* grave." MALONE.

As none of our author's productions were revised by himself as they passed from the theatre through the press; and as Julius Cæsar and Cymbeline are among the plays which originally appeared in the blundering first folio; it is hardly fair to charge irregularities on the poet, of which his publishers alone might have been guilty. I must therefore take leave to set down the present, and many similar offences against the established rules of language, under the article of Hemingisms and Condelisms; and, as such, in my opinion, they ought, without ceremony, to be corrected.

The instance brought from The Rape of Lucrece might only have been a compositorial inaccuracy, like those which have occasionally happened in the course of our present republication. STEEVENS.

[8] — a MANACLE —] A *manacle* properly means what we now call a *hand-cuff.* STEEVENS.

[9] There cannot be a pinch in death,
More sharp than this is.] So, in King Henry VIII.:

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth [1]; thou heapest
A year's age on me [2]!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation;
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears [3].

" ——— it is a sufferance, panging
" As soul and body's parting." MALONE.

[1] That should'st REPAIR my youth;] i. e. renovate my youth; make me young again. So, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609: " — as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but *repair* it." Again, in All's Well That End's Well:

" ——— it much *repairs* me,
" To talk of your good father." MALONE.

Again, in Pericles:

" Thou giv'st me somewhat to *repair* myself." STEEVENS.

[2] ——— thou heapest
A YEAR'S AGE on me!] The obvious sense of this passage, on which several experiments have been made, is in some degree countenanced by what follows in another scene:

" And every day that comes, comes *to decay*
" *A day's work in him.*"

Dr. Warburton would read " A *yare* (i. e. a speedy) age;" Sir T. Hanmer would restore the metre by a supplemental epithet:

" ——— thou heapest *many*
" A year's age," &c.

and Dr. Johnson would give us:

" *Years, ages,* on me! "

I prefer the additional word introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to all the other attempts at emendation. " *Many* a year's age," is an idea of some weight: but if Cymbeline meant to say that his daughter's conduct made him precisely *one* year older, his conceit is unworthy both of himself and Shakspeare.—I would read with Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

[3] — a TOUCH more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *A touch more rare,* may mean *a nobler passion.* JOHNSON.

A " touch more rare " is undoubtedly ' a more exquisite feeling; a superior sensation.' So, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act I. Sc. II.:

" The death of Fulvia, with more urgent *touches,*
" Do strongly speak to us."

Again, in The Tempest:

Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock[4].
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is

"Hast thou, which art but air, a *touch*, a feeling
"Of their afflictions?" &c.

A *touch* is not unfrequently used, by other ancient writers, in this sense. So, in Daniel's Hymen's Triumph, a masque, 1623:

"You must not, Philis, be so sensible
"Of these small *touches* which your passion makes.
"—— Small *touches*, Lydia! do you count them small?"

Again:

"When pleasure leaves a *touch* at last
"To show that it was ill."

Again, in Daniel's Cleopatra, 1599:

"So deep we feel impressed in our blood
"That *touch* which nature with our breath did give."

Lastly, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in Fraunce's Ivychurch. He is speaking of Mars and Venus: "When sweet tickling joyes of *tutching* came to the highest poynt, when two were one," &c. STEEVENS.

A passage in King Lear will fully illustrate Imogen's meaning:

"—— where the greater malady is fix'd,
"The lesser is scarce felt." MALONE.

4 — a PUTTOCK.] A *kite*. JOHNSON.

A *puttock* is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training. STEEVENS.

A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays [5].

Cym. What!—art thou mad!

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done [*To the Queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice [6].

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day [7]; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

5 —overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.] So small is my value, and so great is his, that in the purchase he has made (for which he paid himself,) for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired. MALONE.

6 —your best ADVICE.] i. e. consideration, reflection. So, in Measure for Measure:

"But did repent me after more *advice*." STEEVENS.

7 —let her languish
A drop of blood a day;] We meet with a congenial form of malediction in Othello:

"——— may his pernicious soul
"Rot half a grain a day!" STEEVENS.

Enter PISANIO.

QUEEN. Fye!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

PIS. My lord your son drew on my master.

QUEEN. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

PIS. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN. I am very glad on't.

IMO. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

PIS. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

QUEEN. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

PIS. I humbly thank your highness.

QUEEN. Pray, walk a while.

IMO. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Publick Place.

Enter Cloten, *and Two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town. [*Aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face [8]. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

[8] — he fled forward still, toward your face.] So, in Troilus and Cressida:

"—— thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
"With his face backward." Steevens.

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together[9]: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit[1].

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

9 —her beauty and her brain go not together:] I believe the lord means to speak a sentence, "Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together." Johnson.

That is, are not equal, "ne vont pás de pair." A similar expression occurs in The Laws of Candy, where Gonzalo, speaking of Erota, says:

"————— and walks
"Her tongue the same gait with her wit?" M. Mason.

1 She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.] She has a fair outside, a specious appearance, but no wit. "O quanta species, cerebrum non habet!" *Phædrus.*

Edwards.

I believe the poet meant nothing by *sign*, but *fair outward* show. Johnson.

The same allusion is common to other writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn:

"————— a common trull,
"A tempting *sign*, and curiously set forth,
"To draw in riotous guests."

Again, in The Elder Brother, by the same authors:

"Stand still, thou *sign* of man."

To understand the whole force of Shakspeare's idea, it should be remembered, that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it. Steevens.

In a subsequent scene, Iachimo speaking of Imogen, says:

"All of her, that is *out of door*, most rich!
"If she be so furnish'd with a *mind* so rare,
"She is alone the Arabian bird." Malone.

SCENE IV.

A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is[2]. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear[3]

2 ——— 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is.] I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemned criminal.

A thought resembling this, occurs in All's Well That Ends Well:
"Like a remorseful *pardon* slowly carried." STEEVENS.

3 —with THIS eye or ear—] [Old copy—*his* eye, &c.] But how could Posthumus make himself distinguished by his *ear* to Pisanio? By his tongue he might to the other's ear, and this was certainly Shakspeare's intention. We must therefore read:
"As he could make me with *this* eye, or ear,
"Distinguish him from others——"
The expression is δεικτικῶς, as the Greeks term it: the party speaking points to the part spoken of. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus:
"——— for so long
"As he could *mark* me with his eye, or *I*
"Distinguish——"
The reason of Sir T. Hanmer's reading was, that Pisanio describes no address made to the *ear*. JOHNSON.

This description, and what follows it, seems imitated from the

Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less [4], ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle [5]:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then

eleventh book of Ovid's Metamorphosis. See Golding's translation, p. 146, b. &c.:

"She lifting up hir watrie eies beheld her husband stand
"Upon the hatches making signes by becking with his hand:
"And she made signes to him againe. And after that the land
"Was farre removed from the ship, and that the sight began
"To be unable to discerne the face of any man,
"As long as ere she could she lookt upon the rowing keele.
"And when she could no longer time for distance ken it weele,
"She looked still upon the sailes that flasked with the wind
"Upon the mast. And when she could the sailes no longer find,
"She gate hir to hir emtie bed with sad and sorie hart," &c.
STEEVENS.

4 As little as a crow, or less,] This comparison may be illustrated by the following in King Lear:

"—— the *crows* that wing the midway air,
"Show *scarce so gross as beetles.*" STEEVENS.

5 ——— till the diminution
OF SPACE had pointed him sharp as my needle:] *The diminution of space*, is *the diminution* of which *space* is the cause. Trees are killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by *blasting*, not *blasted* lightning. JOHNSON.

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage [6].
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons [7], for then
I am in heaven for him [8]; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words [9], comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing [1].

[6] — next VANTAGE.] Next *opportunity.* JOHNSON.
So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:
"And when the doctor spies his *vantage* ripe," &c.
STEEVENS.

[7] — encounter me with orisons,] i. e. meet me with reciprocal prayer. So, in Macbeth:
"See, they *encounter* thee with their hearts' thanks."
STEEVENS.

[8] I am in heaven for him;] My solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf. STEEVENS.

[9] ——— or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words,] Dr. Warburton pronounces as absolutely as if he had been present at their parting, that these two charming words were—*adieu Posthumus;* but as Mr. Edwards has observed, "she must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every one called her husband." STEEVENS.

[1] —— like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
SHAKES all our BUDS from growing.] i. e. our buds of *love*,

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

as our author has elsewhere expressed it. Dr. Warburton, because the buds of flowers are here alluded to, very idly reads—
" Shakes all our buds from *blowing*."

The buds of *flowers* undoubtedly are meant, and Shakspeare himself has told us in Romeo and Juliet that they *grow :*

" This *bud of love,* by summer's ripening breath
" May prove a beauteous *flower,* when next we meet."

Malone.

A *bud* without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits. Johnson.

Dr. Warburton's emendation may in some measure be confirmed by those beautiful lines in The Two Noble Kinsmen, which I have no doubt were written by Shakspeare. Emilia is speaking of a *rose :*

" It is the very emblem of a maid.
" For when the *west* wind courts her gentily,
" How modestly she blows and paints the sun
" With her chaste blushes?—when the *north* comes near her
" Rude and impatient, then like chastity,
" She locks her beauties in the *bud* again,
" And leaves him to base briars." Farmer.

I think the old reading may be sufficiently supported by the following passage in the 18th Sonnet of our author:

" Rough winds do *shake* the darling *buds* of May."

Again, in The Taming of the Shrew:

" Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds *shake* fair *buds*."

Lyly, in his Euphues, 1581, as Mr. Holt White observes, has a similar expression: " The *winde shaketh off the blossome,* as well as the fruit." Steevens.

SCENE V.

Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO[2], *a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard*[3].

IACH. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

PHI. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him [4] both without and within.

FRENCH. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

IACH. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her

[2] — *Iachimo*,] The name of *Giacomo* occurs in The Two Gentlemen of Venice, a novel, which immediately follows that of Rhomeo and Julietta in the second tome of Painter's Palace of Pleasure. MALONE.

[3] — *a* DUTCHMAN, *and a* SPANIARD.] Thus the old copy; but Mynheer, and the Don, are mute characters.

Shakspeare, however, derived this circumstance from whatever translation of the original novel he made use of. Thus, in the ancient one described in our Prolegomena to this drama: "Howe iiii merchauntes met all togyther in on way, whyche were of iiii dyverse landes," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] — MAKES him —] In the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *mar* you. JOHNSON.

So, in Othello:

"———— This is the night
"Tha either *makes* me, or fordoes me quite."

STEEVENS.

Makes him, in the text, means *forms* him. M. MASON.

value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter[5].

French. And then his banishment:——

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours[6], are wonderfully to extend him[7]; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality[8].

5 —words him,—a great deal from the matter,] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. JOHNSON.

6 — under her colours,] Under her banner; by her influence. JOHNSON.

7 —and the APPROBATION of those,—ARE wonderfully to extend him;] This grammatical inaccuracy is common in Shakspeare's plays. So, in Julius Cæsar:

"The *posture* of your blows *are* yet unknown."

See vol. xii. p. 134, and vol. iv. p. 389. The modern editors, however, read—*approbations*.

Extend has here the same meaning as in a former scene. See p. 8, n. 4. MALONE.

I perceive no inaccuracy on the present occasion. "This matter of his marrying his king's daughter,"—"and then his banishment;"—"and the approbation of those," &c. "*are* (i. e. all these circumstances united) wonderfully to extend him." STEEVENS.

8 — without LESS quality.] Whenever *less* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a preposition of a similar import, Shakspeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to use words that express the very contrary of what he means. In a note on Antony and Cleopatra, I have proved this incontestably, by comparing a passage similar to that in the text with the words of Plutarch on which it is formed. The passage is:

"—— I —condemn myself to *lack*
"The courage of a woman, *less* noble mind
"Than she—."

Again, in The Winter's Tale:

"———— I ne'er heard yet
"That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
"*Less* impudence, to gainsay what they did,
"Than to perform it first."

Again, in King Lear:

"———— I have hope
"You *less* know how to value her deserts
"Than she to *scant* her duty."

But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:——

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still[9].

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you[1]; it

See note on Antony and Cleopatra, vol. xii. p. 373, n. 4. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—without *more* quality, and so undoubtedly Shakspeare *ought* to have written. On the stage, an actor may rectify such petty errors; but it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his author wrote. Malone.

As on this occasion, and several others, we can only tell what Hemings and Condel printed, instead of knowing, with any degree of certainty, what Shakspeare wrote, I have not disturbed Mr. Rowe's emendation, which leaves a clear passage to the reader, if he happens to prefer an obvious sense to no sense at all.
Steevens.

9 —which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.] So, in All's Well That Ends Well:

"Which I will ever pay, and pay again,
"When I have found it."

Again, in our author's 30th Sonnet:

"Which I new pay, as if not pay'd before." Malone.

1 —I did atone, &c.] To *atone* signifies in this place to *reconcile*. So, Ben Jonson, in The Silent Woman:

"There had been some hope to *atone* you."

had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature[2].

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences[3]: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not * to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other[4], or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in

* First folio omits *not*.

Again, in Heywood's English Traveller, 1633:

"The constable is call'd to *atone* the broil." STEEVENS.

[2] — upon IMPORTANCE of so slight and trivial a nature.] *Importance* is here, as elsewhere in Shakspeare, *importunity, instigation.* See vol. xi. p. 498, n. 2; and vol. iv. p. 253, n. 5. MALONE.

So, in Twelfth-Night: "Maria wrote the letter at Sir Toby's great *importance*." Again, in King John:

"At our *importance* hither is he come." STEEVENS.

[3] — rather shunned to go even with what I heard, &c.] This is expressed with a kind of fantastical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself. JOHNSON.

This passage cannot bear the meaning that Johnson contends for. Posthumus is describing a presumptuous young man, as he acknowledges himself to have been at that time; and means to say, that "he rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience." —To take for direction the experience of others, would be a proof of wisdom, not of presumption. M. MASON.

[4] — CONFOUNDED one the other,] To *confound*, in our author's time, signified—to *destroy*.

So, in Antony and Cleopatra, vol. xii. p. 280.

"What willingly he did *confound* he wail'd." MALONE.

publick, which may, without contradiction [5], suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend [6].

5 —which may, without contradiction,] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told. Johnson.

6 —though I profess, &c.] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. Johnson.

The sense seems to require a transposition of these words, and that we should read:

"Though I profess myself her friend, not her adorer."

Meaning thereby the praises he bestowed on her arose from his knowledge of her virtues, not from a superstitious reverence only. If Posthumus wished to be believed, as he surely did, the declaring that his praises proceeded from adoration, would lessen the credit of them, and counteract his purpose. In confirmation of this conjecture, we find that in the next page he acknowledges her to be his wife.—Iachimo afterwards says in the same sense:

"You are a *friend*, and therein the wiser."

Which would also serve to confirm my amendment, if it were the right reading; but I do not think it is. M. Mason.

I am not certain that the foregoing passages have been completely understood by either commentator, for want of acquaintance with the peculiar sense in which the word *friend* may have been employed.

A *friend* in ancient colloquial language, is occasionally synonymous to a *paramour* or *inamorato* of either sex, in both the favourable and unfavourable sense of that word. "Save you *friend*

IACH. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady[7].

Cassio!" says Bianca in Othello; and Lucio, in Measure for Measure, informs Isabella that her brother Claudio "hath got his *friend* [Julietta] with child." *Friend*, in short, is one of those "fond adoptious christendoms that blinking Cupid gossips," many of which are catalogued by Helen in All's Well That Ends Well, and *friend* is one of the number:

"A mother, and a mistress, and a *friend*,
"A phœnix, captain, and an enemy."

This word, though with some degradation, is still current among the harlotry of London, who, (like Macheath's doxies,) as often as they have occasion to talk about their absent *keepers*, invariably call them their *friends*. In this sense the word is also used by Iago, in Othello, Act IV. Sc. I.:

"Or to be naked with her *friend* abed."

Posthumus means to bestow the most exalted praise on Imogen, a praise the more valuable as it was the result of reason, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, says he, in the character of her adorer, not of her possessor.—I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy.—I rather profess to describe her with the devotion of a worshipper, than the raptures of a lover. This sense of the word also appears to be confirmed by a subsequent remark of Iachimo:

"You are a *friend*, and therein the wiser."

i. e. you are a *lover*, and therefore show your wisdom in opposing all experiments that may bring your lady's chastity into question.

STEEVENS.

7 If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not BUT believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.] The old copy reads—"I could *not believe* she excell'd many;" but it is on all hands allowed that the reasoning of Iachimo, as it stands there, is inconclusive.

On this account, Dr. Warburton reads, omitting the word—*not*, "*I could believe* she excelled many."

Mr. Heath proposes to read, "I could *but* believe," &c.

Mr. Malone, whom I have followed, exhibits the passage as it appears in the present text.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were [8] wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of* your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress [9]; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

* First folio omits *of*.

The reader who wishes to know more on this subject, may consult a note in Mr. Malone's edit. [1790] vol. viii. p. 327, 328, and 329. STEEVENS.

As Mr. Steevens has withdrawn his former opinion with regard to this passage, I have not inserted Mr. Malone's reply here, but, as it has been referred to, have given it at the end of the play.
BOSWELL.

[8] — if there were —] Old copy—*or* if—for the *purchases*, &c. the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word—*or*, which has just occurred. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] — to CONVINCE the honour of my distress;] *Convince*, for *overcome*. WARBURTON.

So, in Macbeth:
" —— their malady *convinces*
" The great essay of art." JOHNSON.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused [1] in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation [2] of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Your's; whom in constancy, you think,

[1] — abused —] Deceived. JOHNSON.
So, in Othello:
"The Moor's *abus'd* by some most villainous knave."
STEEVENS.

[2] — approbation —] Proof. JOHNSON.
So, in King Henry V.:
"—— how many, now in health,
"Shall drop their blood in *approbation*
"Of what your reverence shall incite us to." STEEVENS.

stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser [3].

[3] You are a FRIEND, and therein the wiser.] I correct it:

"You are *afraid*, and therein the wiser."

What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:

"—— But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you *fear*." WARBURTON.

You are a friend to the lady, *and therein the wiser*, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you *fear* is a proof of your *religious* fidelity. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Warburton affixed his name to the preceding note, it is taken *verbatim* from one written by Mr. Theobald on this passage.

[But let it be remembered, that Dr. Warburton communicated many notes to Theobald before he published his own edition, and complains that he was not fairly dealt with concerning them. REED.]

A *friend* in our author's time often signified a *lover*. Iachimo therefore might mean that Posthumus was wise in being only the *lover* of Imogen, and not having bound himself to her by the indissoluble ties of marriage. But unluckily Posthumus has already said he is *not* her *friend*, but her adorer: this therefore could hardly have been Iachimo's meaning.

I cannot say that I am entirely satisfied with Dr. Johnson's interpretation; yet I have nothing better to propose. "You are a friend to the lady, and therefore will not expose her to hazard. This snrely is not warranted by what Posthumus has just said. He is ready enough to expose her to hazard. He has actually exposed her to hazard by accepting the wager. He will not indeed risk his *diamond*, but has offered to lay a sum of money, that Iachimo, "with all appliances and means to boot," will not be able to corrupt her. I do not therefore see the force of Iachimo's observation. It would have been more "german to the matter" to have said, in allusion to the former words of Posthumus—You are *not* a friend, i. e. a lover, and therein the wiser: for all women are corruptible. MALONE.

If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches[4]; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions[5]; let us have

See p. 30, and 31, n. 6. Though the reply of Iachimo may not have been warranted by the preceding words of Posthumus, it was certainly meant by the speaker as a provoking circumstance, a circumstance of incitation to the wager. STEEVENS.

Does it not mean—You shew yourself *a friend to your ring* which you have described as being so dear to you, by not risking it on such a wager, and your prudence is evinced by your caution? BOSWELL.

[4] I am the master of my speeches;] i. e. I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant. STEEVENS.

[5] *Iach.* —— If I bring you NO sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are YOURS; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are YOURS, &c.

Post. I embrace these conditions; &c.] This was a wager between the two speakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Posthumus embraces them, as well he might; for Iachimo

articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

IACH. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

POST. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* IACHIMO.

FRENCH. Will this hold, think you?

PHI. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

mentions only *that* of the two conditions which was favourable to Posthumus: namely, that if his wife preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, in case she preserved it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet; we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus: "If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed, &c. my ten thousand ducats are *mine;* so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c. she your jewel, &c. and my gold are *yours.*" WARBURTON.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakspeare intended that Iachimo having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both. JOHNSON.

SCENE VI.

Britain. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

QUEEN. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: Who has the note of them?
1 *LADY.* I, madam.
QUEEN. Despatch.—— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?
COR. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?
QUEEN. I wonder, doctor[6],
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions[7]? I will try the forces

[6] I DO wonder, doctor,] I have supplied the verb *do* for the sake of measure, and in compliance with our author's practice when he designs any of his characters to speak emphatically: Thus, in Much Ado About Nothing: "I *do* much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool," &c.
STEEVENS.

[7] Other CONCLUSIONS?] Other *experiments.* "I commend," says Walton, "an angler that trieth *conclusions, and improves his art.*" JOHNSON.

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart[8]:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To Pisanio.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her[9]. She doth think, she has

So, in Antony and Cleopatra:
"She hath pursued *conclusions* infinite
"Of easy ways to die." Malone.

[8] Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:] There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor. Johnson.

[9] I do not like her.] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows. Johnson.

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time [1],
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her [2].

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.
[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench [3]; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name

This soliloquy, however inartificial in respect of the speaker, is yet necessary to prevent that uneasiness which would naturally arise in the mind of an audience on recollection that the Queen had mischievous ingredients in her possession, unless they were undeceived as to the quality of them; and it is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life. Steevens.

[1] —a time,] So the old copy. All the modern editions—*for* a time. So, in the novel printed at the end of this play: "She appointing the other to be at the court *the same time*." Malone.

[2] So to be false with her.] The two last words may be fairly considered as an interpolation, for they hurt the metre, without enforcement of the sense.

"For thee," in the next line but one, might on the same account be omitted. Steevens.

[3] —quench;] i. e. grow cool. Steevens.

Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being [5],
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans [6]?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[*The Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on [7]; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisa.*]—A sly and constant knave;

5 — to shift his being,] To change his abode. JOHNSON.

6 — that leans?] That *inclines* towards its fall. JOHNSON.

7 Think what a CHANCE thou CHANGEST on;] Such is the reading of the old copy, which by succeeding editors has been altered into—

"Think what a *chance* thou *chancest* on—;"

And—

"Think what a *change* thou *chancest* on—;"

but unnecessarily. The meaning is: "Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service." STEEVENS.

A line in our author's Rape of Lucrece adds some support to the reading—thou *chancest* on, which is much in Shakspeare's manner:

"Let there *bechance him* pitiful mis-*chances*." MALONE.

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet [8]; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, *and Ladies.*

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do [9]:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief [1]! and those repeated

[8] Of LIEGERS for her sweet;] A *lieger* ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest. JOHNSON.

So, in Measure for Measure:
"Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
"Intends you for his swift embassador,
"Where you shall be an everlasting *lieger*." STEEVENS.

[9] And shall do:] Some words, which rendered this sentence less abrupt, and perfected the metre of it, appear to have been omitted in the old copies. STEEVENS.

[1] — O, that husband!
My supreme CROWN of grief!] Imogen means to say, that

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious [2]: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort [3].—Who may this be? Fye!

her separation from her husband is the completion of her distress. So, in King Lear:

"This would have seem'd a period
"To such as love not sorrow; but another,
"To amplify too much, would make much more,
"And *top extremity*."

Again, in Coriolanus:

"—— the spire and *top* of praise."

Again, more appositely, in Troilus and Cressida:

"Make Cressid's name the very *crown* of falsehood."

Again, in The Winter's Tale:

"The *crown* and comfort of my life, your favour,
"I do give lost." MALONE.

[2] —but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious:] Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stolen as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of Posthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chooses it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, "The desire that's glorious;" which the Oxford editor not understanding, alters to—"The *degree* that's glorious." WARBURTON.

[3] — Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.] The last words are equivocal; but the meaning is this: who are beholden only to the seasons for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for, or desire. WARBURTON.

I am willing to comply with any meaning that can be extorted from the present text, rather than change it, yet will propose, but with great diffidence, a slight alteration:

"———— Bless'd be those,
"How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
"*With reason's* comfort——."

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Who gratify their innocent wishes with reasonable enjoyments. JOHNSON.

I shall venture at another explanation, which, as the last words are admitted to be equivocal, may be proposed. "To be able to refine on calamity (says she) is the miserable privilege of those who are educated with aspiring thoughts and elegant desires. Blessed are they, however mean their condition, who have the power of gratifying their honest inclination, which circumstance *bestows an additional relish* on *comfort* itself."

"You lack the *season* of all natures, sleep." *Macbeth.*

Again, in Albumazar, 1615:

"—— the memory of misfortunes past
"*Seasons* the welcome." STEEVENS.

In my apprehension, Imogen's sentiment is simply this: "Had I been stolen by thieves in my infancy, (or, as she says in another place, *born a neat-herd's daughter,*) I had been happy. But instead of that, I am in a high, and, what is called, a *glorious* station; and most miserable in such a situation! Pregnant with calamity are those desires, which aspire to glory; to splendid titles, or elevation of rank! Happier far are those, how low soever their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumstance that gives an additional *zest* to comfort itself, and renders it something more;" or (to borrow our author's words in another place) *which keeps comfort always* fresh and lasting.

A line in Timon of Athens may perhaps prove the best comment on the former part of this passage:

"O the fierce *wretchedness* that *glory* brings!"

In King Henry VIII. also, Anna Bullen utters a sentiment that bears a strong resemblance to that before us:

"—— I swear, 'tis better
"To dwell with humble livers in content,
"Than to be perk'd up in a *glist'ring grief,*
"And wear a *golden sorrow.*"

Of the verb *to season,* (of which the true explanation was originally given by Mr. Steevens,) so many instances occur as fully to justify this interpretation. It is used in the same metaphorical sense in Daniel's Cleopatra, a tragedy, 1594:

"This that did *season* all my sour of life—."

Again, in our author's Romeo and Juliet:

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[*Aside.*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.]—*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust——*
Leonatus [4].

"How much salt water thrown away in waste,
"To *season* love, that of it doth not taste!"

Again, in Twelfth-Night:

"—— All this to *season*
"A brother's dead love, which she would keep *fresh*
"And *lasting* in her sad remembrance." Malone.

I agree with Steevens that the word *seasons*, in this place, is used as a verb, but not in his interpretation of the former part of this passage. Imogen's reflection is merely this: "That those are happy who have their honest wills, which gives a relish to comfort; but that those are miserable who set their affections on objects of superior excellence, which are of course, difficult to obtain." The word *honest* means *plain* or *humble*, and is opposed to *glorious*. M. Mason.

[4] *Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your* trust
Leonatus.]
Were Leonatus writing to his Steward, this style might be proper; but it is so strange a conclusion of a letter to a princess, and a beloved wife, that it cannot be right. I have no doubt therefore that we ought to read:

"—— *as you value your* truest.
"Leonatus."
M. Mason.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I

This emendation is at once so neat and elegant, that I cannot refuse it a place in the text; and especially as it returns an echo to the words of Posthumus when he parted from Imogen, and dwelt so much on his own conjugal fidelity:

"———— I will remain
"The *loyal'st* husband that did e'er plight troth."

STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Mason's conjecture would have more weight, if it were certain that these were intended as the concluding words of the letter. It is more probable that what *warmed the very middle of the heart of Imogen*, formed the *conclusion* of Posthumus's letter; and the words—*so far*, and *by the rest*, support that supposition. Though Imogen reads the name of her husband, she might suppress somewhat that intervened. Nor, indeed, is the adjuration of light import, or unsuitable to a fond husband, supposing it to be the conclusion of the letter. Respect my friend, says Leonatus, as you value the confidence reposed in you by him to whom you have plighted your troth. MALONE.

It is certain, I think, from the break—" He is one," &c. that the omitted part of the letter was at the beginning of it; and that what follows (all indeed that was necessary for the audience to hear,) was its regular and decided termination.—Was it not natural, that a young and affectionate husband, writing to a wife whom he adored, should express the feelings of his love, before he proceeded to the detail of his colder business? STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens forgets that this is not a love letter, written in the ordinary course by Posthumus to Imogen, but a letter of recommendation, written for the express purpose of introducing Iachimo to her. The paragraph therefore, "read aloud," was probably the very second sentence of her letter, as the first would naturally contain his name and quality—and after he has apprized her who the bearer of his letter is, and requested her to treat him kindly for his sake, he would naturally proceed to that which "warmed the very middle of her heart."

Independent indeed of this consideration, if the learned commentator had been more conversant with these expressions of tenderness, he would have known that there is no part of a letter in which they are more likely to be found than in the end, and that no man who truly loved a woman would let his concluding words treat of the colder business, that had no connexion with his passion. On the contrary, the warmest and most passionate assurances of affection are always found there. MALONE.

Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land [5], which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach [6]? and can we not

5 — and the rich CROP
Of sea and land,] He is here speaking of the *covering* of sea and land. Shakspeare therefore wrote:
"—— and the rich *cope* —." WARBURTON.

Surely no emendation is necessary. The *vaulted arch* is alike the *cope* or covering of *sea and land*. When the poet had spoken of it once, could he have thought this second introduction of it necessary? "The crop of sea and land" means only 'the productions of either element.' STEEVENS.

6 — and the twinn'd stones
Upon the NUMBER'D beach?] I have no idea in what sense the beach, or shore, should be called *number'd*. I have ventured, against all the copies, to substitute—
"Upon th' *unnumber'd* beach?"——
i. e. the infinite extensive beach, if we are to understand the epithet as coupled to the word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hypallage*, like that in the beginning of Ovid's Metamorphosis:
(In *nova* fert animus *mutatas* dicere formas
Corpora.)——
And then we are to understand the passage thus: "and the infinite number of twinn'd stones upon the beach." THEOBALD.

Sense and the antithesis oblige us to read this nonsense thus:
"Upon the *humbled* beach:"——
i. e. because daily insulted from the flow of the tide.
WARBURTON.

I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand.—*Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd* we might read *twin'd*; that is, *twisted, convolved*: but this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones. JOHNSON.

The pebbles on the sea shore are so much of the same size and shape, that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins*. So, in The Maid of the Mill, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"—— But is it possible that two faces
"Should be so *twinn'd* in form, complexion," &c.

Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed [7].

Again, in our author's Coriolanus, Act IV. Sc. IV.:

"Are still together, who *twin* as 'twere in love."

Mr. Heath conjectures the poet might have written—*spurn'd* stones. He might possibly have written that or any other word. —In Coriolanus, a different epithet is bestowed on the beach:

"Then let the pebbles on the *hungry* beach
"Fillop the stars——."

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. vi. c. vii.:

"But as he lay upon the *humbled* grass. Steevens.

I think we may read the *umbered*, the *shaded* beach. This word is met with in other places. Farmer.

Farmer's amendment is ill-imagined. There is no place so little likely to be *shaded* as the beach of the sea; and therefore *umber'd* cannot be right. M. Mason.

Mr. Theobald's conjecture may derive some support from a passage in King Lear:

"—— the murm'ring surge
"That on *th' unnumber'd* idle pebbles chases—."

Th' unnumber'd, and *the number'd*, if hastily pronounced, might easily have been confounded by the ear. If *number'd* be right, it surely means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *abounding in numbers* of stones; *numerous*. Malone.

7 Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.] i. e. that appetite, which is not allured to feed on such excellence, can have no stomach at all; but, though empty, must nauseate every thing. Warburton.

I explain this passage in a sense almost contrary. Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shown how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will [8],
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub

the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object.
JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have both taken the pains to give their different senses of this passage; but I am still unable to comprehend how *desire*, or any other thing, can be made to *vomit emptiness*. I rather believe the passage should be read thus:

"Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd,
"Should make desire vomit, emptiness
"Not so *allure* to feed."

That is, Should *not so*, [in such circumstances] *allure* [even] *emptiness to feed*. TYRWHITT.

This is not ill conceived; but I think my own explanation right. "To vomit emptiness" is, in the language of poetry, 'to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude.' JOHNSON.

No one who has been ever sick at sea, can be at a loss to understand what is meant by *vomiting emptiness*. Dr. Johnson's interpretation would perhaps be more exact, if after the word *desire* he had added, *however hungry, or sharp set*.

A late editor, Mr. Capell, was so little acquainted with his author, as not to know that Shakspeare here, and in some other places, uses *desire* as a trisyllable; in consequence of which, he reads—"vomit *to* emptiness." MALONE.

The indelicacy of this passage may be kept in countenance by the following lines and stage-directions in the tragedy of All for Money, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"Now will I essay to *vomit* if I can;
"Let him hold your head, and I will hold your stomach," &c.
"Here Money shall make as though he would *vomit*."

Again:

"Here Pleasure shall make as though he would *vomit*."
STEEVENS.

[8] The cloyed will, &c.] The present irregularity of metre has almost persuaded me that this passage originally stood thus:

"——— The cloyed will,
"(That's satiate, yet unsatisfied, that tub
"Both fill'd and running,) ravening first the lamb,
"Longs after for the garbage.
" What, dear sir," &c.

Both fill'd and running,) ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech, you, sir, desire [*To Pisanio.*
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish [9].

The want, in the original MS. of the letter I have supplied, perhaps occasioned the interpolation of the word—*desire.* STEEVENS.

9 — he
Is STRANGE and peevish.] He is a foreigner, and easily fretted. JOHNSON.

Strange, I believe, signifies *shy* or *backward.* So, Holinshed, p. 735: "— brake to him his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing *strange.*"

Peevish anciently meant *weak, silly.* So, in Lyly's Endymion, 1591: "Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or shape of a mistress." Again, in his Galatea, [1592,] when a man has given a conceited answer to a plain question, Diana says, "let him alone, he is but *peevish.*" Again, in his Love's Metamorphosis, 1601: "In the heavens I saw an orderly course, in the earth nothing but disorderly love and *peevishness.*" Again, in Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "We have infinite poets and pipers, and such *peevish* cattel among us in Englande." Again, in The Comedy of Errors:

"How now! a madman! why thou *peevish* sheep,
"No ship of Epidamnum stays for me." STEEVENS.

Minsheu, in his Dictionary, 1617, explains *peevish* by *foolish.* So again, in our author's King Richard III.:

"When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy."

So also in Henry VI. Third Part, Act V. Sc. I.:

"Why what a *peevish* fool was that of Crete."

Strange is again used by our author in his Venus and Adonis, in the sense in which Mr. Steevens supposes it to be used here:

"Measure my *strangeness* by my unripe years."

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

"I'll prove more true
"Than those that have more cunning to be *strange.*"

But I doubt whether the word was intended to bear that sense here. MALONE.

Johnson's explanation of *strange* [he is a foreigner] is certainly right. Iachimo uses it again in the latter end of this scene:

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit* Pisanio.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller [1].

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him [2]; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my sides hold [3], *to think, that man,—who knows*

"And I am something curious, being *strange*,
"To have them in safe stowage."

Here also *strange* evidently means, being a *stranger*.

M. Mason.

[1] — he is call'd
The Briton reveller.] So, in Chaucer's Coke's Tale, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 4369:
"That he was cleped Perkin *revelour*." Steevens.

[2] — he furnaces
The thick sighs from him;] So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the Shield of Homer, 1598; "—*furnaceth* the universall sighes and complaintes of this transposed world."

Steevens.

So, in As You Like It:
"—— And then the lover,
"*Sighing* like *furnace*, with a woeful ballad." Malone.

[3] — laughs—cries, *O!*
Can my sides hold, &c.] Hence, perhaps, Milton's—
"—— *Laughter holding* both his *sides*." Steevens.

So, in Troilus and Cressida, vol. viii. p. 266:

By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?
Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much[4]
In you,—which I account[5] his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,

" ———— O!—enough, Patroclus;
" Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
" In pleasure of my spleen—." Harris.

4 — In himself, 'tis much;] If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable. Malone.

5 — count—] Old copy—*account*. Steevens.

I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing[6],
The remedy then born[7],) discover to me
What both you spur and stop[8].

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty[9]; this object, which

[6] —timely KNOWING,] Rather—timely *known*. JOHNSON.

I believe Shakspeare wrote—*known*, and that the transcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. MALONE.

[7] — For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,] We should read, I think:
"The *remedy's* then born—." MALONE.

Perhaps the meaning is, as I have pointed the passage:
"——— For certainties
"Either are past remedy; or timely knowing
"The remedy, then *borne*."

They are either past all remedy; or, the remedy being timely suggested to us by the knowing them, they are the more easily borne. J. BOADEN.

[8] What both you spur and stop.] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON.

This kind of ellipsis is common in these plays. What both you spur and stop *at*, the poet means. See a note on Act II. Sc. III. MALONE.

The meaning is, 'what you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold.' M. MASON.

The allusion is to horsemanship. So, in Sidney's Arcadia, book i.: "She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably *spurred*, but so *short-reined*, as he cannot stirre forward."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Epigram to the Earl of Newcastle:
"*Provoke* his mettle, and *command* his force." STEEVENS.

[9] — this hand, whose touch,
— would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty?] There is, I think, here a reference

Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here [1]: should I (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol [2]; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye [3],
Base and unlustrous [4] as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

to the manner in which the tenant performed homage to his lord. "The lord sate, while the vassal kneeling on both knees before him, *held his hands jointly together between the hands of his lord*, and swore to be faithful and loyal." See Coke upon Littleton, sect. 85. Unless this allusion be allowed, how has *touching the hand* the slightest connection with taking *the oath of loyalty*? HOLT WHITE.

The very touch of such a hand would make the *feeler swear to be true*. BOSWELL.

[1] FIXING it only here:] The old copy has—*Fiering*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

[2] — as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol;] Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase "as common as the highway." STEEVENS.

[3] — join gripes with hands, &c.] The old edition reads:
"—— join gripes with hands
"Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as
"With labour) then *by* peeping in an eye," &c.
I read:
"—— then *lie* peeping—."
Hard with falsehood, is, 'hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands.' JOHNSON.

[4] Base and UNLUSTROUS—] Old copy—*illustrious*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. That *illustrious* was not used by our author in the sense of *inlustrous* or *unlustrous*, is proved by a passage in the old comedy of Patient Grissell, 1603: "— the buttons were *illustrious* and resplendent diamonds." MALONE.

A "*lack-lustre* eye" has been already mentioned in As You Like It. STEEVENS.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery [5],
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys [6], hir'd with that self-exhibition [7]

5 — to an EMPERY,] *Empery* is a word signifying *sovereign command*; now obsolete. Shakspeare uses it in King Richard III.:
" Your right of birth, your *empery*, your own."
STEEVENS.

6 With TOMBOYS,] We still call a masculine, a forward girl, *tomboy*. So, in Middleton's Game at Chess:
" Made threescore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton."
Again, in W. Warren's Nurcerie of Names, 1581:
" She comes not unto Bacchus' feastes,
" Or Flora's routes by night,
" Like *tomboyes* such as lives in Rome
" For euery knaues delight."
Again, in Lyly's Midas, 1592: " If thou should'st rigg up and down in our jackets, thou would'st be thought a very *tomboy*."
Again, in Lady Alimony:
" What humourous *tomboys* be these?—
" The only gallant Messalinas of our age."
It appears from several of the old plays and ballads, that the ladies of pleasure, in the time of Shakspeare, often wore the habits of young men. So, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled The Stout Cripple of Cornwall:
" And therefore kept them secretlie
" To feede his fowle desire,
" Apparell'd all like gallant youthes,
" In pages' trim attyre.

Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff[8],
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

"He gave them for their cognizance
"A purple bleeding heart,
"In which two silver arrows seem'd
"The same in twaine to part.
"Thus secret were his wanton sports,
"Thus private was his pleasure;
"*Thus harlots in the shape of men*
"Did waft away his treasure."

Verstegan, however, gives the following etymology of the word *tomboy:* "*Tumbe.* To dance. *Tumbod,* danced; hereof we yet call a wench that skippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy:* our name also of *tumbling* cometh from hence." STEEVENS.

7 — hir'd with that self-exhibition, &c.] *Gross strumpets,* hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband. JOHNSON.

8 — such BOIL'D stuff,] The allusion is to the ancient process of sweating in venereal cases. See Timon of Athens, Act IV. Sc. III. So, in The Old Law, by Massinger:

"——— look *parboil'd,*
"As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida: "Sodden business! there's a *stewed* phrase indeed." Again, in Timon of Athens: "She's e'en setting on water to *scald* such chickens as you are." All this stuff about *boiling, scalding,* &c. is a mere play on *stew,* a word which is afterwards used for a brothel by Imogen.

STEEVENS.

The words may mean,—such *corrupted* stuff; from the substantive *boil.* So, in Coriolanus:

"——— *boils* and plagues
"Plaster you o'er!"

But, I believe, Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one.

MALONE.

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets[9];
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.
Imo. What ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips[1].
Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew[2], and to expound

9 Live like Diana's PRIEST, betwixt cold sheets;] Sir Thomas Hanmer, supposing this to be an inaccurate expression, reads:
"Live like Diana's *priestess* '*twixt* cold sheets;"
but the text is as the author wrote it. So, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Diana says:
"My temple stands at Ephesus; hie thee thither;
"There, when my maiden *priests* are met together," &c.
MALONE.

1 Let me my service tender on your lips.] Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. So, in Caltha Poetarum, &c. 1599:
"—— she *swears* him to his good abearing,
"Whilst her faire sweet *lips* were the books of swearing."
STEEVENS.

2 As in a ROMISH stew,] *Romish* was, in the time of Shakspeare, used instead of *Roman*. There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. The same phrase occurs in Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607:

His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom [3]
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him [4]:
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god [5]:

"—— my mother deem'd me chang'd,
"Poor woman! in the loathsome *Romish* stewes:"
and the author of this piece seems to have been a scholar.

Again, in Wit In A Constable, by Glapthorne, 1640:
"A *Romish* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome."

Again, Thomas Drant's translation of the first epistle of the second book of Horace, 1567:
"The *Romishe* people wise in this, in this point only just."
STEEVENS.

3 —and a daughter WHOM—] Old copy—*who*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

4 ———— such a holy WITCH,
That he ENCHANTS SOCIETIES UNTO HIM:] So, in our author's Lover's Complaint:
"—— he did in the general bosom reign
"Of young and old, and sexes both *enchanted*—
"Consents *bewitch'd*, ere he desire, have granted."
MALONE.

5 — like a DESCENDED god:] So, in Hamlet:
"—— a station like the herald *Mercury*,
"*New lighted* on a heaven kissing-hill."
The old copy has—*defended*. The correction was made by the

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a[6] false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made
you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing[7]) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange[8],

editor of the second folio. *Defend* is again printed for *descend*, in the last scene of Timon of Athens. MALONE.

So, in Chapman's version of the twenty-third book of Homer's Odyssey:

" ———— as he were
" A *god descended* from the starry sphere." STEEVENS.

6 — taking a —] Old copy, vulgarly and unmetrically, " — taking *of* a—." STEEVENS.

7 — best FEATHER OF OUR WING —] So, in Churchyard's Warning to Wanderers Abroad, 1593:

" You are so great you would faine march in fielde,
" That world should judge you *feathers of one wing*."
STEEVENS.

8 — being strange,] i. e. being a stranger. STEEVENS.

To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety; since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night;
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Court before CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CLOTEN, *and Two Lords.*

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast [9], to be hit away!

9 — kissed the jack upon an up-cast,] He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others

I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of them[1].

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction[2]? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* To have smelt[3] like a fool. [*Aside.*

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on[4]. [*Aside.*

are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. "To kiss the jack" is a state of great advantage. JOHNSON.

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in A Woman Never Vex'd, by Rowley, 1632; "This city *bowler* has *kissed* the mistress at the first *cast.*" STEEVENS.

[1] No, my lord, &c.] This, I believe, should stand thus:

"1 *Lord.* No, my lord.

"2 *Lord.* Nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*" JOHNSON.

[2] I GIVE him satisfaction?] Old copy—*gave.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Perhaps this is a ludicrous use of the duellist's phrase, 'I gave him *satisfaction;* I broke his pate with my bowl.' BOSWELL.

[3] To have SMELT—] A poor quibble on the word *rank* in the preceding speech. MALONE.

The same quibble has already occurred in As You Like It, Act I. Sc. II.:

"*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my *rank*—

"*Ros.* Thou losest thy old *smell.*" STEEVENS.

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion[5] that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* Cloten *and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that

[4] — with your comb on.] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock's. Johnson.

The intention of the speaker is to call Cloten a *coxcomb*.

M. Mason.

[5] — every companion —] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. Johnson.

It occurs with this meaning frequently in Shakspeare. Malone.

Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk.

Imogen reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night[6],
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps. Iachimo, from the Trunk.*

6 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,] Banquo, in Macbeth, has already deprecated the same nocturnal evils:

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin [7] thus
Did softly press the rushes [8], ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily [9]!

"Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
"Gives way to in repose!" STEEVENS.

7 — OUR Tarquin —] The speaker is an Italian. JOHNSON.

8 — Tarquin thus
Did SOFTLY press the RUSHES,] This shows that Shakspeare's idea was, that the *ravishing strides* of Tarquin were *softly* ones, and may serve as a comment on that passage in Macbeth. See vol. xi. p. 98, n. 9. BLACKSTONE.

"—the *rushes*." It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets: the practice is mentioned in Caius de Ephemera Britannica. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Newton's Herball to the Bible, 8vo. 1587: "Sedge and *rushes*,—with the which many in this country do use in sommer time to strawe their parlors and churches, as well for coolenes as for pleasant smell."

Again, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:
"—— his blood remains.
"Why strew *rushes*."

Again, in Bussy d'Ambois, 1607:
"Were not the king here, he should strew the chamber like a *rush*."

Shakspeare has the same circumstance in his Rape of Lucrece:
"—— by the light he spies
"Lucretia's glove wherein her needle sticks;
"He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies," &c.

The ancient English stage also, as appears from more than one passage in Decker's Gul's Hornbook, 1609, was strewn with *rushes*; "Salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spred either on the *rushes* or on stooles about you, and drawe what troope you can from the *stage* after you." STEEVENS.

9 ———— Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And WHITER THAN THE SHEETS!] So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:
"Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
"*Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white.*"

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus[1]: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied[2]
Under these windows[3]: White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct[4].—But my design.

Again, in The Rape of Lucrece:
"Who o'er the *white sheets* peers her *whiter* chin."
MALONE.

Thus, also, Jaffier, in Venice Preserved:
"—— in virgin sheets,
"White as her bosom." STEEVENS.

[1] —'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus:] The same hyperbole is found in The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image, by J. Marston, 1598:
"———— no lips did seem so fair
"In his conceit; *through which he thinks doth flie*
"*So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.*" MALONE.

[2] —now CANOPIED—] Shakspeare has the same expression in Tarquin and Lucrece:
"Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
"And *canopied* in darkness, sweetly lay,
"Till they might open to adorn the day." MALONE.

[3] Under these WINDOWS:] i. e. her *eyelids*. So, in Romeo and Juliet:
"Thy eyes' *windows* fall,
"Like death, when he shuts up the day of life."
Again, in his Venus and Adonis:
"The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;
"Her two blue *windows* faintly she up-heaveth."
MALONE.

[4] —— White AND azure, lac'd
WITH blue of heaven's own tinct.] We should read:
"—— White *with* azure lac'd,
"*The* blue of heaven's own tinct."
i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins. WARBURTON.
So, in Macbeth:
"His silver *skin lac'd with* his golden blood."

To note the chamber, I will write all down :—
Such, and such, pictures :—There the window :—
Such
The adornment of her bed ;—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such [5] :—And the contents o' the
story,—

The passage before us, without Dr. Warburton's emendation, is, to me at least, unintelligible. STEEVENS.

So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"What envious streaks do *lace* the severing clouds."

These words, I apprehend, refer not to Imogen's eye-*lids*, (of which the poet would scarcely have given so particular a description,) but to the *inclosed lights*, i. e. her eyes: which though now shut, Iachimo had seen before, and which are here said in poetical language to be *blue*, and that blue celestial.

Dr. Warburton is of opinion that the eye-lid was meant, and according to his notion, the poet intended to praise its white skin, and blue veins.

Drayton, who has often imitated Shakspeare, seems to have viewed this passage in the same light:

"And these sweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd,
"Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have *lac'd*,
"She soon doth alter." *The Mooncalf*, 1627. MALONE.

We learn from a quotation in n. 3, that by *blue windows* were meant *blue eye-lids;* and indeed our author has dwelt on corresponding imagery in The Winter's Tale:

"—— *violets*, dim,
"But sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's *eyes*."

A particular description, therefore, of the same objects, might, in the present instance, have been designed.

Thus, in Chapman's translation of the twenty-third book of Homer's Odyssey, Minerva is the person described:

"—— the Dame
"That bears the *blue sky* intermix'd with flame
"In her fair *eyes*," &c. STEEVENS.

5 —— The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:] We should print, says Mr. M. Mason, thus: "—the arras-figures;" that is, the figures of the arras. But, I think, he is mistaken. It appears from what Iachimo says afterwards, that he had noted, not only the figures of the arras, but the stuff of which the arras was composed:

"—— It was hang'd
"With *tapestry* of *silk* and *silver;* the story
"Proud Cleopatra," &c.

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying [6]!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her Bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted [7], like the crimson drops

Again, in Act V.:
" —— averring notes
" Of chamber-*hanging*, *pictures*," &c. MALONE.

6 —— but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!] Shakspeare was here thinking of the recumbent whole-length figures, which in his time were usually placed on the tombs of considerable persons. The head was always reposed upon a pillow. He has again the same allusion in his Rape of Lucrece:
" Where like a virtuous monument she lies,
" To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes."
See also vol. viii. p. 430. n. 6. MALONE.

7 —— On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted,] Our author certainly took this circumstance from some translation of Boccacio's novel; for it does not occur in the imitation printed in Westward for Smelts, which the reader will find at the end of this play. In the Decamerone, Ambrogioulo, (the Iachimo of our author,) who is concealed *in a chest* in the chamber of Madonna Gineura, (whereas in Westward for Smelts the contemner of female chastity hides himself *under the lady's bed*,) wishing to discover some particular mark about her person, which might help him to deceive her husband, "at last espied a large *mole under her left breast*, with several hairs round it, of the colour of gold."

Though this mole is said in the present passage to be *on* Imogen's breast, in the account that Iachimo afterwards gives to Posthumus, our author has adhered closely to his original:
" ———— *under* her breast
" (Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
" Of that most delicate lodging." MALONE.

I' the bottom of a cowslip [8] : Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end ?
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus [9] ; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up ;—I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night [1] !—that dawning
May bare the raven's eye [2] : I lodge in fear ;

[8] —— like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip :] This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was an observer of nature, though, in this instance, no very accurate describer of it, for the drops alluded to are of a deep yellow. STEEVENS.

[9] —— She hath been reading late
THE TALE of TEREUS :] *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure, printed in quarto, in 1576. The same tale is related in Gower's poem De Confessione Amantis, b. v. fol. 113, b. and in Ovid's Metamorphoses, l. vi. MALONE.

For the Tale of Tereus in Chapman's Hero and Leander - 1600.

[1] — you DRAGONS of the night !] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions "the dragon yoke of night" in Il Penseroso ; and in his Masque at Ludlow Castle :

"—— the *dragon womb*
"Of Stygian darkness."

Again, In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis :

—— sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
Frænis *dracones* aureis.

It may be remarked, that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance. STEEVENS.

[2] ——— that dawning
May BARE the raven's eye :] The old copy has—*beare*. The correction was proposed by Mr. Theobald : and I think properly adopted by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three [3],—Time, time!
[*Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.*

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining IMOGEN's Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN *and Lords.*

1 *LORD.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

CLO. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *LORD.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

CLO. Winning would put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *LORD.* Day, my lord.

CLO. I would this musick would come: I am advised to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven; or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye.* STEEVENS.

It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark. Our poet says of the crow, (a bird whose properties resemble very much those of the raven,) in his Troilus and Cressida:

"O Cressida, but that the busy day
"Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribbald crows—."

HEATH.

[3] One, two, three,] Our author is often careless in his computation of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her, it was *almost midnight.* Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes:—yet we are now told that it is *three* o'clock. MALONE.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but i'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings[4],
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies[5];

4 *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,*] The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's Paradise Lost, book v.:

" ——— ye birds
" That singing up to *heaven's gate* ascend."

Again, in Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet:

" Like to the lark at break of day arising
" From sullen earth, *sings* hymns *at heaven's gate*."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare had Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe in his mind, when he wrote this song:

" ——— who is't now we hear;
" None but the lark so shril and clear;
" Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
" The morn not waking till she sings.
" *Hark, hark* ——." REED.

In this Song, Shakspeare might have imitated some of the following passages:

" The besy larke, the messager of day,
" Saleweth in hire song the morwe gray;
" And firy Phebus riseth up so bright," &c.

Chaucer's Knight's Tale, v. 1493, Tyrwhitt's edit.

" Lyke as the larke upon the somers daye
" Whan Titan radiant burnisheth his bemes bright,
" Mounteth on hye, with her melodious laye
" Of the sone shyne engladed with the lyght."

Skelton's Crowne of Laurel.

" Wake now my love, awake; for it is time,
" The rosy morne long since left Tithon's bed,
" Allready to her silver coach to clime;
" And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious head.

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes[6]*;*
With every thing that pretty bin[7]*:*
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

"Harke, how the cheerful birds do chaunt their layes,
"And carol of love's praise.
"The merry larke her mattins sings aloft,—
"Ah my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long
"When meeter were they ye should now awake."
Spenser's Epithalamium.

Again, in our author's Venus and Adonis:
"Lo here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
"From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
"And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
"The sun ariseth in his majesty."

am unable to decide whether the following lines in Du Bartas were written before Shakspeare's song, or not:
La gentille alouette avec son tire-lire,
Tire-lire, à lirè, et tire-lirant tire,
Vers la voute du ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu
Vire, et desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu. DOUCE.

These lines of Du Bartas were certainly written before Shakspeare's song. They are quoted in Elyot's Orthoepia Gallica, 4to. 1593, p. 146, with the following translation:
"The pretie larke mans angrie mood doth charme with melodie
"Her Tee-ree-lee-ree, Tee ree lee ree chirppring in the skie
"*Up to the court of Jove,* sweet bird mounting with flickering wings
"And downe againe, my Jove adieu, sweet love adieu she sings." REED.

5 *His steeds to water at those springs*
On chalic'd flowers that lies;] i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

It may be noted that the cup of a flower is called *calix,* whence *chalice.* JOHNSON.

"————— those springs
"On chalic'd flowers that *lies.*" It may be observed, with regard to this apparent false concord, that in very old English, the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth,* as well as the singular: and often familiarly in *es,* as might be exemplified from Chaucer, &c. Nor was this antiquated idiom worn out in

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better[8]: if it do not, it is a vice

our author's time, as appears from the following passage in Romeo and Juliet:

"And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish *hairs*,
"Which once untangled, much misfortune *bodes*."

as well as from many others in the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. PERCY.

Dr. Percy might have added, that the third person plural of the *Anglo-Saxon* present tense ended in *eth*, and of the *Dano-Saxon* in *es*, which seems to be the original of such very ancient English idioms. TOLLET.

Shakspeare frequently offends in this manner against the rules of grammar. So, in Venus and Adonis:

"She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
"Where lo, *two lamps*, burnt out, in darkness *lies*."

STEEVENS.

There is scarcely a page of our author's works in which similar false concords may not be found: nor is this inaccuracy peculiar to his works, being found in many other books of his time and of the preceding age. Following the example of all the former editors, I have silently corrected the error, in all places except where either the metre, or rhyme, rendered correction impossible. Whether it is to be attributed to the poet or his printer, it is such a gross offence against grammar, as no modern eye or ear could have endured, if from a wish to exhibit our author's writings with strict fidelity it had been preserved. The reformation therefore, it is hoped, will be pardoned, and considered in the same light as the substitution of modern for ancient orthography.

MALONE.

6 *And winking* MARY-BUDS *begin*
To ope their golden eyes;] The *marigold* is supposed to shut itself up at sun-set. So, in one of Browne's Pastorals:

"—— the day is waxen olde,
"And 'gins to shut up *with* the *marigold*."

A similar idea is expressed more at large in a very scarce book entitled, A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels: conteyning fiue Tragicall Histories, &c. Translated from the French, by H. W. [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578, p. 7: "—floures which unfolding their tender leaues, at the breake of the gray morning, seemed to *open their smiling eies, which were oppressed wyth the drowsinesse* of the passed night." &c. STEEVENS.

7 —*pretty* BIN:] Is very properly restored by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for *pretty is;* but he too grammatically reads:

"With *all the* things that pretty *bin*." JOHNSON.

in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts [9], nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Queen.

2 *LORD.* Here comes the king.

CLO. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

CYM. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

CLO. I have assailed her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

CYM. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

QUEEN. You are most bound to the king;

So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. i.:

"That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they *been*."

Again, in The Arraignment of Paris, 1584:

"Sir, you may boast your flockes and herdes, that *bin* both fresh and fair."

Again:

"As fresh as *bin* the flowers in May."

Again:

"Oenone, while we *bin* disposed to walk."

Kirkman ascribes this piece to Shakspeare. The real author was George Peele. STEEVENS.

8 — I will CONSIDER your musick the better:] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. So, in The Winter's Tale, Act IV.: "—— being something gently *considered*, I'll bring you," &c. STEEVENS.

9 — CATS-guts,] The old copy reads—*calves*-guts. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. In the preceding line *voice*, which was printed instead of *vice*, was corrected by the same editor. MALONE.

Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits [1]; and be friended [2]
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice [3].—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,

[1] To orderly SOLICITS;] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion. STEEVENS.

The oldest copy reads—*solicity*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[2] —and BE FRIENDED, &c.] We should read:

" —— and *befriended*
" With aptness of the season."

That is, "with solicitations not only proper but well timed." So Terence says: "In tempore ad eam veni, quod omnium rerum est primum." M. MASON.

[3] And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.] i. e. The good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

That is, we must extend towards himself our notice *of* his goodness heretofore shown to us. Our author has many similar ellipses. So, in Julius Cæsar:

" Thine honourable metal may be wrought
" From what it is dispos'd [*to*]."

See again, in this play, p. 83. MALONE.

Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt* CYM. *Queen, Lords, and Mess.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave ho!—

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves [4], yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more

4 — FALSE themselves,] Perhaps, in this instance *false* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb;* and as such is used in The Comedy of Errors: "Nay, not sure, in a thing *falsing*." Act II. Sc. II. Spenser often has it:

"Thou *falsed* hast thy faith with perjury." STEEVENS.

So, in Tamburlaine, Part I.:

"And he that could with gifts and promises,
"Inveigle him that had a thousand horse,
"And make him *false* his faith unto the king." MALONE.

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance [5].

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

[5] — one of your GREAT KNOWING
Should learn, being TAUGHT, forbearance.] i. e. A man *who is taught forbearance should learn it.* JOHNSON.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks[6].

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal[7]: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract[8] you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot[9];

[6] Fools are not mad folks.] This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, "Fools are not mad folks." STEEVENS.

[7] —so VERBAL:] Is, so *verbose*, so full of talk. JOHNSON.

[8] The contract, &c.] Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of his character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one—

"Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,
"And leave eighteen——."

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

[9] —in SELF-FIGUR'D knot;] This is nonsense. We should read—*self-finger'd* knot, i. e. A knot solely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more publick considerations. WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? A *self-figured knot* is a knot formed by yourself. JOHNSON.

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil[1]
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery[2], a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues[3], to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio[4]?

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

[1] — soil —] Old copy—*foil.* See vol. xii. p. 201, n. 8. Steevens.

[2] A hilding for a livery,] A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery, and serve as a lacquey. See vol. v. p. 412, n. 3. Malone.

[3] — if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues,] If it were considered as a *compensation adequate* to your virtues, to be styled, &c. Malone.

[4] Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?] Sir T. Hanmer regulates this line thus:
" —— all such men,
" *Clot.* How now?
" *Imo.* Pisanio!" Johnson.

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool[5];
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm[6]; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it[7]:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make't an action, call witness to't[8].

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady[9]; and will conceive, I hope,

5 I am SPRIGHTED with a fool;] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in Law Tricks, &c. 1608. Again, in our author's Antony and Cleopatra:

"——— Julius Cæsar,
"Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghosted*." STEEVENS.

6 —a jewel, that TOO CASUALLY
Hath left mine arm;] That hath *accidentally* fallen from my arm by my too great negligence. MALONE.

7 Last night 'twas on my arm; I kiss'd it:] *Arm* is here used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

I must on this occasion repeat my protest against the whole tribe of such unauthorized and unpronounceable dissyllabifications. I would read the now imperfect line before us, as I suppose it came from our author:

"Last night *it* was *upon* mine arm; I kiss'd it."
STEEVENS.

8 —call witness TO'T.] I cannot help regarding the redundant—*to't*, as an interpolation. The sense is obvious and the metre perfect without it. STEEVENS.

9 She's MY GOOD LADY;] This is said ironically. "My good lady" is equivalent to—my good friend. So, in King Henry IV.

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come [1]: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute [2], send the arrearages,
Or look [3] upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Part II.: " — and when you come to court, stand *my good lord*, pray, in your good report." Malone.

[1] Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come:] I believe we should read *winter-state*, not *winter's state*. M. Mason.

[2] He'll grant the tribute,] See p. 9, n. 7. Malone.

[3] Or look —] This the modern editors had changed into *E'er* look. *Or* is used for *e'er*. So, Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil:

Post. I do believe,
(Statist[4] though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions[5], now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages[6]) will make known
To their approvers[7], they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

"——— sufferit he also,
"*Or* he his goddes brocht in Latio."

See also King John, Act IV. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

4 (Statist —] i. e. Statesman. See note on Hamlet, vol. vii. p. 489. STEEVENS.

5 The LEGIONS,] Old copy—*legion.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. So, afterwards:

"And that the *legions* now in Gallia are
"Full weak to undertake our war," &c. MALONE.

6 — MINGLED with their courages)] The old folio has this odd reading:

"——— Their discipline
"(Now *wing-led* with their courages) will make known—."

JOHNSON.

"Their discipline (now *wing-led* by their courages)" may mean 'their discipline borrowing wings from their courage;' i. e. their military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery.

STEEVENS.

The same error that has happened here being often found in these plays, I have not hesitated to adopt the emendation which was made by Mr. Rowe, and received by all the subsequent editors. Thus we have in the last Act of King John, *wind,* instead of *mind;* in Antony and Cleopatra, *winds,* instead of *minds;* in Measure for Measure, *flawes,* instead of *flames,* &c. MALONE.

7 To their APPROVERS,] i. e. To those who try them.

WARBURTON.

Enter IACHIMO.

PHI. See! Iachimo?

POST. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble[8].

PHI. Welcome, sir.

POST. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

IACH. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon[9].

POST. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts[1],
And be false with them.

IACH. Here are letters for you.

POST. Their tenour good, I trust.

IACH. 'Tis very like.

PHI. Was Caius Lucius[2] in the Britain court,
When you were there?

[8] The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.] From this remark our author appears to have been conscious of his glaring offence against one of the unities, in the precipitate return of Iachimo from the court of Cymbeline. STEEVENS.

[9] Is ONE THE fairest, &c.] So, p. 57:
" —— And he is *one*
" *The* truest manner'd—."
The interpolated old copy, however, reads, to the injury of the metre:
" —— Is one *of* the fairest," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] —— or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,] So, in Timon of Athens:
" Let not those milk paps,
" That through the window bars bore at men's eyes,
" Make soft thy trenchant sword." MALONE.

[2] *Phi.* Was Caius Lucius, &c.] This speech in the old copy is given to Posthumus. I have transferred it to Philario, to whom it certainly belongs, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens, who

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd [3].
Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge [4] of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,

justly observes that "Posthumus was employed in reading his letters." MALONE.

[3] But not approach'd.] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the apparent defect in this line by reading:

"But *was* not *yet* approach'd." STEEVENS.

[4] —knowledge—] This word is here used in its scriptural acceptation: "And Adam *knew* Eve his wife:—" STEEVENS.

Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching [5],) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride [6]: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—— [7]

Post. This is true [8];

5 Had that was well worth watching,] i. e. that which was well worth watching, or lying awake *for*. See p. 73, n. 3.
MALONE.

6 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride:] Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art.
JOHNSON.

7 —— which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
SINCE the true life on't was —] This passage is nonsense as it stands, and therefore the editors have supposed to be an imperfect sentence. But I believe we should amend it by reading—
"*Such* the true life on't was."
instead of *since*. We frequently say the life of a picture, or of a statue; and without alteration the sentence is not complete.
M. MASON.

8 This is true;] The present deficiency in the metre, shows that some word has been accidentally omitted in this or in the preceding hemistich. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
"*Why* this is true." STEEVENS.

And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves [9]: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb [1]; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted [2]: Her andirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids

[9] So likely to report themselves :] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture.* JOHNSON.

[1] Was as another nature, DUMB;] The meaning is this: The *sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb;* he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*. JOHNSON.

[2] With GOLDEN CHERUBINS is FRETTED:] The same tawdry image occurs again in King Henry VIII.:

"—— their dwarfish pages were
"As *cherubins, all gilt*."

The sole recommendation of this Gothick idea, which is tritically repeated by modern artists, seems to be, that it occupies but little room on canvas or marble; for chubby unmeaning faces, with ducks' wings tucked under them, are all the circumstances that enter into the composition of such infantine and absurd representatives of the choirs of heaven. STEEVENS.

"—fretted:" So again, in Hamlet: "—this majestical *roof, fretted* with golden fire—." So, Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. ch. ix.:

"In a long purple pall, whose skirt with *gold*
"*Was fretted* all about, she was array'd." MALONE.

Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands [3].

Post. This is her honour [4]!—
Let it be granted [5], you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*

3 ——— nicely
Depending on their BRANDS.] I am not sure that I understand this passage. Perhaps Shakspeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were *nicely poized on their inverted torches*, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render such a support necessary. STEEVENS.

I have equal difficulty with Mr. Steevens in explaining this passage. Here seems to be a kind of tautology. I take *brands* to be a part of the *andirons*, on which the wood for the fire was supported, as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a spit, is more properly termed the andiron. These irons, on which the wood lies across, generally called *dogs*, are here termed *brands*. WHALLEY.

It should seem from a passage in The Black Book, a pamphlet published in 1604, that andirons in our author's time were sometimes formed in the shape of human figures: " —ever and anon turning about to the chimney, where he sawe a paire of corpulent gigantick *andirons*, that stood like *two burgomasters* at both corners." Instead of these corpulent *burgomasters*, Imogen had *Cupids*.

The author of the pamphlet might, however, only have meant that the andirons he describes were uncommonly large. MALONE.

4 This is her honour!—] The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience:

" This is her honour!"——

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. JOHNSON.

5 Let it be granted, &c.] Surely, for the sake of metre, we should read, with some former editor [Mr. Capell]:

" Be it granted." STEEVENS.

Be pale[6]; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too[7]: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*Gives the Ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women[8]
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,

6 —— if you can,
BE PALE;] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage. JOHNSON.

I rather think it means—if you can controul your temper, if you can restrain yourself within bounds. *To pale* is commonly used for to *confine* or *surround.* Thus, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Whate'er the ocean *pales,* or sky enclips."

The adjective is, I think, employed in the sense which I have ascribed to it, in Macbeth:

"Cancel and tear in pieces that great bond
"Which keeps me *pale.*" BOSWELL.

7 And yet enrich'd it TOO:] The adverb—*too,* which hurts the metre, might safely be omitted, the expression being sufficiently forcible without it. STEEVENS.

8 — The vows of women —] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women[9], being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her[1].

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable[2]:—They induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:

[9] —if one OF her women,] *Of* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[1] HATH stolen it from her.] Sir Thomas Hanmer (for some words are here deficient) has perfected the metre by reading:
"*Might not have* stolen it from her." STEEVENS.

[2] — her attendants are
All SWORN, and honourable:] It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the household book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512) it is expressly ordered [p. 49] that "what person soever he be that commyth to my Lordes service, that incontynent after he be intred in the chequyrroull [check-roll] that he be *sworn* in the countynge-hous by a gentillman-usher or yeman-usher in the presence of the hede officers; and on theire absence before the clerke of the kechynge either by such an oath as is in the Book of Othes, yff any such [oath] be, or ells by such an oth as thei shall seyme beste by their discretion."

Even now every *servant* of the king's, at his first appointment is sworn in, before a gentleman usher, at the lord chamberlain's office. PERCY.

The cognizance [3] of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing [4],) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the
turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

3 The COGNIZANCE—] The badge; the token; the visible proof. JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry VI. Part I.:

"As *cognizance* of my blood-drinking hate." STEEVENS.

4 (Worthy THE pressing,)] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads:

"(Worthy *her* pressing,)——" JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The compositor was probably thinking of the word *her* in the preceding line, which he had just composed. MALONE.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something—— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath[5]
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers[6]? We are all bastards[7];

[5] — PERVERT the present wrath—] i. e. *turn* his wrath to another course. MALONE.

To *pervert*, I believe, only signifies to *avert* his wrath from himself, without any idea of turning it against another person. To what *other course* it could have been diverted by the advice of Philario and Iachimo, Mr. Malone has not informed us. STEEVENS.

If they turned the wrath he had against himself to patience or fortitude, they would turn it to *another course;* I had not said a word about turning it against *any other person*. MALONE.

[6] Is there no way, &c.] Milton was very probably indebted to this speech for one of the sentiments which he has imparted to Adam, Paradise Lost, book x.:

"——— O, why did God,
"Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
"With spirits masculine, create at last
"This novelty on earth, this fair defect
"Of nature, and not fill the world at once
"With men, as angels, without feminine,
"*Or find some other way to generate*
"*Mankind?*"

And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit[8]: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn[9]; that I thought her

See also, Rhodomont's invective against women, in the Orlando Furioso; and above all, a speech which Euripides has put into the mouth of Hippolytus, in the tragedy that bears his name. STEEVENS

7 — We are bastards all;] Old copies—We are *all* bastards. The necessary transposition of the word—*all*, was Mr. Pope's. STEEVENS.

8 — was I know not where
When I was STAMP'D; some COINER with his tools
Made me a counterfeit:] We have again the same image in Measure for Measure:

"——— It were as good
"To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
"A man already made, as to remit
"Their saucy sweetness, *that do coin heaven's image,*
"*In stamps* that are forbid." MALONE.

This image is by no means uncommon. It particularly occurs in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part III. Sect. 3: "Severus the Emperor in his time made lawes for the restraint of this vice; and as Dion Cassius relates in his life, *tria millia moechorum*, three-thousand cuckold-makers, or *naturæ monetam adulterantes*, as Philo calls them, *false coiners* and clippers of nature's mony, were summoned into the court at once." STEEVENS.

9 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: DID IT with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;] A useless note on this speech [by Mr. Whalley,] which would make our poet equally vulgar and obscene, when he was expressing a sentiment of the most refined delicacy, may be well dispensed with in any future edition. DOUCE.

I have not hesitated to adopt Mr. Douce's suggestion. Mr. Whalley's imaginations must have been "as foul as Vulcan's

As chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the devils !—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—
Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one [1],
Cry'd, *oh !* and mounted [2] : found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd [3], nay, that hell knows,

stithy ;" when he attempted to discover in this beautiful passage the language of a brothel. BOSWELL.

[1] —a German ONE,] Here, as in many other places, we have—*on* in the old copy, instead of—*one*. See King John, Act III. Sc. III.

In King Henry IV. Part II. Falstaff assures Mrs. Quickly, that "—the *German hunting* in water-work is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings." In other places, where our author has spoken of the *hunting* of the *boar*, a *German one* must have been in his thoughts, for the boar was never, I apprehend, hunted in England.

Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton read—a *churning on ;* and, what is still more extraordinary, this strange sophistication has found its way into Dr. Johnson's most valuable Dictionary. MALONE.

The copy of Shakspeare which Dr. Johnson made use of in selecting quotations for his Dictionary, was Dr. Warburton's edition : it is now in my possession, and has occasioned more errors than that which is here pointed out. BOSWELL.

[2] —and MOUNTED :] Let Homer, on this occasion, keep our author in countenance :

Ἀρνειὸν, ταῦρόν τε, συῶν τ' ἐπιβήτορα κάπρον.
Odyss. xxiii. 278.

Thus translated by Chapman :

"A lambe, a bull, and *sow-ascending* bore." STEEVENS.

[3] —that MAY BE NAM'D,] Thus the second folio. The first, with its usual disposition to blundering :

"All faults that *name*."

Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better[5]. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. A Room of State in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, *Queen*, CLOTEN, *and Lords, at one Door; and at another*, CAIUS LUCIUS *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us[6]?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,

I have met with no instance in the English language, even tending to prove that the verb—to *name*, ever signified—*to have a name*. STEEVENS.

5 — to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.] So, in Sir Thomas More's Comfort against Tribulation: "God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes." STEEVENS.

6 Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?] So, in King John:

"Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?"
STEEVENS.

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle [7],
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable [8], and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,

7 —thine uncle,] Cassibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was son to Tenantius, the nephew of Cassibelan. See p. 9, n. 7. MALONE.

8 With ROCKS unscaleable,] This reading is Sir T. Hanmer's. The old editions have:

"With *oaks* unscaleable." JOHNSON.

"The strength of our land consists of our seamen in their wooden forts and castles; our *rocks*, shelves, and *sirtes*, that lye along our coasts; and our trayned bands." From chapter 109 of Bariffe's Military Discipline, 1639, seemingly from Tooke's Legend of Britomart. TOLLET.

(Poor ignorant baubles [9] !) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune [1] !) to master Cæsar's sword [2],
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time: and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,

9 (Poor IGNORANT baubles!)] *Unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas. JOHNSON.

1 (O, GIGLOT fortune!)] O false and inconstant fortune! A *giglot* was a strumpet. So, in Measure for Measure, vol. ix. p. 197:

"Away with those *giglots* too."

So, also, in Hamlet:

"Out, out, thou *strumpet fortune!*" MALONE.

2 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
—— to master Cæsar's sword,] Shakspeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. "The same historie (says Holinshed) also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him.—But Nennius died within 15 dayes after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand, although after he was hurt he slew Labienus one of the Roman tribunes." Book iii. ch. xiii. Nennius, we are told by Geffrey of Monmouth, was buried with great funeral pomp, and Cæsar's sword placed in his tomb. MALONE.

Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us[3], we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,) against all colour[4], here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius made our laws[5],
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king[6].

3 This tribute FROM US,] The unnecessary words—*from us*, only derange the metre, and are certainly an interpolation.
STEEVENS.

4 —against all COLOUR,] Without any pretence of right.
JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:
"For, of no right, nor *colour* like to right—."
STEEVENS.

5 Mulmutius,] Here the old copy (in contempt of metre, and regardless of the preceding words—
"——— Mulmutius, which
"*Ordain'd our laws;*")
most absurdly adds:
"——— made our laws——."

I have not scrupled to drop these words; nor can suppose our readers will discover that the omission of them has created the smallest chasm in our author's sense or measure. The length of the parenthetical words (which were not then considered as such, or enclosed, as at present, in a parenthesis,) was the source of this interpolation. Read the passage without them, and the whole is clear: Mulmutius, which ordained our laws; "Mulmutius, who was the first of Britain," &c. STEEVENS.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him [7]; of him I gather'd honour;

[6] ——— Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.] The title of the first chapter of Holinshed's third book of the history of England is—"Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britaine who was *crowned with a golden crown, his lawes, his foundations,* &c.

"Mulmucius,—the sonne of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and after his father's decease began his reigne over the whole monarchie of Britaine in the yeare of the world—3529.—He made manie good lawes, which were long after used, called *Mulmucius lawes,* turned out of the British speech into Latin by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English, by Alfred king of England, and mingled in his statutes. After he had established his land,—he ordeined him, by the advice of his lords, a crowne of golde, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned;—and because he was the first that bare a crowne here in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britaine, and all the other before-rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governours.

"Among other of his ordinances, he appointed weights and measures, with the which men should buy and sell. And further he caused sore and streight orders for the punishment of theft." *Holinshed, ubi supra.* MALONE.

[7] Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him;] Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed:

"Kymbeline, says he, (as some write,) was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under

Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance[8]; I am perfect[9],
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms[1]: a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make

whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not."

"—— Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britons refused to pay that tribute."

"—— But whether the controversy, which appeared to fall forth betwixt the Britons and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, I have not a vouch."

"—— Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." STEEVENS.

8 — keep AT UTTERANCE;] Means to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants. So, in The History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne, bl. l. no date: "— Here is my gage to sustaine it *to the utteraunce*, and befight it to the death." STEEVENS.

So, in Macbeth:

"Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
"And champion me *to the utterance*."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:

"—— will you, the knights
"Shall to the *edge of all the extremity*
"Pursue each other," &c.

Again, ibidem:

"So be it, either *to the uttermost*,
"Or else a breath."

See vol. xi. p. 143, n. 8. MALONE.

9 — I am perfect,] I am well informed. So, in Macbeth:

"—— in your state of honour *I am perfect*." JOHNSON.

See vol. xi. p. 214, n. 7. STEEVENS.

1 — the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are NOW in arms:] The insurrection of the Pannonians and Dalmatians for the purpose of throwing off the Roman yoke, happened not in the reign of Cymbeline, but in that of his father, Tenantius. MALONE.

pastime with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Pisanio.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser[1]?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongue'd, as handed[2],) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,

[1] What MONSTER'S her ACCUSER?] The old copy has—What *monsters* her *accuse?* The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The order of the words, as well as the single person named by Pisanio, fully support the emendation. "What monsters her accuse?" for "What monsters accuse her?" could never have been written by Shakspeare in a soliloquy like the present. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—What monsters *have accus'd her?*" MALONE.

[2] — What false Italian
(As poisonous tongue'd, as handed,)] About Shakspeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. JOHNSON.

More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue [3].—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low [4], as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes too? *Do't*. *The letter*
[Reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity [5]:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,

[3] — TAKE IN some virtue.] To *take in* a town, is to *conquer* it. JOHNSON.

So, in Antony and Cleopatra:
"—— cut the Ionian seas,
"And *take in* Toryne—." STEEVENS.

[4] Thy mind to HER is now as low.] That is, thy mind *compared* to hers is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to hers. Our author should rather have written—thy mind to *hers;* but the text, I believe, is as he gave it. MALONE.

[5] — *Do't:—The letter*
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity:] Here we have another proof of what I have observed in The Dissertation at the end of King Henry VI. that our poet from negligence sometimes make words change their form under the eye of the speaker; who in different parts of the same play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and actually reads from it. A former instance of this kind has occurred in All's Well That Ends Well. See vol. xi. p. 421.

The *words* here read by Pisanio from his master's letter, (which is afterwards given at length, and in *prose*,) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader. MALONE.

Art thou a feodary for this act[6], and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded[7].

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

[6] Art thou a FEODARY for this act,] A *feodary* is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord. HANMER.

"Art thou a *feodary* for this act." Art thou too *combined*, art thou a *confederate*, in this act?—A *feodary* did not signify a feudal vassal, as Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors have supposed, (though if the word had borne that signification, it certainly could not bear it here,) but was an officer appointed by the Court of Wards, by virtue of the statute 32 Henry VIII. c. 46, to be *present with*, and *assistant* to the Escheators in every county at the finding of offices, and to give in evidence for the king. His duty was to survey the lands of the ward after office found, [i. e. after an inquisition had been made to the king's use,] and to return the true value thereof to the court, &c. "In cognoscendis rimandisque feudis (says Spelman) ad regem pertinentibus, et ad tenuras pro rege manifestandas tuendasque, operam navat; Escaetori ideo *adjunctus*, omnibusque nervis regiam promovens utilitatem." He was therefore, we see, the Escheator's *associate*, and hence Shakspeare, with his usual licence, uses the word for a confederate or associate in general. The feudal vassal was not called a *feodary*, but a *feodatary* and *feudatory*. In Latin, however, *feudatarius* signified both. MALONE.

How a letter could be considered as a *feudal vassal*, according to Hanmer's interpretation, I am at a loss to know. *Feodary* means, here, a *confederate*, or *accomplice*. So, Leontes says of Hermione, in The Winter's Tale:

"More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
"A *federary* with her."

I also think that the word *feodary* has the same signification in Measure for Measure, though the other commentators do not, and have there assigned my reasons for being of that opinion.
M. MASON.

[7] I am ignorant in what I am commanded.] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"O, I am ignorance itself in this." MALONE.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him [8],—
(Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physick love [9];)—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters * you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables [1].—Good news, gods! [*Reads.*

* First folio, *forfeytours*.

[8] —— let that grieve him,] I should wish to read:
"Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet *no*;
"That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!"
TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt wishes to amend this passage by reading *no*, instead of *not*, in the first line; but it is right as it stands, and there is nothing wanting to make it clear, but placing a stop longer than a comma, after the word *asunder*. The sense is this:—"Let the letter bring me tidings of my lord's health, and of his content; not of his content that we are asunder—let that circumstance grieve him; but of his content in every shape but that."
M. MASON.

The text is surely right. Let what is here contained relish of my husband's content, *in every thing except our being separate from each other*. Let that one circumstance afflict him! MALONE.

[9] For it doth PHYSICK love;] That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour. JOHNSON.

So, in The Winter's Tale; "It is a gallant child; one that indeed, *physicks* the subject, makes old hearts fresh." STEEVENS.

[1] —— Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.] The meaning of this, which had been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not blessed by the man who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters. STEEVENS.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes[2]. *Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow*[3], *and your, increasing in love*[4],

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,

[2] *Justice*, &c.] Old copy—"*Justice, and your father's wrath, &c. could not be so cruel to me* as *you, O, the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*" This passage, which is probably erroneous, is nonsense, unless we suppose that the word *as* has the force of *but*. "Your father's wrath could not be so cruel to me, but you could renew me with your eyes."

M. Mason.

I know not what idea this passage presented to the late editors, who have passed it in silence. As it stands in the old copy, it appears to me unintelligible. The word *not* was, I think, omitted at the press, after *would*. By its insertion a clear sense is given: Justice and the anger of your father, should I be discovered here, could not be so cruel to me, *but that you*, O thou dearest of creatures, *would be able* to renovate my spirits by giving me the happiness of seeing you. Mr. Pope obtained the same sense by a less justifiable method; by substituting *but* instead of *as;* and the three subsequent editors adopted that reading. Malone.

Mr. Malone reads—"would *not*," and I have followed him.

Steevens.

[3] —*that remains* LOYAL TO HIS VOW, &c.] This subscription to the second letter of Posthumus, affords ample countenance to to Mr. M. Mason's conjecture concerning the conclusion of a former one. See p. 44, n. 4. Steevens.

[4] — *and* YOUR, *increasing*, &c.] We should, I think, read thus:—"and *your*, increasing in love, *Leonatus Posthumus*,"—to make it plain, that *your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus*, and not with *increasing;* and that the latter is *a participle present*, and not a *noun*. Tyrwhitt.

(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond [5],) say, and speak thick [6],
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return [7], to excuse:—but first, how get
hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot [8]?

[5] For mine's beyond beyond,)] The comma, hitherto placed after the first *beyond*, is improper. The second is used as a substantive; and the plain sense is, that her longing is *further than beyond*; beyond any thing that desire can be said to be beyond.
RITSON.

So, in King Lear:
" *Beyond* all manner of so much I love you." STEEVENS.

[6] — speak thick,] i. e. croud one word on another, as fast as possible. So, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act II. Sc. III.:
" And *speaking thick*, which nature made his blemish,
" Became the accents of the valiant."

Again, in Macbeth:
" —— as *thick* as tale
" Came post with post—."

See vol. xi. p. 43, n. 3. STEEVENS.

[7] — from our hence-going,
And our return,] i. e. in consequence of our going hence and returning back. All the modern editors, adopting an alteration made by Mr. Pope,—*Till* our return.

In support of the reading of the old copy, which has been here restored, see Coriolanus, Act II. Sc. I.:
" He cannot temperately support his honours,
" From where he should begin and end."

See note on that passage. MALONE.

[8] Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?] Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done, for which excuse will be necessary? MALONE.

We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers [9],
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf [1]:——But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife [2].

Pis. Madam, you're best consider [3].

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,

9 — of RIDING wagers,] Of wagers to be determined by the speed of horses. MALONE.

This practice was, perhaps, not much less prevalent in Shakspeare's time, than it is at present. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother's *putting out* money to be repaid with increase on his return from Jerusalem, (or, as we should now speak, travelling thither *for a wager*,) defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when "no meane lords & lords' sonnes & gentlemen in our court *put out* money *upon a horse race under themselves*, yea, upon a journey on foote."

Itin. Part I. b. 3. ch. i. BLAKEWAY.

1 That run i' the clock's behalf:] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. WARBURTON.

2 A FRANKLIN'S housewife.] A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal*. JOHNSON.

3 Madam, YOU'RE best consider.] That is, "*you'd* best consider." M. MASON.

So afterwards, in Sc. VI.: "*I were* best not call." MALONE.

That I cannot look through[4]. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wales. A mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. A goodly day not to keep house, with such

[4] I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.] The lady says: "I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's paraphrase is not, I think, perfectly correct. I believe Imogen means to say, "I see neither *on this side*, nor *on that*, nor *behind* me; but find a fog in each of those quarters that my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford is alone clear and open: Let us therefore instantly set *forward:*

"Accessible is none but Milford way."

By "what ensues," which Dr. Johnson explains perhaps rightly, by the words—"behind me," Imogen means, what will be the *consequence* of the step I am going to take. MALONE.

When Imogen speaks these words, she is supposed to have her face turned towards Milford; and when she pronounces the words, *nor here, nor here,* she points to the right and to the left. This being premised, the sense is evidently this:—"I see clearly the way before me; but that to the right, that to the left, and that behind me, are all covered with a fog that I cannot penetrate. There is no more therefore to be said, since there is no way accessible but that to Milford."—The passage, however, should be pointed thus:

"I see before me, man;—nor here, nor here,
"Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
"That I cannot look through."

What ensues means *what follows;* and Shakspeare uses it here, somewhat licentiously, to express what is behind. M. MASON.

Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys[5]: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To a morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet[6] through
And keep their impious turbands on[7], without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd[8]: To apprehend thus,

5 — Stoop boys:] The old copy reads—*Sleep*, boys:—from whence Sir T. Hanmer conjectured that the poet wrote—*Stoop*, boys—as that word affords an apposite introduction to what follows. Mr. Rowe reads—*See*, boys,—which (as usual) had been silently copied. Steevens.

6 — may jet —] i. e. strut, walk proudly. So, in Twelfth Night: "— how he *jets* under his advanced plumes." Steevens.

7 — Their impious turbands on,] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. Johnson.

8 This service is not service, &c.] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. Johnson.

As this seems to be intended by Belarius as a general maxim,

Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle [9] in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check [1];
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe [2];

not merely confined to services in war, I have no doubt but we should read:

"*That* service is not service," &c. M. MASON.

"*This* service" means, 'any particular service.' The observation relates to the court, as well as to war. MALONE.

9 The SHARDED beetle —] i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *husks* or *shards*. So, in Gower, De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 103, b.:

"That with his swerd, and with his sphere,
"He might not the serpent dere:
"He was so *sherded* all aboute,
"It held all edge tocle withoute."

Gower is here speaking of the dragon subdued by Jason.

STEEVENS.

See vol. xi. p. 155, n. 8. Cole, in his Latin Dict. 1679, has—"A *shard* or crust—*Crusta*;" which in the Latin part he interprets—"a crust or shell, a *rough casing*; shards." "The cases (says Goldsmith) which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live *under the surface of the earth, in holes*, which they dig out by their own industry." These are undoubtedly the *safe holds* to which Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

The epithet *full-wing'd* applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the poet's imagery; for whilst the bird can soar towards the sun beyond the reach of the human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day. HENLEY.

1 — attending for a CHECK;] *Check* may mean, in this place, a *reproof*; but I rather think it signifies *command*, *controul*. Thus, in Troilus and Cressida, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle's *checks*. STEEVENS.

2 — than doing nothing for a BABE;] [Dr. Warburton reads —*bauble*.] i. e. vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the Oxford editor reads—for a *bribe*.

WARBURTON.

The Oxford editor knew the reason of this alteration, though his censurer knew it not.

Of *babe* some correcter made *bauble*; and Sir Thomas Hanmer thought himself equally authorised to make *bribe*. I think *babe* can hardly be right. It should be remembered, however, that

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,

bauble was anciently spelt *bable;* so that Dr. Warburton in reality has added but one letter. A *bauble* was part of the insignia of a fool. So, in All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV. Sc. V. the Clown says:

"I would give his wife my *bauble*, sir."

It was a kind of truncheon (says Sir John Hawkins,) with a head carved on it. To this Belarius may allude, and mean that honourable poverty is more precious than "a sinecure *at court*, of which the badge is a truncheon or a wand." So, in Middleton's Game at Chess, 1623:

"Art thou so cruel for an honour's *bable?*"

As, however, it was once the custom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardship of *infants* who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occasion. Frequent complaints were made that *nothing was done* towards the education of these neglected orphans. STEEVENS.

I have always suspected that the right reading of this passage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propose:

"Richer than doing nothing for a *brabe;*——"

Brabium is a *badge of honour*, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word was strange to the editors, as it will be to the reader; they therefore changed it to *babe;* and I am forced to propose it without the support of any authority. *Brabium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a *reward*. Cooper, in his Thesaurus, defines it to be a *prize*, or *reward for any game*. JOHNSON.

A *babe* and *baby* are synonymous. A *baby* being a puppet or *play-thing* for children. I suppose a *babe* here means a puppet. So, in Spenser's Pastorals, May, 239:

"But all as a poore pedlar he did wend,
"Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,
"As bells and *babes* and glasses in his packe."

For *babe* Mr. Rowe substituted *bauble*.

"Doing nothing" in this passage means, I think, 'being *busy* in petty and unimportant employments:' in the same sense as when we say, melius est *otiosum* esse quam nihil agere.

The following lines in Drayton's Owle, 4to. 1604, may add, however, some support to Rowe's emendation, *bable* or *bauble:*

"Which with much sorrow brought into my mind
"Their wretched soules, so ignorantly blinde,
"When even the greatest things, in the world unstable,
"Clyme but to fall, and *damned for a bable*." MALONE.

Mr. Malone's first explanation of the old text will probably be deemed satisfactory; but I may as well remark that there was such

Yet keeps his book uncross'd[3]: no life to ours[4].
Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit[5].
Arv. What should we speak of[6],
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

a word as *brabe* in English, though apparently bearing a very different meaning from that which Dr. Johnson has ascribed to it. *Heth* is thus explained by Speght in his Glossary to Chaucer: " *Brabes* and such like." *Hething*, for so Mr. Tyrwhitt gives the word, he interprets—*contempt*. BOSWELL.

3 Yet keeps his book UNCROSS'D:] So, in Skialetheia, a collection of Epigrams, &c. 1598:
" Yet stands he in the *debet book uncrost*." STEEVENS.

4 — no life TO ours.] i. e. *compared* with ours. So, p. 99:
" Thy mind *to* her is now as low," &c. STEEVENS.

5 To stride a limit.] To overpass his bound. JOHNSON.

In the preceding line the old copy reads—" A prison, or a debtor," &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

6 What should we speak of,] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind. JOHNSON.

Bel. How you speak [7]!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather [8].

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,

7 How you speak!] Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us. STEEVENS.

8 And left me bare to weather.] So, in Timon of Athens:
" That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
" Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush,
" Fallen from their boughs, and *left me, open, bare,*
" *For every storm that blows.*" STEEVENS.

This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state[9]. I'll meet you in the
valleys. [*Exeunt* GUI. *and* ARV.
How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow[1], their thoughts do hit

9 And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of GREATER state.]
—— nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro. *Juv.*
MALONE.

The comparative—*greater*, which violates the measure, is surely an absurd interpolation; the *low-brow'd* cave in which the princes are *meanly* educated, being a place of *no state at all.* STEEVENS.

This kind of phraseology is used every day without objection. MALONE.

1 —— though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave, WHEREIN THEY BOW,] The old editions read:
"I' the cave, *whereon the bowe*;"
which, though very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, [as it stands in the text.]—In this very cave, which is so low that they must bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, &c. This is the antithesis. Belarius had spoken before of the lowness of this cave:
"A goodly day! not to keep house, with such
"Whose *roof's as low* as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
"Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
"To morning's holy office." WARBURTON.

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore [2],—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal [3],

[2] — This POLYDORE,] [First folio, *Paladour.*] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer,) calls the eldest son of Cymbeline, Polidore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are some who may ask whether it is not more likely that the printer should have blundered in the other places, than that he should have hit upon such an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this first instance. *Paladour* was the ancient name for *Shaftsbury.* So, in A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phœnix, and the Turtle-Dove, by R. Chester, 1601:

"This noble king builded fair Caerguent,
"Now cleped Winchester of worthie fame;
"And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,
"That after-ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name." STEEVENS.

I believe, however, *Polydore* is the true reading. In the pages of Holinshed, which contain an account of Cymbeline, *Polydore* [i. e. Polydore Virgil] is often quoted in the margin; and this probably suggested the name to Shakspeare. MALONE.

Otway (see p. 110, n. 7,) was evidently of the same opinion, as he has so denominated one of the sons of Acasto in The Orphan.

The translations, however, of both Homer and Virgil, would have afforded Shakspeare the name of *Polydore.* STEEVENS.

[3] The younger brother, CADWAL,] This name is found in an ancient poem, entitled King Arthur, which is printed in the same collection with the Meeting Dialogue-wise, &c. quoted in the preceding note:

"Augisell, king of stout Albania,
"And *Caduall,* king of Vinedocia ——."

(Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes [4];
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave [5]:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[*Exit.*

In this collection one of our author's own poems was originally printed. See the end of The Passionate Pilgrim. MALONE.

[4] — I stole these babes;] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.—The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

[5] — to HER grave:] i. e. to the grave of Euriphile; or, to the grave of "their mother, as they suppose it to be." The poet ought rather to have written—to *thy* grave. MALONE.

Perhaps he did write so, and the present reading is only a corruption introduced by his printers or publishers. STEEVENS.

This change of persons frequently occurs in our author. Thus, in Julius Cæsar:

"Casca, *thou* art the first that rears *his* hand."

Again, in Timon of Athens:

"Hail to *thee*, worthy Timon, and to all
"That of *his* bounty taste."

Again, in The Winter's Tale:

"Away with him; and let *her* sport *herself*
"With that *she's* big with; for 'tis Polixenes
"Has made *thee* swell thus."

But this mode of construction is not peculiar to Shakspeare; we meet with it in Scripture, Acts xvii. v. 2, 3: "And Paul—reasoned with them out of the scriptures, opening and alledging, that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and that this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ."
MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthúmus [6]? What is in thy mind,

[6] Where is Posthúmus?] Shakspeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning. Almost throughout this play he calls *Posthŭmus, Posthūmus,* and *Arvirăgus,* always *Arvirāgus.* It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of Darius, by William Alexander of Menstrie, (lord Sterline) 1603, *Darīus* is always called *Darĭus,* and *Euphrātes, Euphrătes:*

"The diadem that *Darĭus* erst had borne——
"The famous *Euphrătes* to be your border—."

Again, in the 21st Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"That gliding go in state like swelling *Euphrătes.*"

Throughout Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, *Euphrătes* is likewise given instead of *Euphrātes.* STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's ignorance of the quantity of *Posthumus* is the rather remarkable, as he gives it rightly both when the name first occurs, and in another place:

"To his protection; calls him *Posthŭmus.*——"
"Struck the main-top!—O, *Posthŭmus!* alas." RITSON.

In A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phœnix, and the Turtle-dove, by R. Chester, 1601, *Arviragus* is introduced with the same neglect of quantity as in this play:

"Windsor, a castle of exceeding strength,
"First built by Arvirágus, Britaine's king."

Again, by Heywood, in his Britayne's Troy:

"Now Arvirágus reigns, and takes to wife
"The emperor Claudius's daughter."

It seems to have been the general rule, adopted by scholars as well as others, to pronounce Latin names like English words: Shakspeare's neglect of quantity therefore proves nothing. MALONE.

The propriety of the foregoing remark, is not altogether con-

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour[7] of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before[8]: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand!
That drug-damn'd[9] Italy hath out-craftied him[1],
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy
tongue

firmed by the practice of our ancient translators from classick authors. STEEVENS.

The propriety of my remark is not shaken by this observation. Translators would have the true quantity of a classical name forced upon their attention; but the writers of Shakspeare's age, when they were not translating, were accustomed to disregard the true pronunciation of Greek and Latin names.

See vol. vii. p. 203, and p. 238. MALONE.

7 —haviour—] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakspeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. See Spenser, Æglogue, IX.:

"Their ill *haviour* garres men missay." STEEVENS.

8 — If it be SUMMER NEWS,
Smile to't before:] So, in our author's 98th Sonnet:
"Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
"Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
"Could make me any *summer's story* tell." MALONE.

9 — drug-dam'd —] This is another allusion to Italian poisons. JOHNSON.

1 — out-CRAFTIED him,] Thus the old copy, and so Shakspeare certainly wrote. So, in Coriolanus:

"———— chaste as the icicle,
"That's *curdied* by the frost from purest snow."

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—out-*crafted* here, and *curdled* in Coriolanus. MALONE.

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already [2].—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile [3]; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds [4], and doth belie

[2] What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.] So, in Venus and Adonis:
"Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?"
MALONE.

[3] Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, &c.] So, in Churchyard's Discourse of Rebellion, &c. 1570:
"Hit venom castes as far as Nilus flood, [brood]
"Hit poysoneth all it toucheth any wheare."
Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. Of this, several instances are given in the last Act of Antony and Cleopatra. STEEVENS.

[4] Rides on the POSTING WINDS,] So, in King Henry V.:
"—— making the *wind* my *post-horse*." MALONE.

x So in the Entertainment at Elvetham 1591. "Snakes, adders, vipers, frogs, toades and all kinds of wormes, in sugar worke."

All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states[5],
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?
Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him[6]?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?
Pis. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough[7].—Some jay of Italy[8],
Whose mother was her painting[9], hath betray'd him:

5 —states,] Persons of highest rank. JOHNSON.

See vol. viii. p. 305, n. 6. MALONE.

So, in Chapman's version of the second Iliad:

"The other scepter-bearing *states* arose too and obey'd
"The people's rector." STEEVENS.

6 —What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?] This passage should be pointed thus:

"What! is it to be false,
"To lie in watch there, and to think on him?"
M. MASON.

7 Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.] So, in King Lear:

"Those wicked creatures yet do look well favour'd,
"When others are more wicked." MALONE.

8 —Some JAY of Italy,] There is a prettiness in this expression; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a *jay* and a *whore:* I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "Teach him to know turtles from *jays*." STEEVENS.

9 Whose MOTHER was her PAINTING,] *Some jay of Italy*, made by art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*.
JOHNSON.

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion[1];
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd[2]:—to pieces with me!—O,

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but forgot to note the date or name of the piece: "—a parcel of conceited feather-caps, *whose fathers were their garments*."
STEEVENS.

In All's Well That Ends Well, we have—
" ——— whose judgments are
" Mere *fathers of their garments*." MALONE.

" Whose mother was her *painting*," i. e. her likeness. HARRIS.

[1] Poor I am stale, A GARMENT OUT OF FASHION;] This image occurs in Westward for Smelts, 1620, immediately at the conclusion of the tale on which our play is founded: " But (said the Brainford fish-wife) I like her *as a garment out of fashion*."
STEEVENS.

[2] And, for I am RICHER than to HANG BY THE WALLS,
I must be ripp'd:] To " hang by the walls," does not mean, to be converted into *hangings for a room*, but to be *hung up*, as useless, among the neglected contents of a *wardrobe*. So, in Measure for Measure:

" That have, like unscour'd armour, *hung by the wall*.

When a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved, with superstitious reverence, for almost a century and a half.

Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and though such cast-off things as were composed of *rich* substances, were occasionally *ripped* for domestick uses, (viz. mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds,) articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls*, till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations.

Comitem horridulum tritâ donare lacerna,

seems not to have been customary among our ancestors.—When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent-Garden Theatre, a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to King James I. When I saw it last, it was on the back of Justice Greedy, a character in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts. STEEVENS.

Imogen, as Mr. Roberts suggests to me, " alludes to the hang-

Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

PIS. Good madam, hear me.

IMO. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men [3];
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit

ings on walls, which were in use in Shakspeare's time."—These being sometimes wrought with gold or silver, were, it should seem, occasionally ript and taken to pieces for the sake of the materials. MALONE.

3 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men; &c.] i. e. says Mr. Upton, "will infect and corrupt their good name, (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass,) and wilt render them suspected." So, in Hamlet, vol. vii. p. 228:

"Some habit that too much o'erleavens
"The form of plausive manners."

In the line below he would read—*fall*, instead of *fail*. So, in King Henry V.:

"And thus thy *fall* hath left a kind of blot,
"To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,
"With some suspicion."

I think the text is right. MALONE.

So, in The Winter's Tale:

"——— for the *fail*
"Of any point," &c. STEEVENS.

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter[4]
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand[5]. Come, here's my heart;
Something's afore't[6]:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures[7] of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

4 Against self-slaughter, &c.] So, again, in Hamlet:
"———the Everlasting——fix'd
"His canon 'gainst self-slaughter." STEEVENS.

5 That CRAVENS my weak hand.] i. e. makes me a coward. POPE.

That makes me *afraid* to put an end to my own life. See vol. v. p. 423, n. 4. MALONE.

6 Something's AFORE'T:] The old copy reads—Something's *afoot*. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 The SCRIPTURES—] So, Ben Jonson, in The Sad Shepherd:
"The lover's *scriptures*, Heliodore's, or Tatius'."
Shakspeare, however, means in this place, an opposition between *scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*. STEEVENS.

And thou, Posthúmus, thou that [8] did'st set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows [9], shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd [1] by her
That now thou tir'st on [2], how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first [3].

8 — THOU that —] The second *thou*, which is not in the old copies, has been added for the sake of recovering metre. STEEVENS.

9 — princely FELLOWS,] One of the same fellowship or rank with myself. MALONE.

1 — disedg'd,] So, in Hamlet: "It would cost you a groaning, to *take off mine edge*." STEEVENS.

2 That now thou TIR'ST on,] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which she pecks; from *tirer*, French. JOHNSON.

3 I'll WAKE mine eye-balls BLIND first.] [In the old copies, the word—*blind* is wanting.] The modern editions for *wake* read *break*, and supply the deficient syllable by—*Ah* wherefore. I read—I'll wake mine eye-balls *out* first, or, *blind* first. JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer had made the same emendation. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture (which I have inserted in the text,) may receive support from the following passage in The Bugbears, a MS. comedy more ancient than the play before us:

"——— I doubte
"Least for lacke of my slepe I shall *watche my eyes oute*."

Again, in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1608:

"—— A piteous tragedy! able to *wake*
"An old man's eyes blood-shot."

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent[3], when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee[4]?
Pis. But to win time;
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like:
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:

Again, in The Roaring Girl, 1611: "—I'll ride to Oxford, and *watch out mine eyes*, but I'll hear the brazen head speak." STEEVENS.

Again, as Mr. Steevens has observed in a note on The Rape of Lucrece:
"Here she exclaims against *repose* and *rest;*
"And bids her *eyes* hereafter still be *blind.*" MALONE.

3 To be unbent,] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to an hunter. JOHNSON.

4 — when THOU HAST TA'EN THY STAND,
The ELECTED DEER before thee?] So, in one of our author's poems, Passionate Pilgrim, 1599:
"When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
"And *stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike.*"
MALONE.

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing[5]:
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then[6]?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines[7]? Day, night,

[5] With that harsh, noble, &c.] Some epithet of two syllables has here been omitted by the compositor; for which, having but one copy, it is now vain to seek. MALONE.

Perhaps the poet wrote:
"With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, *Cloten;*
"That Cloten," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] Where then?] Hanmer has added these two words to Pisanio's speech. MALONE.

[7] WHERE then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines?] The rest of Imogen's speech induces me to think that we ought to read "*What* then?" instead of "*Where* then?" The reason of the change is evident. M. MASON.

Perhaps Imogen silently answers her own question: "*any where.* Hath Britain," &c.

Shakspeare seems here to have had in his thoughts a passage in Lyly's Euphues, 1580, which he has imitated in King Richard II.: "Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath

Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain [8].

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The embassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is [9]; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view [1]: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet

house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him banished, that had the *sunne*, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined; whereby he noted, that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind. But thou art driven out of Naples: that is nothing. All the Athenians dwell not in Colliton, nor every Corinthian in Greece, nor all the Lacedemonians in Pitania. How can any part of the world be distant far from the other, when as the mathematicians set downe that the earth is but a point compared to the heavens?" MALONE.

[8] There's livers out of Britain.] So, in Coriolanus:
"There is a world elsewhere." STEEVENS.

[9] — Now, if you could wear a MIND
Dark as your fortune is;] To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy;* applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. "You must, (says Pisanio,) disguise that *greatness*, which, to appear *hereafter* in its proper form, *cannot yet appear without great* danger to itself." JOHNSON.

[1] — full of view:] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

Full of view may mean—affording an *ample prospect*, a *complete* opportunity of discerning circumstances which it is your interest to know. Thus, in Pericles, "Full of face" appears to signify—'amply beautiful;' and Duncan assures Banquo that he will labour to make him "full of growing," i. e. of 'ample growth.'
STEEVENS.

Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty [2], not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) into [3] a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel [4]: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy [5]!) to the greedy touch

[2] THOUGH peril to my modesty,] I read—*Through* peril. "I would for such means adventure *through* peril of modesty;" I would risque every thing but real dishonour. JOHNSON.

[3] — to —] Old copies, unmetrically,—*into*. STEEVENS.

[4] As quarrellous as the WEASEL:] So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"A *weasel* hath not such a deal of spleen
"As you are toss'd with."

This character of the *weasel* is not warranted by naturalists. *Weasels*, however, were formerly kept in houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. So, Phædrus, iv. i. 10:

Mustela, quum annis et senecta debilis,
Mures veloces non valeret adsequi.

Again, lib. iv. 5. 3.

Quum victi *mures mustelarum exercitu*—
Fugerent, &c.

Our poet, therefore, while a boy, might have had frequent opportunities to ascertain their disposition. In Congreve's Love for Love, (the scene of which is in London,) old Foresight talks of having "met a *weasel*." It would now be difficult to find one at liberty throughout the whole county of Middlesex. "Frivola hæc fortassis cuipiam et nimis levia esse videantur, sed curiositas nihil recusat." *Vopiscus in Vita Aureliani*, c. x. STEEVENS.

[5] Exposing it (but, O, the harder HEART!
Alack, no remedy!)] I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of Posthumus. Dr. Warburton proposes to read:

"——— the harder *hap*!" JOHNSON.

Of common-kissing Titan [6]; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy [7], (which you'll make him know [8],
If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you: for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad [9]:
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort

6 — COMMON-KISSING Titan;] Thus, in Othello:

"The bawdy wind that *kisses all it meets* ——."

Again, in Sidney's Arcadia, lib. iii.: "—and beautifull might have been, if they had not suffered greedy Phœbus, over-often and hard, to *kisse* them." STEEVENS.

7 Wherein you are HAPPY,] i. e. wherein you are *accomplished.* STEEVENS.

8 — which YOU'LL make him KNOW,] This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. The common books have it:

"—— which *will* make him *know* ——."

Mr. Theobald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove that it should be:

"—— which *will* make him *so* ——."

He is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

The words were probably written at length in the manuscript, *you will*, and *you* omitted at the press: or *will* was printed for *we'll*. MALONE.

9 — Your means abroad: &c.] As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me. So, in Sc. V.: "— thou should'st neither want my *means* for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment." MALONE.

The gods will diet me with[1]. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us[2]: This attempt
I'm soldier to[3], and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell:
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box: I had it from the queen[4];
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] — DIET me with.] Mr. Steevens has a note on this passage, which is, if possible, more disgustingly absurd than that of Mr. Whalley's, mentioned p. 90. He says Imogen is alluding to the spare regimen prescribed in some diseases. This interpretation is at once gross and nonsensical. If any doubt could be entertained as to so common a metaphor, it might be easily supported. One instance shall suffice. When Iago (vol. ix. p. 315,) talks of *dieting his revenge*, he certainly does not mean putting it on *a spare regimen*. BOSWELL.

[2] ——— we'll EVEN
All that good time will give us:] We'll make our work *even* with our *time;* we'll do what time will allow. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— This attempt
I'm soldier to,] i. e. I have inlisted and bound myself to it. WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, I am equal to this attempt; I have enough or *ardour* to undertake it. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation is undoubtedly just. "I'm soldier to," is equivalent to the modern cant phrase—'I am up to it,' i. e. I have ability for it. STEEVENS.

[4] Here is a BOX; I had it from the queen;] Instead of this box, the modern editors have in a former scene made the Queen give Pisanio a *vial*, which is dropped on the stage, without being broken. See Act I. Sc. VI.

In Pericles, Cerimon, in order to recover Thaisa, calls for all *the boxes* in his closet.

So, in the description of the Apothecary, in Romeo and Juliet:
"A beggarly account of empty boxes." MALONE.

SCENE V.

A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, *Queen*, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir, I desire of you [5]
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you [6]!
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,

[5] So, sir, I desire OF YOU —] The two last words are, in my opinion, very properly omitted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, as they only serve to derange the metre. STEEVENS.

[6] — all joy befal YOUR grace, and you!] I think we should read—*his* grace, and you. MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote:
"———— your grace, and *yours!*"
i. e. your relatives. So, in Macbeth:
"And beggar'd *yours* for ever." STEEVENS.

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt* Lucius *and Lords.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer

That will be given to the loud'st * of noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king [7].
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.
Queen. Go, look after.—
[*Exit* Cloten.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?
Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:

* First folio, *lowd.*

7 Son, I say, follow the king.] Some word necessary to the metre, is here omitted. We might read:
" *Go,* son, I say; follow the king." Steevens.
The old copy reads:
" ——— that which I
" Fear prove false."
Pronounce *Fear* as a dissyllable, and the metre is complete.
Boswell.

Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

QUEEN. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day [8]!

[*Exit Queen.*

CLO. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman [9]; from every one
The best she hath [1], and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

PIS. O, good my lord!

8 ——— May
This night FORESTALL him of the coming day!] i. e. May his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an anticipated and premature destruction! So, in Milton's Masque:

"Perhaps *fore-stalling night* prevented them." MALONE.

9 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman;] "She has all courtly parts, (says he,) more exquisite than *any* lady, *than all* ladies, *than all* womankind." JOHNSON.

There is a similar passage in All's Well That Ends Well, Act II. Sc. III.: "To any count; to all counts; to what is man." TOLLET.

1 —— from every one
The best she hath,] So, in The Tempest:

"——— but you, O you,
"So perfect aad so peerless, are created
"Of every creature's best." MALONE.

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close villain[2],
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.
Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?
Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!
Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Pis. Then sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*
Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pis. Or this, or perish[3].
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. } *Aside.*

[2] — Close villain,] A syllable being here wanting to complete the measure, perhaps we ought to read:
" —— Close villain, *thou*——." Steevens.

[3] Or this, or perish.] These words, I think, belong to Cloten, who requiring the paper, says:
" Let's see't:—I will pursue her
" Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish."
Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:
" She's far enough;" &c. Johnson.

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish,* properly belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper into the hands of Cloten, " I must either give it him freely, or perish

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!
[*Aside.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldest neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently

in my attempt to keep it;" or else the words may be considered as a reply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Augustus, and are added slily: "You will either do what you say, or perish, which is the more probable of the two."—The subsequent remark, however, of Mr. Henley, has taught me diffidence in my attempt to justify the arrangement of the old copies. STEEVENS.

I cannot but think Dr. Johnson in the right, from the account of this transaction Pisanio afterwards gave:

" ——— Lord Cloten,
" Upon my lady's missing, came to me,
" With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore
" If I discovered not which way she was gone,
" *It was my instant death:* By accident,
" I had a *feigned letter* of my master's
" Then in my pocket, which directed him
" To seek her on the mountains near to Milford."

But if the words, *Or this, or perish,* belong to Pisanio, as the letter was *feigned,* they must have been spoken out, not aside.
HENLEY.

Cloten knew not, till it was tendered, that Pisanio had such a letter as he now presents; there could therefore be no question concerning his giving it *freely* or *with-holding* it.

These words, in my opinion, relate to Pisanio's present conduct, and they mean, I think, "I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten, or perish by his fury." MALONE.

and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true [4].—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched [5]: such, I mean,

4 To him that is MOST TRUE.] Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as *true*, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both.
MALONE.

5 Foundations FLY the wretched:] Thus, in the fifth Æneid:
Italiam sequimur *fugientem*. STEEVENS.

Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
Is sorer [6], than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call [7]; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! Who's here?
If any thing that's civil [8], speak; if savage,
Take, or lend [9].—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.

[6] Is SORER,] Is a *greater*, or *heavier* crime. JOHNSON.

[7] I WERE best not call;] Mr. Pope was so little acquainted with the language of Shakspeare's age, that instead of this the original reading, he substituted—'*Twere* best not call. MALONE.

[8] If any thing that's CIVIL,] *Civil*, for *human creature*. WARBURTON.

[9] If any thing that's civil, speak, if savage,
TAKE, or LEND.] I question whether, after the words, *if savage*, a line be not lost. I can offer nothing better than to read:

"—— Ho! who's here?
"If any thing that's civil, *take* or *lend*,
"If savage, *speak*."

If you are *civilised* and *peaceable*, *take* a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompense; if you are *rough inhospitable* inhabitants of the mountain, *speak*, that I may know my state. JOHNSON.

It is by no means necessary to suppose that *savage hold* signifies the habitation of *a beast*. It may as well be used for the cave of a *savage*, or *wild man*, who, in the romances of the time, were represented as residing in the woods, like the famous Orson, Bre-

Best draw my sword[1]; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman[2], and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,

mo in the play of Mucedorus, or the savage in the seventh canto of the fourth book of Spenser's Fairy Queen, and the sixth b. c. 4. STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in supposing that the word *savage* does not mean, in this place, a *wild beast*, but a *brutish man*, and in that sense it is opposed to *civil:* in the former sense, the word *human* would have been opposed to it, not *civil*. So, in the next Act, Imogen says:

"Our courtiers say, all's *savage* but at court."

And in As You Like It, Orlando says:

"I thought that all things had been *savage* here."
M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is, If any one resides here that is accustomed to the modes of civil life, answer me; but if this be the habitation of a wild and uncultivated man, or of one banished from society, that will enter into no converse, let him at least *silently* furnish me with enough to support me, accepting a price for it, or giving it to me without a price, in consideration of future recompense. Dr. Johnson's interpretation of the words *take*, or *lend*, is supported by what Imogen says afterwards:

"Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
"To have *begg'd*, or *bought*, what I have took."

but such licentious alterations as transferring words from one line to another, and transposing the words thus transferred, ought, in my apprehension, never to be admitted. MALONE.

[1] BEST DRAW my sword;] As elliptically, Milton, where the 2nd brother in Comus says:

"*Best draw*, and stand upon our guard." STEEVENS.

[2] — woodman,] A *woodman*, in its common acceptation (as in the present instance) signifies a *hunter*. For the particular and original meaning of the word, see Mr. Reed's note in Measure for Measure, vol. ix. p. 169, n. 8. STEEVENS.

So, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"He is no *woodman* that doth bend his bow
"Against a poor unseasonable doe." MALONE.

Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match[3]:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth[4]
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browze on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon[5]!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

[3] — 'tis our MATCH:] i. e. our compact. See p. 111, l. 5. STEEVENS.

[4] — when RESTY sloth —] *Resty* signified *mouldy, rank.* See Minsheu, in v. The word is yet used in the North. Perhaps, however, it is here used in the same sense in which *restive* is applied to a horse. MALONE.

Restive, in the present instance, I believe, means unquiet, shifting its posture, like a restive horse. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*restie,* but Mr. Steevens, without notice to the reader, altered it to *restive.* Restive or restiff, when spoken of a horse, does not mean shifting its posture, but refusing to go forward. BOSWELL.

[5] An earthly paragon!] The same phrase has already occurred in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"No; but she is *an earthly paragon.*" STEEVENS.

To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o' the floor [6]. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted [7]
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven [8].

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir; I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence [9].

[6] — o' THE floor.] Old copy—*i' the* floor. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

The correction was unnecessary. *In* was frequently used in our author's time for *on*. So, in the Lord's Prayer: "Thy will be done *in* earth," και ΕΠΙ της γης. BOSWELL.

[7] — and parted —] A syllable being here wanting to the measure, we might read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer,—and parted *thence*. STEEVENS.

By making *prayers* a dissyllable, we might read—

"——— parted with
"Prayers for the provider." MALONE.

[8] — To Milford-Haven, SIR.] This word, which is deficient in the old copies, has been supplied by some modern editor, [Mr. Capell] for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

[9] I am fallen IN this offence.] *In*, according to the ancient mode of writing, is here used instead of *into*. Thus, in Othello:

"Fallen *in* the practice of a cursed slave."

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy[1].

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such as yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends,

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting[2]
To thee, Posthumus. *Aside.*

Again, in King Richard III.:

"But first, I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave." Steevens.

[1] I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy.] The old copy reads—as *I do* buy. The correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. He reads unnecessarily, *I'd* bid for you, &c. In the folio the line is thus pointed;

"I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty:
"I bid for you," &c. Malone.

I think this passage might be better read thus:

"I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
"I bid for you, as I'd buy."

That is, I should woo hard, but *I would* be your *bridegroom.* [And when I say that I should *woo hard,* be assured that] in honesty I bid for you, *only at the rate at which* I would purchase you. Tyrwhitt.

[2] ——— then had my prize
Been less and so more equal ballasting—] Sir T. Hanmer reads plausibly, but without necessity, *price* for *prize,* and *balancing* for *ballasting.* He is followed by Dr. Warburton. The

Bel. He wrings at some distress[3].
Gui. 'Would, I could free't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes [4],)

meaning is,—Had I been less a prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus. JOHNSON.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"It is war's *prize* to take all vantages."

Again, ibidem:

"Methinks, 'tis *prize* enough to be his son."

The same word occurs again in this play of Cymbeline, as well as in Hamlet. STEEVENS.

Between *price* and *prize* the distinction was not always observed in our author's time, nor is it at this day; for who has not heard persons above the vulgar confound them, and talk of high-*priz'd* and low-*priz'd* goods? MALONE.

The sense is, then had the prize thou hast mastered in me been less, and not have sunk thee, as I have done, by over-lading thee. HEATH.

3 HE wrings AT SOME DISTRESS.] i. e. writhes with anguish. So, in our author's Much Ado About Nothing:

"To those that *wring* under the load of sorrow."

Again, in Tom Tylor and his Wife, bl. l.

"I think I have made the cullion to *wring*." STEEVENS.

4 That NOTHING GIFT of DIFFERING multitudes,] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

"That nothing gift of *defering* multitudes:"

i. e. obsequious, paying deference.—Deferer, *Cedar par respect a quelqu'un, obeir, condescendre*, &c.—Deferent, *civil, respectueux*, &c. Richelet. THEOBALD.

He is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton;

Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false [5].

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:

but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble. JOHNSON.

It certainly may; but then nothing is predicated of the many-headed multitude, unless we supply words that the text does not exhibit, "That worthless boon of the *differing* or many-headed multitude, [*attending upon them, and paying their court to them;*]" or suppose the whole line to be a periphrasis for *adulation* or *obeisance*.

There was no such word as *defering* or *deferring* in Shakspeare's time. "*Deferer* a une compaigne," Cotgrave, in his Dictionary, 1611, explains thus: "To yeeld, *referre*, or attribute much, unto a companie." MALONE.

That *nothing gift* which the multitude are supposed to bestow, is glory, reputation, which is a present of little value from their hands; as they are neither unanimous in giving it, nor constant in continuing it. HEATH.

I believe the o d to be the right reading. *Differing multitudes* means *unsteady multitudes*, who are continually changing their opinions, and condemn to-day what they yesterday applauded. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's explanation is just. So, in the Induction to The Second Part of King Henry IV.:

"The still *discordant, wav'ring* multitude." STEEVENS.

[5] Since Leonatus false.] Mr. M. Mason would read:

"Since Leonatus *is* false."

but this conjecture is injurious to the metre. If we are to connect the words in question with the preceding line, and suppose that Imogen has completed all she meant to say, we might read:

"Since Leonate is false."

Thus, for the convenience of versification, Shakspeare sometimes calls Prospero, Prosper, and Enobarbus, Enobarbe. STEEVENS.

As Shakspeare has used "thy *mistress*' ear," and "*Menelaus* tent," for thy *mistresses* ear, and *Menelauses* tent, so, with still greater licence, he uses—Since *Leonatus false*, for—Since Leonatus *is* false. MALONE.

Of such a licence, I believe, there is no example either in the works of Shakspeare, or of any other author. STEEVENS.

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that [6] the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission [7]. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Sen.* With those legions

[6] That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that, &c.] These facts are historical. STEEVENS.
See p. 97, n. 1. MALONE.

[7] —and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.] He *commands* the commission to be given to you. So, we say, I *ordered* the materials to the workmen. JOHNSON.

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for[8] 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber;) I mean, the lines of my body are as well-drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions[9]: yet this imperseverant[1] thing loves him in my despite. What

[8] —for—] i. e. because. See p. 155, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[9] —in single OPPOSITIONS:] In single combat. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"In *single opposition*, hand to hand,
"He did confound the best part of an hour,
"In changing hardiment with great Glendower."

An *opposite* was in Shakspeare the common phrase for an *adversary*, or *antagonist*. See vol. xi. p. 425, n. 8. MALONE.

[1] —imperseverant—] Thus the former editions. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ill-perseverant*. JOHNSON.

mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face [2]: and all this done, spurn her home to her father [3]: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

BEL. You are not well: [*To* IMOGEN.] remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Imperseverant may mean no more than *perseverant,* like *imbosomed, impassioned, im-masked.* STEEVENS.

[2] —before THY face:] Posthumus was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face! We should read—*her* face, i. e. Imogen's: done to despite her, who had said, she esteemed Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare, who in The Winter's Tale, makes a Clown say: "If thou'lt see a thing to talk on after thou art dead," would not scruple to give the expression in the text to so fantastick a character as Cloten. The garments of Posthumus might indeed be cut to pieces *before his face,* though his head were off; no one, however, but Cloten, would consider this circumstance as any aggravation of the insult. MALONE.

[3] —spurn her home to her father;] Cloten seems to delight in rehearsing to himself his brutal intentions; for all this he has already said in a former scene; "—and when my lust hath dined,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again." STEEVENS.

Arv. Brother, stay here:
[*To* Imogen.
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all[4]. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity[5], the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.
Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.*

4 Stick to your JOURNAL course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all.] Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion. JOHNSON.

5 How much the quantity,] I read—*As* much the quantity. JOHNSON.

Surely the present reading has exactly the same meaning. '*How* much soever the mass of my affection to my father may be, so much precisely is my love for thee: and as much as my filial love weighs, so much also weighs my affection for thee.' MALONE.

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir[6].

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas[7] breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him[8]:
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate[9];
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

6 — So please you, sir.] I cannot relish this *courtly phrase* from the mouth of Arviragus. It should rather, I think, begin Imogen's speech. TYRWHITT.

7 The IMPERIOUS seas —] *Imperious* was used by Shakspeare for *imperial.* See vol. vii. p. 475, n. 4; and vol. viii. p. 392, n. 8. MALONE.

8 I could not STIR him:] Not *move* him to tell his story. JOHNSON.

9 — GENTLE, but unfortunate;] *Gentle* is *well-born,* of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Rather of rank above the vulgar. So, in King Henry V.:

"——— be he ne'er so vile,
"This day shall *gentle* his condition. STEEVENS.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever [1].
[*Exit* Imogen.
This youth, howe'er distress'd [2], appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery [3]! He cut our roots in characters [4];
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

[1] And so shall be ever.] The adverb—*so,* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer for the sake of metre. Steevens.

[2] *Imo.* Well or ill
I am bound to you.
Bel. And so shalt be ever.—
This youth, howe'er distressed, &c.] These speeches are improperly distributed between Imogen and Belarius; and I flatter myself that every reader of attention will approve of my amending the passage, and dividing them in the following manner:
" *Imo.* Well, or ill,
" I am bound to you; and *shall* be ever,
" *Bel.* This youth, howe'er distress'd," &c. M. Mason.

" And shall be ever." That is, you shall ever receive from me the same kindness that you do at present: you shall *thus* only be *bound* to me for ever. Malone.

[3] *Gui.* But his neat cookery! &c.] Only the first four words of this speech are given in the old copy to Guiderius: The name of Arviragus is prefixed to the remainder, as well as to the next speech. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

Mr. Steevens adopted the correction; it was made by Mr. Capell. Boswell.

[4] —He cut our roots in characters;] So, in Fletcher's Elder Brother, Act IV:
" And how to *cut* his meat *in characters.*" Steevens.

From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

GUI. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both[5],
Mingle their spurs together[6].

ARV. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine[7]!

BEL. It is great morning[8]. Come; away.—Who's there?

5 —rooted in HIM both,] Old copy—in *them*. Corrected by Mr. Pope, MALONE.

6 Mingle their SPURS together.] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. POPE.

Spurs are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. Our poet has again used the same word in The Tempest:

" ——— the strong bas'd promontory
" Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*
" Pluck'd up the pine and cedar."

Hence probably the *spur* of a post; the short wooden buttress affixed to it, to keep it firm in the ground. MALONE.

7 And let the stinking ELDER, GRIEF, UNTWINE
His perishing root, with the increasing VINE!] Shakspeare had only seen English *vines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the elder. Perhaps we should read—untwine—*from* the vine. JOHNSON.

Surely this is the meaning of the words without any change. May patience increase, and may the stinking elder, grief, *no longer twine* his decaying [or destructive, if *perishing* is used actively,] root *with* the vine, patience thus increasing!—As *to untwine* is here used for *to cease to twine*, so, in King Henry VIII. Act III. Sc. II. the word *uncontemned* having been used, the poet has constructed the remainder of the sentence as if he had written *not contemned*. See vol. vi. p. 374, n. 7. MALONE.

Sir John Hawkins proposes to read—*entwine*. He says " Let the stinking elder [*Grief*] *entwine* his root with the vine [*Patience*] and in the end Patience must outgrow Grief." STEEVENS.

There is no need of alteration. The elder is a plant whose roots are much shorter lived than the vine's, and as those of the vine swell and outgrow them, they must of necessity loosen their hold. HENLEY.

8 It is great morning.] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. See the same phrase vol. viii. p. 369. STEEVENS.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock [9].

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth [1]. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

[9] —than answering
A SLAVE without a knock.] Than answering that abusive word *slave*. *Slave* should be printed in Italicks. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's interpretation is supported by a passage in Romeo and Juliet:

"Now, Tybalt, take *the villain* back again."

MALONE.

[1] —for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth,] So, in Solyman and Perseda, 1599:

"*I fight not with my tongue*: this is my oratrix."

MALONE.

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No[2], nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee[3].

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

So Macduff says to Macbeth:
"——— I have no words,
"My *voice* is in my *sword*." BOSWELL.

2 No,] This negation is at once superfluous and injurious to the metre. STEEVENS.

3 No, nor thy TAILOR, rascal,
Who is thy GRANDFATHER; he made those clothes,
Which as it seems, make thee.] See a note on a similar passage in a former scene, p. 117, n. 9. STEEVENS.

Clo. Die the death[4]:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustick mountaineer[5]. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Belarius *and* Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,

4 Die the death:] See vol. ix. p. 92, n. 1; and vol. v. p. 179, n. 3. Steevens.

5 Yield, rustick mountaineer.] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I. Sc. IV. the Lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Guiderius. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or ideot; and yet, Act III. Sc. I. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though *it may lack form a little*, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgment); and yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress, by means of her attendants; to get her person into his power afterwards; and seems to be no less acquainted with the character of his father, and the ascendancy the Queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutish, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in Hamlet, and the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet. Steevens.

And burst of speaking[6], were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear[7]: But see, thy brother.

6 — the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking.] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. JOHNSON.

7 — for THE EFFECT of judgment
Is oft the CAUSE of fear:] [Old copy—*defect* of judgement—] If I understand this passage, it is mock reasoning as it stands, and the text must have been slightly corrupted. Belarius is giving a description of what Cloten formerly was; and in answer to what Arviragus says of *his being so fell*. "Ay, (says Belarius) he was so fell; and being scarce then at man's estate, he had no apprehension of roaring terrors, i. e. of any thing that could check him with fears." But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? "For *defect of judgment* is oft the cause of fear." I think the poet meant to have said the mere contrary. Cloten was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehensions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very easy change, from the traces of the letters, gives us this sense, and reconciles the reasoning of the whole passage:

"—— for *th' effect* of judgment
"Is oft the cause of fear——." THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer reads with equal justness of sentiment:

"—— for defect of judgment
"Is oft the *cure* of fear——."

But, I think, the play of *effect* and *cause* more resembling the manner of our author. JOHNSON.

If *fear*, as in other passages of Shakspeare, be understood in an active signification for what may cause fear, it means that Cloten's defect of judgment caused him to commit actions to the terror of others, without due consideration of his own danger therein. Thus, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *Head.*

GUI. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none [8]:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

BEL. What hast thou done?

GUI. I am perfect, what [9]: cut off one Cloten's head,

"—— all these bold *fears,*
"Thou see'st with peril I have answered." TOLLET.

The objection to this interpretation is, that in this clause of the sentence it was evidently the poet's intention to assign a reason for Cloten's being *himself free from apprehension,* not to account for his *terrifying others.*

It is undoubtedly true, that defect of judgment, or not rightly estimating the degree of danger, and the means of resistance, is often the cause of fear: the being possessed of judgment also may occasion fear, as he who maturely weighs all circumstances will know precisely his danger; while the inconsiderate is rash and fool-hardy: but neither of these assertions, however true, can account for Cloten's having *no apprehension* of roaring terrors; and therefore the passage must be corrupt. Mr. Theobald amends the text by reading:

"—— for *the effect* of judgment
"Is oft the cause of fear."

but, though Shakspeare has in King Richard III. used *effect* and *cause* as synonymous, I do not think it probable he would say the *effect* was the *cause;* nor do I think *the effect* and *the defect* likely to have been confounded: besides, the passage thus amended is liable to the objection already stated. I have therefore adopted Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation. MALONE.

8 —— not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:] This thought had occurred before in Troilus and Cressida:

"— if he knock out either of your brains, a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel." STEEVENS.

9 I am PERFECT, what:] I am *well informed,* what. So, in this play:

"I am *perfect,* the Pannonians are in arms." JOHNSON.

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in[1],
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods[2]!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us[3]: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law[4]? What company
Discover you abroad?

[1] — take us in,] To *take in*, was the phrase in use for to *apprehend* an out-law, or to make him amenable to publick justice.
JOHNSON.

To *take in* means, simply, to *conquer*, to *subdue*. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"—— cut the Ionian seas,
"And *take in* Toryne." STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation of this phrase is the true one, appears from the present allusion to Cloten's speech, and also from the speech itself in the former part of this scene. He had not threatened to render these outlaws amenable to justice, but to kill them with his own hand:

"Die the death:
"*When I have* slain thee with my proper hand," &c.

"He'd *fetch us in*," is used a little lower by Belarius, in the sense assigned by Dr. Johnson to the phrase before us.
MALONE.

[2] — (thank the gods!)] The old copies have—"(thanks the gods.)" Mr. Rowe, and other editors after him,—"thanks *to* the gods." But by the present omission of the letter *s*, and the restoration of the parenthesis, I suppose this passage, as it now stands in the text, to be as our author gave it. STEEVENS.

[3] —— The law
Protects not us:] We meet with the same sentiment in Romeo and Juliet:

"The world is not thy friend, *nor the world's law*."
STEEVENS.

[4] FOR we do fear the law?] *For* is here used in the sense of *because*. So, in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, 1633:

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation [5]; ay, and that

"See the simplicity of these base slaves!
"Who, *for* the villains have no faith themselves,
"Think me to be a senseless lump of clay."

Again, in Othello:

"And, *for* I know thou art full of love," &c. MALONE.

[5] — Though his HUMOUR

Was nothing but mutation; &c.] [Old copy—his *honour*.] What has his *honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a madman, or not? I have ventured to substitute *humour*, against the authority of the printed copies: and the meaning seems plainly this: "Though he was always fickle to the last degree, and governed by *humour*, not sound sense; yet not madness itself could make him so hardy to attempt an enterprize of this nature alone, and unseconded." THEOBALD.

The text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion, which was perpetually changing. WARBURTON.

This would be a strange description of honour; and appears to me in its present form to be absolute nonsense. The sense indeed absolutely requires that we should adopt Theobald's amendment, and read *humour* instead of *honour*.

Belarius is speaking of the disposition of Cloten, not of his principles:—and this account of him agrees with what Imogen says in the latter end of the scene, where she calls him "that *irregulous* devil Cloten." M. MASON.

I am now convinced that the poet wrote—his *humour*, as Mr. Theobald suggested. The context strongly supports the emendation; but what decisively entitles it to a place in the text is, that the editor of the folio has, in like manner printed *honour* instead of *humour* in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Sc. III.:

"Falstaff will learn the *honour* of the age."

The quarto reads rightly—"the *humour* of the age."

On the other hand in the quarto, signat. A 3, we find, "— Sir, my *honour* is not for many words," instead of "— Sir, my *humour*," &c.

Again, in the quarto edition of Romeo and Juliet, 1597, we find:

"Pursued my *honor* not pursuing his."

And again, immediately afterwards:

"Black and portentous must this *honor* prove."

MALONE.

From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth[6].

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,

[6] Did make my way long forth.] Fidele's sickness made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*. Johnson.

So, in King Richard III.:

"——our crosses on the way,
"Have made it tedious," &c. Steevens.

Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet[7], would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour[8],
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood[9],
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys[1]! They are as gentle

7 ——— revenges,
That possible strength might meet,] Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition. JOHNSON.

8 — To gain his colour,] i. e. to restore him to the bloom of health, to recall the colour of it into his cheeks. STEEVENS.

9 I'd let a PARISH of such Clotens blood,] I would, says the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a *parish*. JOHNSON.

"His visage, (says Fenner of a *catchpole*,) was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that half a *parish* of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face." FARMER.

Again, in The Wits, by Davenant, fol. 1673, p. 222:
"Heaven give you joy sweet master Palatine
"And to you sir a whole *parish* of children." REED.

The sense of the passage is, I would let blood (or bleed) a whole parish, or any number, of such fellows as Cloten; not, "I would let out a parish of blood." EDWARDS.

Mr. Edward is, I think, right. In the fifth Act we have:
"This man——hath
"More of thee merited, than a *band* of Clotens
"Had ever scar for." MALONE.

1 O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, HOW thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys!] The first folio has:

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind [2],
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful[3],
That an invisible instinct should frame them [4]
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still its strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

"Thou divine Nature; *thou* thyself thou blazon'st—."

In the old copy the word *thou* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor—

"Thou divine Nature; thou thyself thou blazon'st."

For this slight emendation, which the context fully supports, I am responsible. MALONE.

I have received this emendation, which is certainly judicious. STEEVENS

[2] —— They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind, &c.] So, in our author's Lover's Complaint:

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
"For maiden tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
"Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
"As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
"When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be."

MALONE.

[3] — 'Tis wonderful,] Old copies—*wonder*. The correction is Mr. Pope's. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "Keep a good student from his book, and *it is wonderful*." STEEVENS.

[4] That an invisible instinct should frame them —] The metre, says Mr. Heath, would be improved by reading:

"That an *instinct invisible* should frame them—."

He probably did not perceive that in Shakspeare's time the accent was laid on the second syllable of the word *instinct*. So, in one of our poet's Sonnets:

"As if by some *instinct* the wretch did find—."

The old copy is certainly right. MALONE.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn Musick.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys[5],
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead, in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

5 — lamenting TOYS,] *Toys* formerly signified *freaks*, or *frolicks*. One of N. Breton's poetical pieces, printed in 1557, is called, "The *toyes* of an idle head." See Cole's Dict. 1679, in v. MALONE.

Toys are *trifles*. So, in King Henry VI. Part I.:
"That for a *toy*, a thing of no regard."
Again, in Hamlet:
"Each *toy* seems prologue to some great amiss."
STEEVENS.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom[6]? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in[7]?—Thou blessed thing!

[6] O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?] So, in Alba, the Monthes Mind of a Melancholy Lover, by R. T. 1598:
"This woeful tale, where sorrow is the ground,
"Whose bottom's such as nere the depth is found."
MALONE.

[7] — what coast thy sluggish CRARE
Might easiliest harbour in?] The folio reads:
"—— thy sluggish *care?*"
which Dr. Warburton allows to be a plausible reading, but substitutes *carrack* in its room; and with this, Dr. Johnson tacitly acquiesced, and inserted it in the text. Mr. Simpson, among his notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, has retrieved the true reading, which is—
"—— thy sluggish *crare:*"
See The Captain, Act I. Sc. II.:
"—— let him venture
"In some decay'd *crare* of his own."
A *crare*, says Mr. Heath, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The same word, though somewhat differently spelt, occurs in Harrington's translation of Ariosto, book xxxix Stanza 28:
"To ships, and barks, with gallies, bulks and *crayes*," &c.
Again, in Heywood's Golden Age, 1611:
"Behold a form to make your *craers* and barks."
Again, in Drayton's Miseries of Queen Margaret:
"After a long chase took this little *cray*,
"Which he suppos'd him safely should convey."
Again, in the 22d Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:
"—— some shell, or little *crea*,
Hard labouring for the land on the high working sea."
Again, in Amintas for his Phillis, published in England's Helicon, 1600:
"Till thus my soule dooth passe in Charon's *crare*."
Mr. Tollet observes that the word often occurs in Holinshed, as twice, p. 906, vol. ii. STEEVENS.

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I [8],
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark [9], as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues [1] from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

The word is used in the stat. 2 Jac. i. c. 32: "—the owner of every ship, vessel, or *crayer*." Tyrwhitt.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—"thou, *sluggish crare*, might'st," &c. The epithet *sluggish* is used with equal propriety, a *crayer* being a very slow-sailing unwieldy vessel. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, "*Vurchio*. A hulke, a *crayer*, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen." Malone.

8 — but I,] This is the reading of the first folio, which later editors not understanding, have changed into "but *ah!*" The meaning of the passage I take to be this:—"Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I *know*, thou died'st," &c. Tyrwhitt.

I believe, "but *ah!*" to be the true reading. *Ay* is through the first folio, and in all books of that time, printed instead of *ah!* Hence probably *I*, which was used for the affirmative participle *ay*, crept into the text here.

"Heaven knows (says Belarius) what a man thou would'st have been, *had'st thou lived*; but *alas!* thou died'st of melancholy, while yet only a most accomplished boy." Malone.

9 Stark,] i. e. stiff. So, in Measure for Measure:

"———— guiltless labour
"When it lies *starkly* in the traveller's bones."

Again, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"And many a nobleman lies *stark*—
"Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies." Steevens.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps[2]:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee[3].

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts[4], and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,

1 — CLOUTED brogues —] Are shoes strengthened with *clout* or *hob*-nails. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron, called *clouts*, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rusticks. *Brog* is the Irish word for a kind of shoe peculiar to that kingdom. STEEVENS.

2 Why, he but sleeps:] I cannot forbear to introduce a passage somewhat like this, from Webster's White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona, [1612] on account of its singular beauty:

"Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin
"To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet
"Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
"Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
"Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,
"While horror waits on princes!" STEEVENS.

3 And worms will not come to THEE.] This change from the second person to the third, is so violent, that I cannot help imputing it to the players, transcribers, or printers; and therefore wish to read:

"And worms will not come to *him*." STEEVENS.

This is another instance in support of what I have said upon a former passage:

"——— Euriphile
"Thou wast their nurse, they took thee for their mother,
"And every day do honour to *her* grave." MALONE.

4 With fairest flowers
Whilst SUMMER LASTS, &c.] So, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, (edit. 1609):

"No, I will rob Tellus of her weede,
"To strewe thy greene with flowers, the yellowes, blues,
"The purple violets and marygolds,
"Shall as a carpet hang upon *thy grave*,
"*While summer dayes doth last.*" STEEVENS.

With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse[5].

[5] — the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,——bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To WINTER-GROUND thy corse.] Here again, the metaphor is strangely mangled. What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss*? A corse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moss* directs us plainly to another reading:

"To winter-*gown* thy corse——:"

i. e. thy summer habit shall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moss*. WARBURTON.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakspeare's, since the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to express. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

The *ruddock* is the *red-breast*, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser:

"The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite."

The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton in his poem called The Owl:

"Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
"The little *red-breast* teacheth charitie."

See also, Lupton's Thousand Notable Things, b. i. p. 10. STEEVENS.

"——the *ruddock* would," &c. Is this an allusion to the "Babes of the Wood," or was the notion of the red-breast covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad? PERCY.

In Cornucopia, or divers Secrets wherein is contained the rare Secrets in Man, Beasts, Foules, Fishes, Trees, Plantes, Stones, and such like most pleasant and profitable, and not before committed to bee printed in English. Newlie drawen out of divers Latine Authors into English, by Thomas Johnson, 4to. 1596, signat. E. it is said: "The robin redbrest if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body also." REED.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done:
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.
Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

This passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of The White Devil; and in such manner as confirms the old reading:

"Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,
"Since o'er shady groves they hover,
"And with leaves and flowers do cover
"The friendless bodies of unburied men;
"Call unto his funeral dole
"The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
"To rear him *hillocks* that shall keep him warm," &c.

FARMER.

Which of these two plays was first written, cannot now be determined. Webster's play was published in 1612, that of Shakspeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to the edition of Webster's play, he thus speaks of Shakspeare: "And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakspeare," &c. STEEVENS.

We may fairly conclude that Webster imitated Shakspeare; for in the same page from which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing lines, is found a passage taken almost literally from Hamlet. It is spoken by a distracted lady:

" —— you're very welcome;
"Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you;
"Heart's ease for you; I pray make much of it;
"I have left more for myself."

Dr. Warburton asks, "What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss?*" But perhaps *winter-ground* does not refer to *moss,* but to the last antecedent, *flowers.* If this was the construction intended by Shakspeare, the passage should be printed thus:

"Yea, and furr'd moss besides,—when flowers are none
"To winter-ground thy corse."

i. e. you shall have also a warm covering of moss, when there are no flowers to adorn thy grave with that ornament with which Winter is usually decorated. So, in Cupid's Revenge, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1625: "He looks like Winter, stuck here and there with fresh *flowers.*"—I have not, however, much confidence in this observation. MALONE.

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother[6]; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll speak it then.
Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less[7]: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that[8]: Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence,

6 As once our mother;] The old copy reads:
"As once *to* our mother;——"
The compositor having probably caught the word—*to* from the preceding line. The correction was made by Mr. Pope.
MALONE.

7 Great griefs, I see, medicine the less:] So again, in this play:
"—— a touch more rare
"Subdues all pangs, all fears."
Again, in King Lear:
"—— Where the greater malady is fix'd,
"The lesser is scarce felt." MALONE.

8 He WAS paid for that:] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
"He *has* paid for that:——"
rather plausibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *punished*. So, Jonson:
"Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,
"For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll *pay* you."
JOHNSON.

So Falstaff, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, after having been beaten, when in the dress of an old woman, says, "I pay'd nothing for it neither, but *was paid* for my learning." MALONE.

(That angel of the world [9],) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him.
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit* Belarius.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun [1],
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:

9 ——— REVERENCE,
(That angel of the world,)—] *Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world. Johnson.

1 *Fear no more*, &c.] This is the topick of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. Τέκνον ἄθλιον οὐκέτι διψήσεις, οὐκέτι πεινήσεις, &c. Warburton.

The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust[2].

GUI. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
ARV. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone*[3];
GUI. *Fear not slander, censure rash*[4];
ARV. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*
BOTH. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign to thee[5], *and come to dust.*

GUI. *No exorciser harm thee*[6]!
ARV. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
GUI. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
ARV. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
BOTH. *Quiet consummation have*[7];
And renowned be thy grave[8]!

2 *The sceptre, learning,* &c.] The poet's sentiment seems to have been this:—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death:—neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man. JOHNSON.

3 —*the all-dreaded* THUNDER-STONE;] So, in Chapman's translation of the fifteenth Iliad:

"—— though I sinke beneath
"The fate of being shot to hell by Jove's fell *thunder-stone.*"
STEEVENS.

4 *Fear not slander,* &c.] Perhaps:
"Fear not *slander's* censure rash." JOHNSON.

5 *Consign to* THEE,] Perhaps:
"Consign to *this* ——,"
And in the former stanza, for—"All follow *this,*" we might read—"All follow *thee.*" JOHNSON.

"Consign to thee" is right. So, in Romeo and Juliet:
"—————— *seal*
"A dateless bargain to engrossing death."
"To consign to thee," is 'to seal the same contract *with thee,*' i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death.
STEEVENS.

6 *No* EXORCISER *harm thee!*] I have already remarked that Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorciser* to express a person who can raise spirits, not one who lays them. M. MASON.

See vol. x. p. 490, n. 3. MALONE.

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the Body of* CLOTEN.

GUI. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

BEL. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces [9]:—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

IMO. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
Which is the way?—

[7] *Quiet* CONSUMMATION *have;*] *Consummation* is used in the same sense in King Edward III. 1596:

"My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,
"This mangled tribute, with all willingness,
"To darkness, *consummation*, dust and worms."

Milton, in his Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, is indebted to the passage before us:

"Gentle lady, may thy grave
"Peace and quiet ever have." STEEVENS.

So Hamlet says:

"—— 'tis a *consummation*
"Devoutly to be wish'd." M. MASON.

[8] —*thy grave!*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. JOHNSON.

[9] —Upon their faces:] Shakspeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed. This passage might have taught Dr. Warburton not to have disturbed the text in a former scene. See p. 145, n. 2. MALONE.

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins[1]!—can it be six miles yet?—
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the Body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes[2]: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garment of Posthúmus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face[3]—

[1] 'Ods pettikins!] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in Westward Hoe, 1607; in The Shoemaker's Holiday, or The Gentle Craft, 1600. It is derived from "God's my pity," which likewise occurs in Cymbeline.
STEEVENS.

[2] Which the BRAIN makes of FUMES:] So, in Macbeth:
"That memory, the warder of the *brain*,
"Shall be a *fume*." STEEVENS.

[3] —his JOVIAL face—] *Jovial* face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatick writers. So, Heywood, in The Silver Age:
"—— Alcides here will stand,
"To plague you all with his high *Jovial hand*."

Murder in heaven ?—How ?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil [4], Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top [5]!—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's
that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on [6].—How should this be?
Pisanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant [7]!
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious

Again, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630:

"Thou *Jovial* hand hold up thy scepter high."

Again, in his Golden Age, 1611, speaking of Jupiter:

"———— all that stand,
"Sink in the weight of his high *Jovial* hand." STEEVENS.

4 Conspir'd with that IRREGULOUS devil,] I suppose it should be—

"Conspir'd with *th' irreligious* devil——." JOHNSON.

Irregulous (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata.* In Reinolds's God's Revenge against Adultery, edit. 1679, p. 121, I meet with "*irregulated* lust." STEEVENS.

5 — the main-top!] i. e. the top of the mainmast. STEEVENS.

6 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left THIS head on.—] I would willingly read:

"And left *thy* head on." STEEVENS.

This head means the head of Posthumus; the head that *did* belong to *this* body. See p. 169, n. 9. MALONE.

7 — 'tis PREGNANT, PREGNANT!] i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite conclusion. So, in Hamlet:

"How *pregnant* sometimes his replies are?" STEEVENS.

And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter Lucius, *a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother[8].
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision[9]:
(I fast, and pray'd[1], for their intelligence,) Thus:—

[8] Sienna's brother.] i. e. (as I suppose Shakspeare to have meant) brother to the Prince of Sienna: but, unluckily, Sienna was a republick. See W. Thomas's Historye of Italye, 4to. bl. l. 1561, p. 7, b. Steevens.

[9] Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:] It was no common dream, but sent from *the very gods*, or the gods themselves. Johnson.

[1] I fast, and pray'd,] *Fast* is here very licentiously used for

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south [2] to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false,—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture [3]? What's thy interest

fasted. So, in the novel subjoined to this play, we find—*lift* for *lifted.* MALONE.

Similar inaccuracies occur in our Bible translation: "He took her by the hand and *lift* her up." Mark i. 31.—"He hath *lift* up his heel against me." John xiii. 18.—"*Roast* with fire." Exod. xii. 8, &c. BLAKEWAY.

[2] — the SPUNGY south —] Milton has availed himself of this epithet, in his Masque at Ludlow Castle:

"———— Thus I hurl
"My dazzling spells into the *spungy* air." STEEVENS.

[3] ———— who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature DID,
Hath alter'd that good picture?] To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are standing phrases; the question therefore is,—Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it? JOHNSON.

Olivia, speaking of her own beauty as of a *picture*, asks Viola if it "is not well *done*?"

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never[4]
Find such another master.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ[5]. If I do lie, and do

Again, in Chapman's version of the Iliad:
" —— The golden scourge most elegantly *done*
" He tooke, and mounted to his seate—."
Again, in the 14th book:
" —— I'll grace thee with a throne
" Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly *done*
" By Mulciber." STEEVENS.

Fecit was, till lately, the technical term universally annexed to pictures and engravings. HENLEY.

4 Try many, all good, serve truly, never—] We may be certain that this line was originally complete. I would, therefore, for the sake of metre, read:

" Try many, *and* all good; serve truly, never," &c.

It may be here observed, that the following is Chapman's version of a passage in the 14th Odyssey of Homer:
" —— for I never shall
" Finde so humane a royall mayster more,
" Whatever sea I seeke, whatever shore." STEEVENS.

5 Richard du Champ,] Shakspeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones) as well as his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. In a collection of stories, entitled A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure, 1576, I find the following circumstances of ignorance and absurdity. In the story of the Horatii and the Curatii, the *roaring of cannons* is mentioned. Cephalus and Procris are said to be of the court of Venice; and " that her father wrought so with the duke, that this Cephalus was sent post in ambassage to the Turke."—Eriphile, after the death of her husband Amphia-

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[*Aside*.
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir[6].
Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith[7]; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes[8] can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me[9].

raus, (*the Theban prophet*) calling to mind the affection wherein Don Infortunio was drowned towards her," &c. *Cannon-shot* is found in Golding's version of Ovid's Metamorphosis, b. iii.
STEEVENS.

This absurdity was not confined to novels. In Lodge's Wounds of Ciuill War, 1594, one of the directions is, "*Enter Lucius Fauorinus, Pausanias*, with Pedro a Frenchman," who speaks broken English; the earliest dramatick specimen of this sort of jargon now extant. RITSON.

[6] Fidele.] Old copy—Fidele, *sir;* but for the sake of metre I have omitted this useless word of address, which has already occurred in the same line. STEEVENS.

[7] Thy name well fits thy faith;] A similar thought has been already met with in King Henry V. where Pistol having announced his name, the King replies: "It sorts well with your fierceness." STEEVENS.

[8] — these poor pickaxes —] Meaning her fingers. JOHNSON.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave [1]: Come, arm him [2].—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace [3].

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;

9 So please you ENTERTAIN me.] i. e. hire me; receive me unto your service. See vol. viii. p. 39, n. 6. MALONE.

1 And make him with our PIKES and PARTISANS
A GRAVE:] Surely the Roman troops had no pioneers among them; and how a grave could be made with such instruments as are here specified, our poet has not informed us. After all, a *grave* is *not* made; but Cloten is found lying on the surface of the earth, with the supposed remains of Imogen. STEEVENS.

2 — arm him.] That is, "Take him up in your arms."
HANMER.

So, in Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen:
"—— *Arm* your prize,
"I know you will not lose her."
The *prize* was *Emilia.* STEEVENS.

3 — CYMBELINE'S Palace.] This scene is omitted against all authority by Sir T. Hanmer. It is indeed of no great use in the progress of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next Act. JOHNSON.

The fact is, that Sir Thomas Hanmer has inserted this supposed omission as the eighth Scene of Act III. The scene which in Dr.

A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will [4], no doubt, be found.

Johnson's first edition is the eighth of Act III. is printed in a small letter under it in Sir T. Hanmer's, on a supposition that it was spurious. In this impression it is the third Scene of Act IV. and that which in Dr. Johnson is the eighth Scene of Act IV. is in this the seventh Scene. STEEVENS.

[4] And WILL,] I think it should be read—"And *he'll.*" STEEVENS.

There are several other instances of the personal pronoun being omitted in these plays, beside the present, particularly in King Henry VIII. nor is Shakspeare the only writer of that age that takes this liberty. So, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 793, edit. 1631: "— after that he tooke boat at Queen Hith, and so came to his house; where missing the afore named counsellors, *fortified* his house with full purpose to die in his own defence."

Again, in the Continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle, 1543:

Cym. The time is troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[*To Pisanio.*
Does yet depend[5].
1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter[6].
1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of[7]: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw:
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not

"Then when they heard that Henry was safe returned into Britagne, *rejoyced* not a little."

Again, in Anthony Wood's Diary, ad ann. 1652: "One of these, a most handsome virgin,—kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to save her life: and being strucken with a deep remorse, *tooke* her under his arme, went with her out of the church," &c.

See also vol. x. p. 111. Malone.

5 — our jealousy
Does yet depend.] My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the *cause* is *depending*. Johnson.

6 I am amaz'd with matter.] i. e. confounded by a variety of business. So, in King John:

"I am *amaz'd*, methinks, and lose my way,
"Among the thorns and dangers of this world."

Steevens.

7 Your preparation can affront, &c.] Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us.

Johnson.

See p. 193, n. 6. Malone.

What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter [8] from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true [9].
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king [1], or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we [2] in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

[8] I HEARD no letter —] I suppose we should read with Sir T. Hanmer:

"*I've had* no letter——." STEEVENS.

Perhaps *letter* here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part of a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakspeare's time. We yet say—I have not *heard* a *syllable* from him. MALONE.

[9] — not true, TO BE true.] The uncommon roughness of this line persuades me that the words—*to be*, are an interpolation, which, to prevent an ellipsis, has destroyed the measure. STEEVENS.

[1] — to the note o' the king,] I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

[2] — find we —] Old copy—*we find.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts [3]
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd [4]; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer [5] would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses [6] neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires [7], have both their eyes

3 — revolts —] i. e. revolters. So, in King John:
"Lead me to the *revolts* of England here." STEEVENS.

4 ——— a RENDER
Where we have liv'd;] An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man. JOHNSON.

Render is used in a similar sense in Timon of Athens, Act V.:
"And sends us forth to make their sorrow'd *render*."
STEEVENS.

So again, in this play:
"My boon is, that this gentleman may *render*,
"Of whom he had this ring." MALONE.

5 — whose answer —] The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten would be *death*, &c. JOHNSON.

6 — THE Roman horses —] Old copy—*their* Roman. This is one of the many corruptions into which the transcriber was led by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 — their QUARTER'D fires,] Their fires regularly disposed.
JOHNSON.

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exíle the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life[8]; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown[9],
Cannot be question'd.
Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have

Quarter'd fires I believe, means no more than *fires in the respective quarters* of the Roman army. STEEVENS.

So, in Henry V.:
"Fire answers fire: and through their paly flames
"Each battle sees the other's umberd face." MALONE.

8 The CERTAINTY of this hard life;] That is, the certain consequence of this hard life. MALONE.

9 — o'ergrown,] Thus, Spenser:
" —— *o'ergrown* with old decay,
"And hid in darkness that none could behold
"The hue thereof." STEEVENS.

The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!
Arv. So say I; Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody Handkerchief[1].

Post. Yea, bloody cloth[2], I'll keep thee; for I wish'd[3]

[1] —*bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing Act determined to send.
Johnson.

[2] Yea, bloody cloth, &c.] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself by imputing part of the crime to

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little [4] ?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on [5] this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse [6];

Pisanio; he next sooths his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered. JOHNSON.

3 — I wish'd —] The old copy reads—" I *am* wish'd." STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

4 For WRYING but a little ?] This uncommon verb is likewise used by Stanyhurst in the third book of the translation of Virgil, 1582:

" —— the maysters *wrye* their vessels."

Again, in Sidney's Arcadia, lib. i. edit. 1633, p. 67: " — that from the right line of vertue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts."

Again, in Daniel's Cleopatra, 1599:

" —— in her sinking down she *wryes*
" The diadem———." STEEVENS.

5 — to put on —] Is to *incite*, to *instigate*. JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth:

" ——— the powers above
" *Put on* their instruments." STEEVENS.

6 — each elder worse;] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

" ——— each *worse than other*;"

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they knew, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads:

And make them dread it to the doer's thrift [7].
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,

"—— each elder worse;"
The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakspeare calls the *deed* of an *elder* man an *elder deed*. JOHNSON.

"— each elder worse;" i. e. where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, Gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime. TOLLET.

I believe our author must answer for this inaccuracy, and that he inadvertently considered the latter evil deed as the elder; having probably some general notion in his mind of a quantity of evil commencing with our first parents, and gradually accumulating in process of time by a repetition of crimes. MALONE.

7 And make them DREAD IT to the doer's thrift.] The divinity schools have not furnished juster observations on the conduct of Providence, than Posthumus gives us here in his private reflections. You gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures:

"You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
"To have them fall no more:—"

Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes:

"And make them *dread it*, to the doer's thrift,"

Here is a relative without an antecedent substantive; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read:

"And make them *dreaded* to the doer's thrift."

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. THEOBALD.

This emendation is followed by Sir T. Hanmer. Dr. Warburton reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence:

"And make them *dread* to the doer's thrift."

There seems to be no very satisfactory sense yet offered. I read, but with hesitation,—

"And make them *deeded* to the doers' thrift."

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find; but Shakspeare has, in another sense, *undeeded* in Macbeth:

"———— my sword
"I sheath again *undeeded*."

I will try again, and read thus:

"—— others you permit
"To second ills with ills, each other worse,
"And make them *trade* it to the doer's thrift."

Trade and *thrift* correspond. Our author plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So Isabella says,

And make me bless'd to obey [8]!—I am brought
hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril

"Thy sin's, not accidental, but a *trade*." JOHNSON.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it* is to make them *persevere in the commission of dreadful actions*. Dr. Johnson has observed on a passage in Hamlet, that Pope and Rowe have not refused this mode of speaking:—"To *sinner it*, or *saint it*,"—and "to *coy it*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me inadmissible. MALONE.

There is a meaning to be extracted from these words as they now stand, and in my opinion not a bad one:—"Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers."

The whole speech is in a religious strain.—*Thrift* signifies a *state of prosperity*. It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doer's thrift, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course repenting, which ensures his salvation.—The same sentiment occurs in The False One, though not so seriously introduced, where the Soldier, speaking of the contrition of Septimius, who murdered Pompey, says, "he was happy he was a rascal, to come to this." M. MASON.

[8] — Do your BEST wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our author to have written:

"—— Do your *bless'd* wills,
"And make be bless'd to obey!" JOHNSON.

Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter at one Side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the Roman Army; at the other Side, the British Army;* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl[9],
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,

9 — this CARL,] *Carl* or *churl* (ceorl, *Sax.*) is a clown or husbandman. RITSON.

Verstegan says *ceorle*, now written *churle*, was anciently understood for *a sturdy fellow*. REED.

Carle is used by our old writers in opposition to a *gentleman*. See the poem of John the Reeve. PERCY.

I am afraid we cannot see it. Dr. Percy quotes from his own MS. and the poem, I believe was never printed. See Reliques of Anc. Poet. vol. iii. p. 179. Edit. 1794. BOSWELL.

Carlot is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's As You Like It, vol. vi. p. 463. Again in an ancient Interlude, or Morality, printed by Rastell, without title or date:

"A *carlys* sonne, brought up of nought."

The thought seems to have been imitated in Philaster:

"The gods take part against me; could this *boor*
"Have held me thus else?" STEEVENS.

In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.
[*Exit.*

The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.
GUI. ARV. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

LUC. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.
IACH. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
LUC. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

LORD. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
POST. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
LORD. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought[1]: The king himself
Of his wings destitute[2], the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf[3];
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,

[1] But that the heavens fought:] So, in Judges, v. 20: "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." STEEVENS.

[2] — The king himself
Of HIS WINGS DESTITUTE,] "The Danes rushed forth with such violence upon their adversaries, that first the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was constreined to retire and flee back.—HAIE beholding *the king*, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle ward, now *destitute of the wings*, &c." *Holinshed.* See the next note. MALONE.

[3] Close by the battle, &c.] The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his History of Scotland, p. 155: "There was neere to the place of the battel, a long lane fensed on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes.

"Here Haie with his sonnes supposing they might best staie the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they meet fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo; but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellowes to returne backe unto the battell," &c.

It appears from Peck's New Memoirs, &c. Article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject.

MUSGRAVE.

In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base[4], than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame[5],)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These
three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
coward
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly

4 The country BASE,] i. e. a rustick game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. So, in the tragedy of Hoffman, 1632:
"—— I'll run a little course
"At *base*, or barley-brake——."
Again, in The Antipodes, 1638:
"—— my men can run at *base*."
Again, in the 30th Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:
"At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or *prison-base*."
Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, book v. ch. viii:
"So ran they all as they had been at *bace*." STEEVENS.
See vol. iv. p. 23. MALONE.

5 —for preservation cas'd, or SHAME,)] *Shame*, for *modesty*. WARBURTON.

Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made[6]: And now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
The life o' the need[7]; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs[8] o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it[9]: You are made

6 — THEY victors made:] The old copy has—*the* victors, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

7 — BECAME
The life o' the need;] i. e. that *have become* the life, &c. Shakspeare should have written *become*, but there is, I believe, no corruption. In his 134th Sonnet, he perhaps again uses *came* as a participle:

"The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
"Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
"And sue a friend, *came* debtor for thy sake."

Became, however, in the text may be a verb. If this was intended, the parenthesis should be removed. MALONE.

8 — bugs —] Terrors, JOHNSON.

So, in The First Part of Jeronimo, 1605:

"Where nought but furies, *bugs*, and tortures dwell."

Again, in The Battle of Alcazar, 1594:

"Is Amurath Bassa such a *bug*,
"That he is mark'd to do this doughty deed?"

STEEVENS.

See Henry VI. Third Part, Act. V. Sc. II.

"For Warwick was a *bug* that fear'd us all,"

where, as well as in many other places, *bug* is used for *bugbear*. MALONE.

9 Nay, do not wonder at it:] Posthumus first bids him not

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

LORD. Nay, be not angry, sir.

POST. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

LORD. Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*

POST. Still going?—This is a lord[1]! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd[2],

wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. JOHNSON.

[1] — This IS a lord!] Read: This a lord! RITSON.

[2] — I, in mine own woe charm'd,] Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his Moriæ Encomium, he gives to each nation its proper characteristick, say, "Germani corporum proceritate et magiæ cognitione sibi placent." And Prior, in his Alma:

"North Britons hence have *second sight;*
"And *Germans free from gun-shot fight.*"

WARBURTON.

See vol. xi. p. 271, n. 6. So, in Drayton'sNymphidia:

"Their seconds minister an oath
"Which was indifferent to them both,
"That, on their nightly faith and troth,
"No *magick* them supplied;
"And sought them that they had no *charms*
"Wherewith to work each other's harms,
"But come with simple open arms
"To have their causes tried."

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Roman [3],
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be [4]
Britons must take; For me, my ransome's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken;
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit [5],
That gave the affront with them [6].

Again, in Chapman's version of the tenth book of Homer's Odyssey:

"Enter her roof; for thou'rt to all proof *charm'd*
"Against the ill day." Steevens.

[3] —favourer to the Roman,] The editions before Sir Thomas Hanmer's, for *Roman* read *Briton;* and Dr. Warburton reads *Briton* still. Johnson.

[4] —great the answer be—] *Answer,* as once in this play before, is *retaliation.* Johnson.

[5] —a silly habit,] *Silly* is *simple* or *rustick.* So, in King Lear:

"—— twenty *silly* ducking observants——." Steevens.

So, in the novel of Boccace, on which this play is formed: "The servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew pitifull, took off her upper garment, and gave her a poore ragged doublet, a *silly* chapperone," &c. The Decameron, 1620. Malone.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand[7]! who is there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline[8], *attended;* Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *and Roman Captives. The Captains present* Posthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

[6] That gave the affront with them.] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. Johnson.

So, in Ben Jonson's Alchymist:

"To day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow
"*Give* lords *the affront.*" Steevens.

To *affront,* Minsheu explains thus in his Dictionary, 1617: "To come face to face. v. *Encounter.*" *Affrontare,* Ital. Malone.

[7] — Stand!] I would willingly, for the sake of metre, omit this useless word, and read the whole passage thus:

"But none of them can be found.—Who's there?
"*Post.* A Roman—." Steevens.

[8] *Enter* Cymbeline, &c.] This is the only instance in these plays of the business of the scene being entirely performed in dumb show. The direction must have proceeded from the players, as it is perfectly unnecessary, and our author has elsewhere [in Hamlet] expressed his contempt of such mummery. Ritson.

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, *and Two Gaolers.*

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen[9], you have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.
2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all[1].

[9] You shall not now be stolen,] The wit of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. Johnson.

[1] — to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.] Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than

I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds [2]. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

Solemn Musick [3]. *Enter, as an Apparition,* SICI-

his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part,* the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

" *I doff* my freedom——." STEEVENS.

I believe Posthumus means to say, "Since for my crimes I have been deprived of my freedom, and since life itself is more valuable than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let heaven be appeased, how small soever the atonement may be." I suspect, however, that a line has been lost, after the word *satisfy.* If the text be right, *to satisfy* means, *by way of satisfaction.* MALONE.

[2] — cold bonds.] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our author's infelicity in pathetick speeches. JOHNSON.

An allusion to the same legal instrument has more than once debased the imagery of Shakspeare. So, in Macbeth:

" *Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond*
" That keeps me pale." STEEVENS.

[3] *Solemn musick,* &c.] Here follow a *vision,* a *masque,* and a *prophesy,* which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakspeare. POPE.

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The subsequent narratives of Posthumus, which render this masque, &c. unnecessary, (or perhaps the scenical directions supplied by the poet himself) seem to have excited some manager of a theatre to disgrace the play by the present metrical interpolation. Shakspeare,

LIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Musick before them. Then, after other Musick, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

SICI. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)

who has conducted his fifth Act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. The following passage from Dr. Farmer's Essay will show that it was no unusual thing for the players to indulge themselves in making additions equally unjustifiable:—"We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet by Nash, called Lenten Stuffe, with the Prayse of the Red Herring, 4to. 1599, where he assures us, that in a play of his called The Isle of Dogs, foure Acts, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players."
STEEVENS.

In a note on vol. ii. (Article—*Shakspeare, Ford,* and *Jonson,*) may be found a strong confirmation of what has been here suggested. MALONE.

One would think that, Shakspeare's style being too refined for his audiences, the managers had employed some playwright of the *old school* to regale them with a touch of "King Cambyses' vein." The margin would be too honourable a place for so impertinent an interpolation. RITSON.

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript[4],
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd[5],
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,

4 That from me was Posthúmus ript,] Perhaps we should read:
" That from *my womb* Posthumus ript,
" Came crying 'mongst his foes." JOHNSON.

This circumstance is met with in The Devil's Charter, 1607. The play of Cymbeline did not appear in print till 1623:
" What would'st thou run again into my womb?
" If thou wert there, thou should'st be *Posthumus*,
" And ript out of my sides," &c. STEEVENS.

5 With MARRIAGE wherefore was he MOCK'D,] The same phrase occurs in Measure for Measure:
" I hope you will not *mock* me with a *husband*."
STEEVENS.

To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck[6] and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius'[7] right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends[8] *in Thunder and Lightning, sit-*

[6] And to become the GECK —] And permit *Posthumus* to become the geck, &c. MALONE.

A *geck* is a *fool*. See vol. xi. p. 497, n. 7. STEEVENS.

[7] — Tenantius'—] See p. 9, n. 7. STEEVENS.

[8] *Jupiter descends* —] It appears from Acolastus, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to King Henry VIII. bl. l. 1540, that

ting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their Knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted [9]. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.

the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state: "Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now a days in stage-plaies, when some *God* or some Saynt is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which seemed to be towardes some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie." The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, "the lyke maner used nowe at our days in stage playes." STEEVENS.

9 The more delay'd, DELIGHTED.] That is, the more delightful for being delayed.—It is scarcely necessary to observe, in the thirteenth volume, that Shakspeare uses indiscriminately the active and passive participles. M. MASON.

Delighted is here either used for delighted *in*, or for *delighting*. So, in Othello:

"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack——." MALONE.

Though it be hardly worth while to waste a conjecture on the wretched stuff before us, perhaps the author of it, instead of *delighted*, wrote *dilated*, i. e. expanded, rendered more copious. This participle occurs in King Henry V. and the verb in Othello. STEEVENS.

This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline [1].
[*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell [2]: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us [3]: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing [4], and cloys his beak [5],
As when his god is pleas'd.

[1] — my palace crystalline.] Milton has transplanted this idea into his verses In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis:

Ventum est Olympi et *regiam chrystallinam.* STEEVENS.

[2] He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell:] A passage like this one may suppose to have been ridiculed by Ben Jonson, when in Every Man in his Humour he puts the following strain of poetry into the mouth of Justice Clement:

"———— testify,
"How Saturn sitting in an ebon cloud,
"Disrob'd his podex white as ivory,
"And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud."

If, however, the dates of Jonson's play and Chapman's translation of the eleventh book of Homer's Iliad, are at all reconcileable, one might be tempted to regard the passage last quoted as a ridicule on the following:

"———— on a sable cloud
"(*To bring them furious to the field*) sat thundering out aloud." Fol. edit. p. 143. STEEVENS.

[3] — to FOOT us:] i. e. to grasp us in his pounces. So, Herbert:

"And till they *foot* and clutch their prey." STEEVENS.

[4] PRUNES the immortal wing,] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from superfluities. So, in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song I.:

"Some sitting on the beach, to *prune* their painted breasts."
STEEVENS.

[5] — CLOYS his beak,] Perhaps we should read:

"—— *claws* his beak." TYRWHITT.

A *cley* is the same with a *claw* in old language. FARMER.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici. The marble pavement closes [6], he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*Ghosts vanish.*
Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born,
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world [7], a garment

So in Gower, De Confessione Amantis, lib. iv. fol. 69:
"And as a catte would ete fishes
"Without wetyng of his *clees*."
Again, in Ben Jonson's Underwoods:
" ——— from the seize
"Of vulture death and those relentless *cleys*."
Barrett, in his Alvearie, 1580, speaks "of a disease in cattell betwixt the *clees* of their feete." And in The Book of Hawking, &c. bl. l. no date, under the article *Pounces*, it is said, "The *cleis* within the fote ye shall call aright her pounces." To *claw* their beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.
STEEVENS.

[6] The marble pavement closes,] So, in T. Heywood's Troia Britannica, cant. xii. st. 77, 1609:
"A general shout is given,
"And strikes against *the marble floors of heaven*."
HOLT WHITE.

[7] —our fangled world—] *Fangled* seems to have been here used by Shakspeare in the sense of *gaudy, vainly decorated*. See Johnson's Dict. in v. Perhaps this is the only instance in which the word occurs without *new* being prefixed to it. MALONE.

Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not [7]: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie [8]. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

GAOL. Come, sir, are you ready for death?
POST. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

The substantive, as Mr. Todd has observed in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, occurs without the epithet in Greene, and Antony a Wood.:

"There was no feather, no *fangle*, fan, nor jewel left behind."
Greene's Mamillia, 1583.

"A hatred to *fangles* and the French fooleries of his time."
A. Wood Ath. Ox. ii. col. 456. BOSWELL.

7 Tongue, and brain not:] To perfect the line we may read:
"*Do* tongue, and brain not——:" STEEVENS.

8 'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.] The meaning, which is too thin to be easily caught, I take to be this: "This is a dream or madness, or both,—or nothing,—but whether it be a speech without consciousness, (as in a dream,) or a speech unintelligible, (as in madness, be it as it is,) it is like my course of life." We might perhaps read:
"*Whether* both, or nothing——." JOHNSON.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much [9]; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness [1]: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit [2].—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor [3] but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

9 — sorry that you HAVE PAID too much, and sorry that you ARE PAID too much;] i. e. sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you *are paid*, or *subdued*, too much by the liquor. So, Falstaff: "— seven of the eleven I *paid*." Again, in the fifth Scene of the fourth Act of The Merry Wives of Windsor. STEEVENS.

The word has already occurred in this sense, in a former scene:

"And though he came our enemy, remember
"He was *paid* for that."

See p. 166, n. 8. MALONE.

1 — being DRAWN of heaviness:] *Drawn* is *embowelled, exenterated.*—So in common language a fowl is said to be *drawn*, when its intestines are taken out. STEEVENS.

2 — of this contradiction you shall now be quit.] Thus, in Measure for Measure:

"———— Death,
"That makes these odds all even." STEEVENS.

3 — debitor and creditor —] For an *accounting book.* JOHNSON.

So, in Othello:

"By *debitor and creditor*, this *counter*-caster; ——"
STEEVENS.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry [4] on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* Posthumus *and Messenger.*

[4] —jump the after-enquiry—] That is, *venture* at it without thought. So, Macbeth:

"We'd *jump* the life to come." Johnson.

To *jump* is to *hazard*. So, in the passage quoted from Macbeth by Dr. Johnson. Again, in Coriolanus:

"To *jump* a body with a dangerous physick ———."

Malone.

GAOL. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone[5]. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V[6].

CYMBELINE'S Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

CYM. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

5 —— I never saw one so prone.] i. e. forward. In this sense the word is used in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled The Fall and Evil Success of Rebellion, &c. 1537:

"Thus lay they in Doncaster, with curtol and serpentine,
"With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorous."

Again, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the sixth book of Lucan:

"—— Thessalian fierie steeds
"For use of war so *prone* and fit." STEEVENS.

6 SCENE V.] Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatick violence than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked
breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks [7].

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o' the battle [8]; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

7 — one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.] To promise "nothing but *poor* looks," may be, 'to give no promise of courageous behaviour.' Johnson.

So, in King Richard II.:
"To *look* so *poorly*, and to speak so fair." Steevens.

8 — knights o' the battle;] Thus, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 164, edit. 1615: "Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *knight of the fielde*." Steevens.

Enter CORNELIUS *and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces [9]:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.
COR. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.
CYM. Whom worse than a physician [1]
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too [2].—How ended she?
COR. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.
CYM. Pr'ythee, say.
COR. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.
CYM. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

9 There's BUSINESS in these faces:—] So, in Macbeth:
"The *business* of this man looks out of him." MALONE.

1 WHOM worse than a physician —] Old copy—*Who.* Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

2 ———— yet death
Will seize the doctor too.] This observation has been already made at the end of the second stanza of the funeral Song, p. 168:
"The sceptre, learning, *physick*, must
"All follow this, and come to dust." STEEVENS.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love [2]
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral: which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time [3],
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did so, please your highness.
Cym. Mine eyes [4]
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,

[2] — bore in hand TO LOVE —] i. e. insidiously taught to depend on her love. See vol. ix. p. 38, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[3] — YES, and in time,] Thus the second folio. The first, injuriously to the metre, omits—*yes*. STEEVENS.

[4] Mine eyes —] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very adroitly, in my opinion, supplies the syllable here wanting to the metre, by reading:

"*Yet*, mine eyes," &c. STEEVENS.

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat[5], so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

5 So feat,] So ready; so dexterous in waiting. JOHNSON.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar[6] to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy[7]: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

[6] His FAVOUR is familiar —] I am acquainted with his countenance. JOHNSON.

[7] I know not why, NOR wherefore,
To say, live, boy:] I know not what should induce me to say, live, boy. The word *nor* was inserted by Mr. Rowe. The late editions have—*I* say, &c. MALONE.

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death [8]?
Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let's see further.
Pis. It is my mistress:
[*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To Iach.*] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

[8] — reviv'd FROM DEATH?] The words—*from death*, which spoil the measure, are an undoubted interpolation. From what else *but death* could Imogen, in the opinion of Belarius, have *revived?* STEEVENS.

Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which[9]
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord[1]?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember[2],—Give me leave; I faint.

9 — which —] Mr. Ritson (and I perfectly agree with him) is of opinion that this pronoun should be omitted, as in elliptical language, on similar occasions, is often known to have been the case. How injurious this syllable is to the present measure, I think no reader of judgment can fail to perceive. STEEVENS.

If we lay an emphasis on *that*, it will be an hypermetrical line of eleven syllables. There is scarcely a page in Fletcher's plays where this sort of versification is not to be found. BOSWELL.

1 — Wilt thou HEAR more, my lord? &c.] The metre will become perfectly regular if we read:

"'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt more, my lord?
" *Cym.* All that
" Belongs to this.
" *Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter—."

In elliptical language, such words as—*thou hear*, are frequently omitted; but the players, or transcribers, as in former instances, were unsatisfied till the metre was destroyed by the insertion of whatever had been purposely left out. STEEVENS.

2 QUAIL to remember,] To *quail* is to *sink into dejection*. The word is common to many authors. So, in The Three Ladies of

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthúmus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature[3]; for condition,

London, 1584: "She cannot *quail* me if she come in likeness of the great Devil." See vol. vi. p. 385, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[3] —for FEATURE, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature;] *Feature* for *proportion of parts*, which Mr. Theobald not understanding, would alter to *stature*:

"——— for feature, laming
"The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
"Postures beyond *brief* nature;——

i. e. the ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature;* i. e. of hasty, unelaborate nature. He gives the same character of the beauty of the antique in Antony and Cleopatra:

"O'er picturing *that* Venus where we see
"*The fancy outwork nature.*"

It appears, from a number of such passages as these, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. WARBURTON.

I cannot help adding, that passages of this kind are but weak proofs that our poet was conversant with what we at present call *the fine arts*. The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as

A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye:——

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus,
(Most like a noble lord, in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian[4] had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident

Shakspeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of Homer, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting. It is surely more for his honour to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of sculpture or mythology, than from his frequent allusions to them to suppose he was intimately acquainted with either. STEEVENS.

4 — AS DIAN —] i. e. as if Dian. So, in The Winter's Tale: "— he utters them *as* he had eaten ballads." MALONE.

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel[5]; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes[6]
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,——

Post. Ay, so thou dost,
[*Coming forward.*

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer[7]! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I

[5] —a CARBUNCLE, &c.] So, in Antony and Cleopatra:
"He has deserved it, were it *carbuncled*
"Like Phæbus car." STEEVENS.

[6] —averring notes—] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

[7] Some upright JUSTICER!] I meet with this antiquated word in The Tragedy of Darius, 1603:

Lear 129

That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself[8],
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers[9] on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

"——— this day,
"Th' eternal *justicer* sees through the stars."

Again in Law Tricks, &c. 1608:
"No: we must have an upright *justicer*."

Again in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. x. ch. liv:
"Precelling his progenitors, a *justicer* upright.

STEEVENS.

Justicer is used by Shakspeare thrice in King Lear. HENLEY.

The most ancient law books have *justicers* of the peace, as frequently as *justices* of the peace. REED.

[8] —and she herself.] That is,—She was not only *the temple* of virtue, but virtue herself. JOHNSON.

[9] —these staggers—] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike
me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O Gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is sure, Fidele.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Think, that you are upon a rock [1]; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard [2] in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir.
[*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.
[*To* Guiderius *and* Arviragus.

[1] Think, that you are upon a rock;] In this speech or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose she would say,—Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it.
Johnson.

Perhaps only a stage direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced; then confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which he replies *hang there,* i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay.

Though the speeches that follow are necessary to the complete evolution of our author's plot, the interest of the drama may be said to conclude with the re-union of Posthumus and Imogen:

——————— receptum
Fœdus, et intrepidos nox conscia jungit amantes.

In defence of this remark, I may subjoin, that both Aristarchus, and Aristophanes the grammarian, were of opinion that the Odyssey should have concluded when Ulysses and Penelope—

Ἀσπάσιοι λέκτροιο παλαιȣ̃ θεσμὸν ἵκοντο. Steevens.

[2] — a dullard —] In this place means a person stupidly unconcerned. So, in Histriomastix, or the Player whipt, 1610:

"What *dullard*! would'st thou doat in rusty art?"

Again, Stanyhurst in his version of the first book of Virgil, 1582:

"We Moores, lyke *dullards,* are not so wytles abyding."
Steevens.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,

If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee[4]:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath[5]? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

4 I am SORRY for thee:] The old copy has—
"I am *sorrow* for thee."
This obvious error of the press was corrected in the second folio.
MALONE.

5 By TASTING of our wrath?] The consequence is taken for the whole action; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee to taste.*
JOHNSON.

Bel. Have at it then.—By leave;
Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd
Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age [6]: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue?
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd;

[6] Assum'd this age:] I believe is the same as *reached* or *attained his age*. Steevens.

As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, I suspect that instead of *age*, we should read *gage;* so that he may be understood to refer to *the engagement*, which he had entered into, a few lines before, in these words:

"We will die all three:
"But I will prove two of us are as good
"As I have given out him." Tyrwhitt.

"Assum'd *this age*," has a reference to the different appearance which Belarius now makes, in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him. Henley.

Your pleasure was my mere offence [7], my punishment
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then : Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason : Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars [8].

[7] Your pleasure was my MERE offence, &c.] [Modern editors *near*.] I think this passage may better be read thus :

"Your pleasure was my *dear* offence, my punishment
"Itself *was* all my treason ; that I suffer'd,
"Was all the harm I did."

The offence which cost me so dear was only your caprice. My sufferings have been all my crime. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copies, though corrupt, is generally nearer to the truth than that of the later editions, which, for the most part, adopt the orthography of their respective ages.

Dr. Johnson would read—*dear* offence. In the folio it is *neere;* which plainly points out to us the true reading—*meere*, as the word was then spelt. TYRWHITT.

My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in and were founded on, your caprice only. MALONE.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's very judicious emendation ; which is also commended by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

[8] To inlay HEAVEN with STARS.] So, in Romeo and Juliet :

"Take him and cut him into little *stars*,
"And he will make the face of *heaven so fine*," &c.

STEEVENS.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st [9].
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be [1],
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brother,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,

9 Thou weep'st and speak'st.] "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The King reasons very justly. JOHNSON.

1 — MAY you be,] The old copy reads—*pray* you be. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed [2].
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement [3]
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in [4].—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither [5]? These,
And your three motives to the battle [6], with

[2] When YOU were so indeed.] The folio gives:
"When *we* were so indeed."
If this be right we must read:
"*Imo.* I, you brothers.
"*Arv.* When we were so, indeed." JOHNSON.

The emendation which has been adopted, was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that it is necessary. Shakspeare in his licentious manner might have meant,—"when we did really stand in the relation of brother and sister to each other."
MALONE.

[3] — FIERCE abridgement —] *Fierce* is *vehement, rapid.*
JOHNSON.

So, in Timon of Athens:
"O, the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings!"
STEEVENS.

So also in Love's Labour Lost, vol. iv. p. 461.
"With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit." MALONE.

[4] — which
Distinction should be rich in.] i. e. which ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative. STEEVENS.

[5] — and WHITHER?] Old copy—*whether.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who likewise reformed the pointing.
MALONE.

[6] And your three MOTIVES to the battle,] That is, though

I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies.
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,
Will serve our long intergatories[7]. See,
Posthŭmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* BELARIUS.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

strangely expressed, the motives of you three for engaging in the batttle. So, in Romeo and Juliet, "both our remedies," means *the remedy for us both*. M. MASON.

7 Will serve our long INTERGATORIES.] So the first folio. Later editors have omitted *our*, for the sake of the metre, I suppose; but unnecessarily; as *interrogatory* is used by Shakspeare as a word of five syllables. See The Merchant of Venice near the end, where in the old edition it is written *intergatory*.
TYRWHITT.

See also vol. x. p. 445. I believe this word was generally used as one of five syllables in our author's time. To the proofs already adduced may be added the following from Novella, by Brome, Act II. Sc. I.:

" —— Then you must answer
" To these *intergatories*." REED.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.
Iach. I am down again:
[*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.
Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.
Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows [8]
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it [9]; let him show
His skill in the construction.

[8] — SPRITELY shows —] Are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances. STEEVENS.

[9] Make no COLLECTION of it:] A collection is a corollary, a

consonant ... company ... with any ... [Bagwell's English Trans. ... 1. 231]

Luc. Philarmonous,——
Sooth. Here, my good lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* Cymbeline.
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.
Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,

consequence deduced from premises. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on The Immortality of the Soul:

"When she, from sundry arts, one skill doth draw;
"Gath'ring from divers sights, one act of war;
"From many cases like, one rule of law:
"These her *collections*, not the senses are." Steevens.

So, the Queen says to Hamlet:

"—— Her speech is nothing,
"Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
"The hearers to *collection*."

Whose containing means, the *contents of which*. M. Mason.

To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

CYM. Well,
My peace we will begin [1]:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand [2].

[1] MY peace we will begin:] I think it better to read:
"*By* peace we will begin." JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but Johnson's amendment is right. The Soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain "*peace* and plenty." To which Cymbeline replies: "We will begin *with peace*, to fulfil the prophecy." M. MASON.

[2] WHOM heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have laid MOST HEAVY HAND.] i. e. have laid most heavy hand *on*. Thus the old copy, and thus Shakspeare certainly wrote, many such elliptical expressions being found in his works. So, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
"And do'es on *whom* he looks [*on*], 'gainst law and duty."

Again, in Richard III.:

"Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
"*Which* after hours give leisure to repent [*of*]."

Again, in The Winter's Tale:

"—— even as bad as those,
"That vulgars give boldest titles [*to*]."

Again, ibidem:

"—— The queen is spotless
"In that *which* you accuse her [*of*]."

Again, in King Henry VIII.:

"—— *whoever* the king removes,
"The cardinal instantly will find employment [*for*]."

Again, in Othello:

"*What* conjurations and what mighty magick
"I won his daughter [*with*]."

Mr. Pope, instead of the lines in the text, substituted—

"*On whom heaven's justice* (both on her and hers)
"*Hath* lay'd most heavy hand."

and this capricious alteration was adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle [3], at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt*[4].

3 — THIS YET scarce-cold battle,] Old copy—*yet this*, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation. JOHNSON.

A book entitled "Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of mad Merry Western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit, like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you: Written by kinde Kitt of Kingstone, —was published at London in 1603; and again, in 1620. To the second tale in that volume Shakspeare seems to have been

indebted for two or three of the circumstances of Cymbeline. [See the Preliminary Remarks.] It is told by the Fishwife of Stand on the Green, and is as follows:

"In the troublesome raigne of king Henry the Sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare and unparaleled, but also in her gifts of minde, so that in this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her husband, thought himselfe so happy in his choise, that he believed, in choosing her, he had tooke holde of that blessing which Heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for currant; for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death: the cause I will tell you.

"Having businesse one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to London: being toward night, he tooke up his inne, and to be briefe, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyal to man. To whom answered one, saying, This is truth, sir; so is the divell good so long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodness and women's loyaltie will come both in one yeere; but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it.

"This gentleman loving his wife dearely, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill generall taxation of women, in her behalf, said, Sir, you are too bitter against the sexe of women, and doe ill, for some one's sake that hath proved false to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth:—you know my meaning, sir; construe my words as you please. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I answere in the behalfe of one who is as free from disloyaltie as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like souldiers, which end their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you answere for, is chaste, but yet against her will; for many women are honest, 'cause they have not the meanes and opportunitie to be dishonest; so is a thief true in prison, because he hath nothing to steale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this same saint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whole estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in

the knowledge of women's slights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abused. This speech of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, so that with much adoe he held himselfe from offering violence; but his anger being a little over, he said,—Sir, I doe verily beleeve that this vaine speech of yours proceedeth rather from a loose and ill-manner'd minde, than of any experience you have had of women's looseness: and since you think yourselfe so cunning in that divelish art of corrupting women's chastitie, I will lay down heere a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a month's space you bring me any token of this gentlewoman's disloyaltie, (for whose sake I have spoken in the behalfe of all women,) I doe freely give you leave to injoy the same; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, speake, and I will acquaint you where she dwelleth: and besides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the same. So the money was delivered in the oast of the house his hands, and the sitters by were witnesses; so drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wife's chastitie, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwise: for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to persuade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for he deserved no better stile) lay at Waltam a whole day before he came at the sight of her; at last he espied her in the fields, to whom he went, and kissed her (a thing no modest woman can deny); after his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray, pardon me, if I have beene too bold: I was intreated by your husband, which is at London, (I riding this way) to come and see you; by me he hath sent his commends to you, with a kind intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious business that keepes him from your sight. The gentlewoman very modestlie bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes; withall telling him that her husband might command her patience so long as he pleased. Then intreated shee him to walke homeward, where she gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husband's friend.

"In the time of his abiding at her house, he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modest woman,) would never come to his sight but at meales, and then were there so many at boord, that it was no time for to talke of love-matters: therefore he saw he must accomplish his desire some other way; which he did in

this manner. He having laine two nights at her house, and perceiving her to be free from lustful desires, the third night he fained himself to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined: for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to think that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same. With this resolution he went to her chambre, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himself under the bed. Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who, having been at prayers with her houshold, was going to bed. She preparing herself to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore, on a little table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a little crucifix of gold, which daily she wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fittest for his turne, and therefore observed where she did lay the same.

"At length the gentlewoman, being untyred her selfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, took the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, listening if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought he all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noise, going straight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted; all this performed he with so little noise, that neither the mistress nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to her husband, as signe of his wife's disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laide him downe to sleepe: happy had she beene, had his bed proved his grave.

"In the morning so soon as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistris the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when she rose, attiring herself hastily, ('cause one tarried to speak with her,) missed not her crucifix. So, passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; onely she seemed a little discontented that her ghest went away so unmannerly, she using him so kindely. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, he asked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came downe to him; who seeing him returned so suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted him, he said in this manner:—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too young in experience of woman's sub-

tilties, and that no woman was longer good than till she had cause, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I speake, see heere (shewing him the crucifix;) know you this? If this be not sufficient proofe, I will fetch you more.

"At the sight of this, his bloud left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe, he cheeres his spirits, seeing that was sufficient proofe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber and being weary of this world, (seeing where he had put his only trust he was deceived,) he was minded to fall upon his sword, and so end all his miseries at once: but his better genius persuaded him contrary, and not so, by laying violent hand on himselfe, to leap into the divel's mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but resolving no one thing, at last he concluded to punish her with death, which had deceived his trust, and himselfe utterly to forsake his house and lands, and follow the fortunes of king Henry. To this intent, he called his man, to whom he said,—George, thou knowest I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee than thy other fellowes; and thou hast often told me that thou diddest owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldest be ready to render up to doe me good. True, sir, answered his man, I said no more then, than I will now at any time, whensoever you please, performe. I believe thee, George, replyed he; but there is no such need: I onely would have thee do a thing for me, in which is no great danger; yet the profit which thou shalt have thereby shall amount to my wealth. For the love that thou bearest to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir, answered George, more for your love than any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes men valiant,) pray tell me what it is? George, said his master, this it is; thou must goe home, praying thy mistress to meet me halfe the way to London; but having her by the way, in some private place kill her; I mean as I speake, kill her, I say: this is my command, which thou hast promised to performe; which if thou performest not, I vow to kill thee the next time thou comest in my sight. Now for thy reward, it shall be this.—Take my ring, and when thou hast done my command, by virtue of it, doe thou assume my place till my returne, at which time thou shalt know what my reward is; till then govern my whole estate, and for thy mistress' absence and my own, make what excuse thou please; so be gone. Well, sir, said George, since it is your will, though unwilling I am to do it, yet I will perform it. So went he his way

toward Waltam ; and his master presently rid to the court, where hee abode with king Henry, who a little before was inlarged by the earl of Warwicke, and placed in the throne again.

"George being come to Waltam, did his duty to his mistris, who wondered to see him, and not her husband, for whom she demanded of George ; he answered her, that he was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there. To which shee willingly agreed, and presently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to speake to her in this manner : Mistris, I pray you tell me, what that wife deserves, who through some lewd behaviour of hers hath made her husband to neglect his estates, and meanes of life, seeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the shame which her wickednesse hath purchased him ? Why George, quoth shee, hast thou met with some such creature ? Be it whomsoever, might I be her judge, I thinke her worthy of death. How thinkest thou ? 'Faith mistris, said he I think so to, and am so fully persuaded that her offence deserves that punishment, that I purpose to be executioner to such a one myselfe : Mistris, you are this woman ; you have so offended my master, (you know best, how, yourselfe,) that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore those words which you mean to utter, speake them presently, for I cannot stay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of these unkinde wordes (ill deserved at her hands) she looked as one dead, and uttering aboundance of teares, she at last spake these words : And can it be, that my kindness and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands than death ? It cannot be. I know thou only tryest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command. I'le tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation ; those should be my worst words : for death's fearful visage shewes pleasant to that soule that is innocent. Why then prepare yourselfe, said George, for by heaven I doe not jest. With that she prayed him stay, saying,—And is it so ? Then what should I desire to live, having lost his favour (and without offence) whom I so dearly loved, and in whose sight my happinesse did consist ? Come, let me die. Yet George, let me have so much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in these few words to him : Tell him, my death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet no otherwise but by a wife's obedience) ever since I called him husband ; but that I am guilty of the least fault toward him, I utterly deny ; and doe, at this hour of my death, desire that Heaven would pour down vengeance upon me, if ever I offended him in thought. Intreat him that he would not speake aught that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deserved none. 'Pray Heaven blesse him ; I am prepared now, strike pr'ythee home, and kill me and my griefes at once.

"George, seeing this, could not with-hold himselfe from shedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his sword, saying,—Mistris, that I have used you so roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded so by my master, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me. But I being perswaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath than to staine my hands with the bloud of your cleere and spotlesse breast: yet let me intreat you so much, that you would not come in his sight, lest in his rage he turne your butcher, but live in some disguise, till time have opened the cause of his mistrust, and shewed you guiltless; which, I hope, will not be long.

"To this she willingly granted, being loth to die causelesse, and thanked him for his kindnesse; so parted they both, having teares in their eyes. George went home, where he shewed his master's ring, for the government of the house till his master and mistris returne, which he said lived a while at London, 'cause the time was so troublesome, and that was a place where they were more secure than in the country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to his will; amongst whom he used himselfe so kindely that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (mistris of the house) in short time got man's apparel for her disguise; so wandered she up and downe the countrey, for she could get no service, because the time was so dangerous that no man knew whom he might trust: onely she maintained herselfe with the price of those jewels which she had, all which she sold. At the last, being quite out of money, and having nothing left (which she could well spare) to make money of, she resolved rather to starve than so much to debase herselfe to become a beggar. With this resolution she went to a solitary place beside Yorke, where she lived the space of two dayes on hearbs, and such things as she could there finde.

"In this time it chanced that king Edward, being come out of France, and lying thereabout with the small forces hee had, came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover if any ambushes were laid to take them at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that private place? To whom she very wisely and modestly withall, answered, that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better than her outward parts then shewed, but at that time she was both friendlesse and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He beeing moved to see one so well featured as she was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages: to whom she showed herself so dutiful and loving, that in short time she had his love above all her fellows. Still followed she the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her husband.

"After the battel at Barnet, where K. Edward got the best, she going up and down amongst the slaine men, to know whether her husband, which was on K. Henrie's side, was dead or escaped, happened to see the other who had been her ghest, lying there for dead. She remembring him, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house there-by; where opening his brest to dresse his wounds, she espied her crucifix, at sight of which her heart was joyfull, hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace: for she remembring herselfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her.

"On a time, when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke; to whom he said, 'Good gentle youth, keep the same: for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horrour in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that long as I see it I shall never be at rest.' Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation 'twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectively as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to do her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her above all his other pages, most dearly, said, 'Edmund (for so had she named herself,) thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge my selfe.' She being glad of this, with the king's authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battle of Barnet; she appointing the other, now now recovered, to be at the court at the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence: before whom the page asked him how he came by the crucifix. He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denyed the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denyed the same,

affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

"She seeing this villain's impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know this? Yes, answered hee, but would God I ne're had known the owner of it! It was my wife's, a woman virtuous till the divell (speaking to the other) did corrupt her purity,—who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie.

"With that the king said, Sirra, now are you found to be a knave. Did you not, even now, affirme you bought it? To whom he answered with fearfull countenance, And it like your grace, I said so to preserve this gentleman's honour, and his wife's, which by my telling of the truth would have been much indamaged; for indeed she, being a secret friend of mine, gave me this as a testimony of her love.

"The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover her selfe in that disguise, said, 'And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villain confesse how he hath abused that good gentleman.' The king having given her leave, she said, 'First, sir, you confessed before your oast and my selfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell; then before his majestie you affirmed you bought it; so denying your former words: Now you have denyed that which you so boldly affirmed before, and said it was this gentleman's wife's gift. With his majestie's leave I say, thou art a villaine, and this is likewise false.' With that she discovered herselfe to be a woman, saying—'Hadst thou, villaine, ever any strumpet's favour at my hands? Did I, for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee, bestow this on thee! Speake, and if thou have any goodness left in thee, speak the truth.'

"With that, he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him for he had wronged that gentlewoman. Therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and him selfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes persuaded her husband that she was a whore. The king wondered how he durst, knowing God to be just, commit so great a villainy; but much more admired he to see his page to turn a gentlewoman. But ceasing to admire, he said—'Sir, (speaking to her husband,) you did the part of an unwise man to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough; but seeing it concerns me not, your wife shall be your judge. With that Mrs. Dorrill, thanking his majestie, went to her husband, saying, 'Sir, all my anger to you I lay down with this kisse.' He wondering all this while to see this strange and unlooked-for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved; wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was like-

wise glad that he had preserved this gentlewoman from wilfull famine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner:—That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him; and so was to have a yeere's imprisonment. So this gentleman and his wife, went with the king's leave, lovingly home, where they were kindely welcomed by George, to whom for recompence he gave the money which he received: so lived they ever after in great content. MALONE.

See p. 31, 32, n. 7. "—If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not *but* believe she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady." The old copy reads—I could *not believe* she excell'd many. Dr. Warburton very properly asks, "What, if she did really excell others, could he not believe that she did excell them?" To restore therefore the passage to sense, he omits the word *not*, and reads—"I *could believe* she excell'd many,"—which undoubtedly affords a clear sense.

"The old reading, (says Mr. Steevens,) may very well stand. If, says Iachimo, your mistress went before *some* others I have seen, *only in the same degree* your diamond out-lustres many I have likewise seen, I should not admit on that account that she excelled many; *but* I ought not to make myself the judge of who is the fairest lady, or which is the brightest diamond, till I have beheld the finest of either kind which nature has hitherto produced."

To this paraphrase I make the same objection that I have done to many others in revising these plays; namely, that a meaning is extracted from the words that they in no sort warrant. In the first place Mr. S. understands the word *as* to mean *only as*, or *as little as;* and assumes that Iachimo means, not merely to deny the super-eminent and unparallel'd value of the diamond of Posthumus, but greatly to depretiate it; though both the context, and the words—*went before*, *most* precious, and *out-lustres*, must present to every reader a meaning directly opposite. 2dly. According to this interpretation, the adversative particle *but* is used without any propriety; as will appear at once by shortening Mr. Steevens's paraphrase, and adding a few words that are necessary to make the deduction consequential:

"If your mistress went before others I have seen, only in the same degree your diamond out-lustres *many* I have likewise seen, I should not admit on that account that she excelled many, [for your diamond is an *ordinary* stone, and does not excell many:] *But* I have not seen the most precious diamond in the world, nor you the most beautiful lady: *and therefore I can not admit she excells all.*"

Here after asserting that "he could *not* admit she excelled

many," he is made to add, by way of qualification, and in *opposition* to what he has already said, that "inasmuch as he has not seen *all* the fine women and fine diamonds in the world, he cannot admit that she excells *all*." If he *had* admitted that she excelled *many*, this conclusion would be consistent and intelligible; but *not* admitting that position, as he is thus made to do, it is inconsequential, if not absurd.

I agree therefore entirely with Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson in thinking that the passage as it stands in the old copy, is nonsense, and that some emendation is necessary.

Dr. Warburton, as I have already observed, amended the passage by omitting the word *not;* but of all the modes of emendation this is the most exceptionable. I have often had occasion to observe that one of the most frequent errours of the press is omission, and consequently the least exceptionable of all emendations is the insertion of a word that appears from the context, or from the metre, to have been omitted. In the first folio edition of Love's Labour's Lost, we find—

"O, that your face were full of oes —."

Instead of the true reading, which is furnished by the quarto, 1598:

"O, that your face were *not so* full of oes —."

Again, in Timon of Athens, Act V. edit. 1623:

"—— Nothing can you steal
"But thieves do lose it. *Steal less;* for this,—"

All the modern editions here rightly read—"Steal *not* less; for this."

Again, in Romeo and Juliet, folio, 1632: "— they stand so much on the new form, that they *can sit* at ease on the old bench:" instead of "— they can *not* sit," &c. Again, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, folio, 1623, p. 55: "— good gentlemen, let *him strike* the old woman;" instead of "— let him *not* strike the old woman." Again, in King Lear, 1623, folio: "— the observation we have made of it *hath been little;*" instead of the true reading which is found in the quarto,—" hath *not* been little." I could easily add twenty other instances of the same kind.

In the passage before us, I am persuaded that either the word *but* was omitted after *not*, by the carelessness of the compositor or transcriber, or, that *not* was printed instead of *but:* a mistake that has often happened in these plays. See vol. vi. p. 379.

Of the latter opinion is Mr. Heath, who proposes to read, "I could *but* believe," and this affords nearly the same meaning as the reading now adopted. I rather incline to the emendation which I proposed some years ago, and which is now placed in the text, because the adversative particle in the next clause of the sentence is thus more fully opposed to what pre-

cedes; and thus the reasoning is clear, exact, and consequential. "If, says Iachimo, she surpassed other women that I have seen in the same proportion that your diamond out-lustres *many* diamonds that I have beheld, I could not *but* acknowledge that she excelled *many* women; but I have not seen the *most* valuable diamond in the world, nor you the most beautiful woman: *and therefore I cannot admit she excells all.*"

It is urged, that "it was the business of Iachimo on this occasion to appear an infidel to beauty, in order to spirit Posthumus to lay the wager." He is so far an infidel as not to allow Imogen transcendent beauty, surpassing the beauty of *all womankind.* It was by no means necessary, in order to excite the *adoring* Posthumus to a wager, to deny that she possessed *any* beauty whatsoever.

For the length of this note I shall make no apology. Whenever much has been already said by ingenious men on a controverted passage, in which emendation is absolutely necessary, every objection that can be made to the reading adopted should, if possible, be obviated. No one can be more an enemy to long notes, or *unnecessary* emendations, than the present editor. MALONE.

See page 169, note 8.

A SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
"Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
"Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
"And rifle all the breathing spring.

"No wailing ghost shall dare appear
"To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
"But shepherd lads assemble here,
"And melting virgins own their love.

"No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
"No goblins lead their nightly crew:
"The female fays shall haunt the green,
"And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

"The red-breast oft at evening hours
"Shall kindly lend his little aid,
"With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
"To deck the ground where thou art laid.

"When howling winds, and beating rain,
"In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
"Or midst the chace on every plain;
"The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

"Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
"For thee the tear be duly shed:
"Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
"And mourn'd till pity's self be dead."

[illegible]

See page [illegible], note [illegible].

A SONG

SUNG BY [illegible] AND [illegible] OVER FIDELE,

[illegible] TO BE DEAD.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
"Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
"Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
"And rifle all the breathing spring.

"No wailing ghost shall dare appear
"To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
"But shepherd lads assemble here,
"And melting virgins own their love.

"No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
"No goblins lead their nightly crew:
"The female fays shall haunt the green,
"And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

In the character of Timon — see Moreri and Bayle — the ingratitude of friendship seems to have been the cause of his hatred of mankind)

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted; the Palace of Pleasure, and the English Plutarch. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called Jack Drum's Entertainment, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

The passage in Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine, 1601, is this:

"Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*."

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who, (like Kent in King Lear) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last Act, is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *personæ dramatis* are as follows:

"The actors names.

"Timon.
"Laches, his faithful servant.
"Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man.
"Gelasimus, a cittie heyre.
"Pseudocheus, a lying travailer.
"Demeas, an orator.
"Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man.
"Hermogenes, a fidler.
"Abyssus, a usurer.
"Lollio, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus sonne.
"Stilpo, } Two lying philosophers.
"Speusippus, }
"Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus.
"Obba, Tymon's butler.
"Pœdio, Gelasimus page.
"Two serjeants.

"A sailor.
"Callimela, Philargurus daughter.
"Blatte, her prattling nurse.
"SCENE, Athens." STEEVENS.

Shakspeare undoubtedly formed this play, in some measure, on the passage in Plutarch's Life of Antony relative to Timon, and not altogether on the twenty-eighth novel of the first volume of Painter's Palace of Pleasure; because he is there merely described as "a manhater, of a strange and beastly nature," without any cause assigned; whereas Plutarch furnished our author with the following hint to work upon: "Antonius forsook the citie, and companie of his friendes,—saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and *for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man.*"

To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author, I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject.

Spon says, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called Timon's Tower.

Timon of Athens was written, I imagine, in the year 1610. See An Attempt to Ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, } Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS, LUCILIUS, SERVILIUS, } Timon's Servants.

CAPHIS, PHILOTUS, TITUS, LUCIUS, HORTENSIUS, } Servants to Timon's Creditors.

Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore; two of Timon's Creditors.

Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA[1], TIMANDRA, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

[1] Phrynia,] (Or as this name should have been written by Shakspeare, *Phryne*,) was an Athenian courtezan so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom (which, as we learn from Quintillian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate,) disarmed the court of its severity, and secured her life from the sentence of the law. STEEVENS.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I

Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant[2], *and Others, at several Doors.*

Poet. Good day, sir[3].
Pain. I am glad you are well.
Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity[4]? what strange,

[2] —*Jeweller, Merchant,*] In the old copy: "*Enter, &c. Merchant, and Mercer, &c.*" Steevens.

[3] *Poet.* Good day sir.] It would be less abrupt to begin the play thus:

"*Poet.* Good day.
"*Pain.* Good day, sir: *I am glad you're well.*" Farmer.

The present deficiency in the metre also pleads strongly in behalf of the supplemental words proposed by Dr. Farmer.

Steevens.

[4] But what particular rarity? &c.] I cannot but think that this passage is at present in confusion. The poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer, nor has his question any apparent drift or consequence. I would range the passage thus:

"*Poet.* Ay, that's well known.
"But what particular rarity? what so strange,
"*That* manifold record not matches?
"*Pain.* See!
"*Poet.* Magic of bounty!" &c.

It may not be improperly observed here, that as there is only one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and more liberty must be allowed to conjecture. Johnson.

Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness [5]:
He passes [6].

Johnson supposes that there is some error in this passage, because the Poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer; and therefore suggests a new arrangement of it. But there is nothing more common in real life than questions asked in that manner. And with respect to his proposed arrangement, I can by no means approve of it; for as the Poet and the Painter are going to pay their court to Timon, it would be strange if the latter should point out to the former, as *a particular rarity, which manifold record* could not match, a merchant and a jeweller, who came there on the same errand. M. Mason.

The Poet is led *by what the Painter has said*, to ask whether any thing very strange and unparalleled had lately happened, without any expectation that any such had happened;—and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing so many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend. "See, Magick of bounty!" &c. This surely is very natural. Malone.

[5] — breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:] *Breathed* is *inured by constant practice;* so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse, is to exercise him for the course. Johnson.

So in Hamlet:

"It is the *breathing* time of day with me." Steevens.

"— continuate —" This word is used by many ancient English writers. Thus, by Chapman, in his version of the fourth book of the Odyssey:

"Her handmaids join'd in a *continuate* yell."

Again, in the tenth book:

"——— environ'd round
"With one *continuate* rock:—." Steevens.

[6] He passes.] i. e. exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. So in The Merry Wives of Windsor:

"Why this *passes*, master Ford." Steevens.

JEW. I have a jewel here [7].

MER. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?

JEW. If he will touch the estimate [8]: But, for that——

POET. *When we for recompense* [9] *have prais'd the vile,*
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

MER. 'Tis a good form.
[*Looking at the Jewel.*

JEW. And rich: here is a water, look you.

PAIN. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

POET. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes [1]
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes [2]. What have you there?

[7] He passes.———
I have a jewel here.] The syllable wanting in this line might be restored by reading—
"He passes.—*Look,* I have a jewel here." STEEVENS.

[8] —touch the estimate:] Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

[9] *When we for recompense, &c.*] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading in his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the Painter an account of. WARBURTON.

[1] —which OOZES—] The folio copy reads—which *uses.* The modern editors have given it—which *issues.* JOHNSON.

Gum and *issues* were inserted by Mr. Pope; *oozes* by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

The two oldest copies read—
"Our poesie is as a *gowne* which *uses.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —and like a current, flies
Each bound it CHAFES.] Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions—*chases.* WARBURTON.

This speech of the Poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth[3]?

drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it *like a current flies each bound it chafes.* This may mean that it expands itself notwithstanding al obstructions: but the images in the comparison are so ill sorted and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is, that having *touched on one subject, it flies off in quest of another.* The old copy seems to read—

"Each bound it *chases.*"

The letters *f* and *ſ* are not always to be distinguished from each other, especially when the types have been much worn, as in the first folio. If *chases* be the true reading, it is best explained by the "— se sequiturque fugitque—" of the Roman poet. Somewhat similar occurs in The Tempest:

"Do *chase* the ebbing Neptune, and do *fly* him
"When he pursues." STEEVENS.

The obscurity of this passage arises merely from the mistake of the editors, who have joined in one, what was intended by Shakspeare as two distinct sentences.—It should be pointed thus, and then the sense will be evident:

"———— our gentle flame
"Provokes itself, and like the current flies;
"Each bound it chafes."

Our gentle flame animates itself; it flies like a current; and every obstacle serves but to increase its force. M. MASON.

In Julius Cæsar we have—

"The troubled Tiber *chafing* with her shores.—"

Again in The Legend of Pierce Gaveston, by Michael Drayton, 1594:

"Like as the ocean, *chafing* with his *bounds,*
"With raging billowes *flies* against the rocks,
"And to the shore sends forth his hideous sounds," &c.

MALONE.

This jumble of incongruous images, seems to have been designed, and put into the mouth of the Poetaster, that the reader might appreciate his talents: his language therefore should not be considered in the abstract. HENLEY.

3 — AND when comes your book forth?] *And* was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to perfect the measure. STEEVENS.

Poet. Upon the heels [4] of my presentment [5], sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece [6].

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent [7].

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace

[4] Upon the heels, &c.] As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

[5] — presentment,] The patrons of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been all Timons.

"I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, because *forty shillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will bestow on these matters." Preface to A Woman is a Weathercock, by N. Field, 1612. STEEVENS.

It should, however, be remembered, that forty shillings at that time were equal to at least six, perhaps eight, pounds at this day. MALONE.

[6] 'Tis a good piece.] As the metre is here defective, it is not improbable that our author originally wrote—

"'Tis a good piece, *indeed*."

So, in The Winter's Tale:

"'Tis grace *indeed*." STEEVENS.

[7] — this comes OFF well and excellent.] The meaning is, the figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevé.* JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applause I do not exactly know. It occurs again in The Widow, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton:

"It *comes off* very fair yet."

Again, in A Trick to Catch the Old One, 1608: "Put a good tale in his ear, so that it *comes off cleanly*, and there's a horse and man for us. I warrant thee." Again, in the first part of Marston's Antonio and Mellida:

"*Fla.* Faith, the song will seem to *come off* hardly.
"*Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you seem to *come off* quickly."
STEEVENS.

The same expression occurs in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. I.: "Now trust me, madam, it *came hardly off*;" and in Hamlet, Act III. Sc. II.: "Now this, overdone, has *come tardy off*." In these instances, and in those quoted by Mr. S. it seems to mean, what we now call *getting through with a thing*. We still say a man *comes off* with credit, when he acquits himself well; and such appears to be the Poet's meaning here.
BLAKEWAY.

Speaks his own standing [8] ! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination

[8] — How this GRACE
Speaks his own STANDING !] This relates to the attitude of the figure, and means that it stands judiciously on its own centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing likewise. Of which the poet in Hamlet, speaking of another picture, says:

"A *station*, like the herald, Mercury,
"New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

which lines Milton seems to have had in view, where he says of Raphael:

"At once on th' eastern *cliff of Paradise*
"He *lights*, and to his proper shape returns.
"——*Like Maia's son he stood.*" WARBURTON.

This sentence seems to be obscure, and, however explained, not very forcible. "This grace speaks his own standing," is only, "The gracefulness of this figure shows how it stands." I am inclined to think something corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

"———— How this *standing*
"Speaks his own *graces!*"——

"How this posture displays *its own* gracefulness." But I will indulge conjecture further, and propose to read:

"———— How this grace
"Speaks *understanding!* what a mental power
"This eye shoots forth!" JOHNSON.

The passage, to my apprehension at least, *speaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to *propriety*. A similar expression occurs in Cymbeline, Act II. Sc. IV.:

"———— never saw I figures
"So likely to *report themselves*." STEEVENS.

I cannot reconcile myself to Johnson's or Warburton's explanations of this passage, which are such as the words cannot possibly imply. I am rather inclined to suppose, that the figure alluded to was a representation of one of the Graces, and, as they are always supposed to be females, should read the passage thus:

"———— How this Grace (with a capital G)
"Speaks *its* own standing —— !"

This slight alteration removes every difficulty, for Steevens's explanation of the latter words is clearly right; and there is surely but little difference between *its* and *his* in the trace of the letters.

This amendment is strongly supported by the pronoun *this*,

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret[9].

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife[1]
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

prefixed to the word *Grace*, as it proves that what the Poet pointed out, was some real object, not merely an abstract idea. M. Mason.

9 — to the dumbness of the gesture
One might INTERPRET.] The figure, though dumb, seems to have a capacity of speech. The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time. The person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on Hamlet, Act III. Sc. V. Malone.

Rather—one might venture to supply words to such intelligible action. Such significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it. Steevens.

So, in Cymbeline, p. 84:
" —— never saw I pictures
" So likely to report themselves."

See Johnson's note on that passage. Boswell.

1 — artificial STRIFE —] *Strife*, for *action* or *motion*. Warburton.

Strife is either the contest of art with nature:
Hic ille est *Raphael*, timuit, quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.
or it is the contrast of forms or opposition of colours. Johnson.

So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne:
" Faithorne, with nature at a noble *strife*,
" Hath paid the author a great share of life," &c. Steevens.

And Ben Jonson, on the head of Shakspeare by Droeshout:
" This figure which thou here seest put,
" It was for gentle Shakspeare cut:
" Wherein the *graver* had a strife
" With *nature*, to *out-doo* the *life*." Henley.

That *artificial strife* means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, 'the contest of art with nature,' and not the 'contrast of forms or opposition of colours,' may appear from our author's Venus and Adonis, where the same thought is more clearly expressed:

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens:—Happy men[2]!
Pain. Look, more!
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors[3].
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world[4] doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly[5], but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax[6]: no levell'd malice[7]

"Look, when a *painter* would *surpass* the *life*,
"In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
"His *art* with *nature's workmanship* at *strife*,
"As if the *dead* the *living* should exceed;
"So did this horse excell," &c.

In Drayton's Mortimeriados, printed I believe in 1596, (afterwards entitled The Barons' Wars,) there are two lines nearly resembling these:

"Done for the last with such exceeding *life*,
"As *art* therein *with nature* were *at strife*." Malone.

2 —Happy men!] Mr. Theobald reads—happy *man;* and certainly the emendation is sufficiently plausible, though the old reading may well stand. Malone.

The text is right. The Poet envies or admires the felicity of the senators in being Timon's friends, and familiarly admitted to his table, to partake of his good cheer, and experience the effects of his bounty. Ritson.

3 — this confluence, this great flood of visitors.]
Mane salutantûm totis vomit ædibus undam. Johnson.

4 — this beneath world —] So, in Measure for Measure, we have—"This *under* generation;" and in King Richard II.: "—the *lower* world." Steevens.

5 Halts not particularly,] My design does not stop at any single character. Johnson.

6 In a wide sea of wax:] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron style. Hanmer.

I once thought with Sir T. Hanmer, that this was only an allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a style on waxen tablets; but it appears that the same custom prevailed in England about the year 1395, and might have been heard of by Shak-

Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

PAIN. How shall I understand you?

POET. I'll unbolt [8] to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures [9], as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts [1]; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer [2]

speare. It seems also to be pointed out by implication in many of our old collegiate establishments. See Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 151. STEEVENS.

Mr. Astle observes in his very ingenious work On the Origin and Progress of Writing, quarto, 1784, that "the practice of writing on table-books covered with *wax* was not entirely laid aside till the commencement of the *fourteenth* century." As Shakspeare, I believe, was not a very profound English antiquary, it is surely improbable that he should have had any knowledge of a practice which had been disused for more than two centuries before he was born. The Roman practice he might have learned from Golding's translation of the ninth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses:

"Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the emptie *waxe*," &c. MALONE.

7 — no LEVELL'D malice, &c.] To *level* is to *aim*, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any single person; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

8 I'll unbolt—] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

9 — glib and slippery creatures,] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*natures*. *Slippery* is *smooth, unresisting*. JOHNSON.

1 SUBDUES——
All sorts of HEARTS;] So, in Othello:
"My *heart's subdued*
"Even to the very quality of my lord." STEEVENS.

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him [3], and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together [4].

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts [5], all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states [6]: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady [7] fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;

[2] —glass-fac'd flatterer—] That shows in his look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

[3] —even he drops down, &c.] Either Shakspeare meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers. STEEVENS.

The Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests. RITSON.

[4] I saw them speak TOGETHER.] The word—*together*, which only serves to interrupt the measure, is, I believe, an interpolation, being occasionally omitted by our author, as unnecessary to sense, on similar occasions. Thus, in Measure for Measure: "—Bring me to hear them speak;" i. e. to speak together, to converse. Again, in another of our author's plays: "When spoke you last?" Nor is the same phraseology, at this hour, out of use. STEEVENS.

[5] —rank'd with all deserts,] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

[6] To PROPAGATE their states:] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

[7] Feign'd FORTUNE to be thron'd:——
—on this SOVEREIGN LADY, &c.] So, in The Tempest:
"—— bountiful *fortune*,
"Now *my dear lady*," &c. MALONE.

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope [8].
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition [9].

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear [1],
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air [2].

8 — conceiv'd to scope.] Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON.

9 In our CONDITION.] *Condition,* for *art.* WARBURTON.

1 Rain SACRIFICIAL whisperings in his ear,] The sense is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him.* The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumstance of its being offered up in *whispers:* which shows it was the calumniating those whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakspeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls *sacrificial whisperings,* alluding to the victims offered up to idols. WARBURTON.

Whisperings attended with such respect and veneration as accompany sacrifices to the gods. Such, I suppose, is the meaning. MALONE.

By *sacrificial whisperings,* I should simply understand whisperings of officious fervility, the *incense* of the worshipping parasite to the patron as to a god. These whisperings might probably immolate reputations for the most part, but I should not reduce the epithet in question to that notion here. Mr. Gray has excellently expressed in his Elegy these sacrificial offerings to the great from the poetick tribe:

"To heap the shine of luxury and pride
"With incense kindled at the muse's flame." WAKEFIELD.

2 — Through him
DRINK the free air.] That is, catch his breath in affected fondness. JOHNSON.

PAIN. Ay, marry, what of these?
POET. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down [3],
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
PAIN. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show [4],
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune's [5]

A similar phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour: " By this air, the most divine tobacco I ever *drank!*" To *drink*, in both these instances, signifies to *inhale*. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's explanation appears to me highly unnatural and unsatisfactory. " To drink the air," like the *haustos ætherios* of Virgil, is merely a poetical phrase for *draw the air*, or *breathe*. To " drink the free air," therefore, " through another," is to breathe freely at his will only; so as to depend on him for the privilege of life: not even to breathe freely without his permission. WAKEFIELD.

So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:
" His nostrils *drink the air*."
Again, in The Tempest:
" I *drink the air* before me." MALONE.

3 — let him SLIP down,] The old copy reads:
" —— let him *sit* down."
The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

4 A thousand moral paintings I can show,] Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shown, the painter thinks he could have shown better. JOHNSON.

5 — these quick blows of FORTUNE'S —] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time, as I have observed in a note on King John, Act II. Sc. I. The modern editors read, more elegantly,—of *fortune*. The alteration was first made in the second folio, from ignorance of Shakspeare's diction. MALONE.

Though I cannot impute such a correction to the ignorance of the person who made it, I can easily suppose what is here styled the phraseology of Shakspeare, to be only the mistake of a vulgar transcriber or printer. Had our author been constant in his use

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes[6] have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the Servant of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him.*

TIM. Imprison'd is he, say you[7]?

VEN. SERV. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing[8],
Periods his comfort[9].

TIM. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me[1]. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,

of this mode of speech (which is not the case) the propriety of Mr. Malone's remark would have been readily admitted.

STEEVENS.

6 — mean eyes —] i. e. inferior spectators. So, in Wotton's Letter to Bacon, dated March the last, 1613: "Before their majesties, and almost as many other *meaner eyes*," &c. TOLLET.

7 Imprison'd IS HE, say you?] Here we have another interpolation destructive to the metre. Omitting—*is he*, we ought to read:

"Imprison'd, say you." STEEVENS.

8 — which failing TO HIM,] Thus the second folio. The first omits—*to him*, and consequently mutilates the verse.

STEEVENS.

9 PERIODS his comfort.] To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakspeare's introduction into the English language. I find it, however, used by Heywood, after him, in A Maidenhead Well Lost, 1634:

"How easy could I *period* all my care."

Again, in The Country Girl, by T. B. 1647:

"To *period* our vain-grievings." STEEVENS.

1 — MUST need me.] i. e. when he is compelled to have need of my assistance; or, as Mr. Malone has more happily explained the phrase,—"cannot but want my assistance." STEEVENS.

Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after [2].—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour [3]!

[*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

[2] 'Tis not enough, &c.] This thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his Elegy on Archbishop Boulter:

"More than they ask'd he gave; and deem'd it mean
"Only to help the poor—to beg again." Johnson.

It has been said that Dr. Johnson was paid ten guineas by Dr. Madden for correcting this poem. Steevens.

[3] —your honour!] The common address to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently used with *your lordship*. See any old letter, or dedication of that age; and Richard III. Act II. Sc. II. where a Pursuivant, speaking to Lord Hastings, says,—"I thank *your honour*." Steevens.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort:
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon [4]:

[4] Therefore he will be, Timon:] The thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning: "If the man be honest, my lord, for that reason he will be so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent." WARBURTON.

I rather think an emendation necessary, and read:

"Therefore *well be him*, Timon:
"His honesty rewards him in itself."

That is, "If he is honest, *bene sit illi,* I wish him the proper happiness of an honest man, but his honesty gives him no claim to my daughter." The first transcriber probably wrote—"will be with him," which the next, not understanding, changed to,—"he will be." JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation is best, because it exacts no change. So, in King Henry VIII.:

"—— May he continue
"Long in his highness' favour; *and do justice*
"*For truth's sake and his conscience.*"

Again, more appositely in Cymbeline:

"This hath been
"Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
"*He will remain so.*" STEEVENS.

"Therefore *he will be,* Timon." Therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of virtue; and he does not need the additional blessing of a beautiful and accomplished wife.

It has been objected, I forget by whom, if the old Athenian means to say that Lucilius will still continue to be virtuous, what occasion has he to apply to Timon to interfere relative to this marriage? But this is making Shakspeare write *by the card.* The words mean undoubtedly, that he will be honest in his *general*

His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter [5].

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To Lucilius.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband [6]?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,

conduct, through life; in every other action except that now complained of. MALONE.

[5] — BEAR my daughter.] A similar expression occurs in Othello:

"What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
"If he can *carry* her thus!" STEEVENS.

[6] And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If SHE BE mated with an equal husband?] The players, those avowed enemies to even a common ellipsis, have here again disordered the metre by interpolation. Will a single idea of our author's have been lost, if, omitting the useless and repeated words —*she be*, we should regulate the passage thus:

"——— How shall she be
"Endow'd, if mated with an equal husband?"

STEEVENS.

Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you [7]!

[*Exeunt* Lucilius *and old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out [8]. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

7 —— Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not OW'D to you!] The meaning is, let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal. Johnson.

So Lady Macbeth says to Duncan:

"Your servants ever
"Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
"To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
"Still to return *your own*." Malone.

8 —— pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.] Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be. Johnson.

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite [9].
Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters [1]: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it [2].
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus [3].

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.
Mer. He'll spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for [4] thy good morrow;

9 — uncLEW me quite.] To *unclew* is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclew* a man, is to *draw out* the whole mass of his fortunes. Johnson.

So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:
"Therefore as you *unwind* her love from him,—
"You must provide to bottom it on me." Steevens.

1 Are prized by their masters:] Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held. Johnson.

2 — by wearing it.] Old copy—"by *the* wearing it." Steevens.

3 *Enter Apemantus.*] See this character of a cynick finely drawn by Lucian, in his Auction of the Philosophers; and how well Shakspeare has copied it. Warburton.

4 —stay for—] Old copy—stay *thou* for—. With Sir T. Hanmer I have omitted the useless *thou*, (which the compositor's eye might have caught from the following line,) because it disorders the metre. Steevens.

When thou art Timon's dog [5], and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians [6]?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou knowest, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

5 When thou art Timon's dog,] When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindness and salutation. Johnson.

This is spoken δεικτικῶς, as Mr. Upton says, somewhere:—striking his hand on his breast.

"Wot you who named me first the kinge's dogge?" says Aristippus in Damon and Pythias. Farmer.

Apemantus, I think, means to say, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good morrow from him till that shall happen which never will happen; till Timon is transformed to the shape of his dog, and his knavish followers become honest men. Stay for thy good morrow, says he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the same time when thou art Timon's dog, &c. i. e. never. Malone.

Mr. Malone has justly explained the drift of Apemantus. Such another reply occurs in Troilus and Cressida, where Ulysses, desirous to avoid a kiss from Cressida, says to her; give me one—

"When Helen is a maid again," &c. Steevens.

6 Are they not Athenians?] The very imperfect state in which the ancient copy of this play has reached us, leaves a doubt whether several short speeches in the present scene were designed for verse or prose. I have therefore made no attempt at regulation. Steevens.

Why should not the same doubt exist with regard to other scenes, in which Mr. Steevens has not acted with the some moderation? Boswell.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog[7].

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing[8], which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

[7] *Pain.* You are a dog.] This speech, which is given to the *Painter* in the old editions, in the modern ones must have been transferred to the *Poet* by mistake: it evidently belongs to the former. Ritson.

[8] Not so well as plain-dealing.] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a *jewel*, but they that use it die beggars." Steevens.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord [9].—Art not thou a merchant?

9 That I had NO ANGRY wit to be a lord.] This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restored the text:

" That I had *so hungry a wit* to be a lord,"

it is satirical enough of conscience, viz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. In the same sense, Shakspeare uses *lean-witted* in his King Richard II.:

" And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted* fool." WARBURTON.

The meaning may be,—I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord*. This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath reads:

" That I had so *wrong'd my* wit to be a lord."

But the passage before us, is, in my opinion, irremediably corrupted. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the compositor has transposed the words, and they should be read thus:

" Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord."

Or,

" Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit." BLACKSTONE.

Perhaps we should read:

" That I had *an* angry *wish* to be a lord;"

Meaning, that he would hate himself for having wished in his anger to become a lord.—For it is in anger that he says:

" Heavens, that I were a lord!" M. MASON.

I believe Shakspeare was thinking of the common expression—

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship [1].

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done [2],
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter Alcibiades, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

Apem. So, so; there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

"he has wit in his anger;" and that the difficulty arises here, as in many other places, from the original editor's paying no attention to abrupt sentences. Our author, I suppose, wrote:

"That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!
"Art thou, &c.

Apemantus is asked, why after having wished to be a lord, he should hate himself. He replies,—For this reason; that I *had no wit* [or discretion] *in my anger*, but was absurd enough to wish myself one of that set of men, whom I despise. He then exclaims with indignation—To be a lord!—Such is my conjecture, in which however I have not so much confidence as to depart from the mode in which this passage has been hitherto exhibited. Malone.

[1] — all of companionship.] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that "they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself." Steevens.

[2] — and, when dinner's done,] *And,* which is wanting in the first folio, is supplied by the second. Steevens.

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey [3].

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart [4], we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*

Enter Two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou [5], that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

3 —The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.] Man is exhausted and degenerated; his *strain* or lineage is worn down into a monkey.
JOHNSON.

4 Ere we DEPART.] Who depart? Though Alcibiades was to leave Timon, Timon was not to depart. Common sense favours my emendation. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald proposes—*do part.* Common sense may favour it, but an acquaintance with the language of Shakspeare would not have been quite so propitious to his emendation. *Depart* and *part* have the same meaning. So, in King John:
"Hath willingly *departed* with a part."
i. e. hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in question. See vol. iv. p. 315, n. 7. STEEVENS.

5 The MOST accursed thou,] Read:
"The *more* accursed thou——." RITSON.
So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:
"The *more* degenerate and base art thou—." STEEVENS.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed[6], but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance[7].

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

[6] — no MEED,] *Meed*, which in general signifies *reward* or *recompense*, in this place seems to mean *desert*. So, in Heywood's Silver Age, 1613:

"And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave."

i. e. deserves. Again, in a comedy called Look About You, 1600:

"Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed;
"Thou shalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*."

STEEVENS.

[7] All use of quittance.] i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations. WARBURTON.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.

Hautboys playing loud Musick. A great Banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly[8].

VEN. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember[9]
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

TIM. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair[1].

[8] — *discontentedly.*] The ancient stage-direction adds—*like himself.* STEEVENS.

[9] Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods remember—] The old copy reads—to *remember.* But I have omitted, for the sake of metre, and in conformity to our author's practice on other occasions, the adverb—*to.* Thus, in King Henry VIII. Act IV. Sc. II.:

"—— Patience, is that letter
"I caus'd you write, yet sent away?"

Every one must be aware that the participle—*to* was purposely left out, before the verb—*write.* STEEVENS.

[1] If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich are fair.] These two lines are absurdly given to Timon. They should be read thus:

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on* TIMON.

" *Tim.* If our betters play at that game, we must not.

" *Apem.* Dare to imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair." This is said satirically, and in character. It was a sober reflection in Timon; who by *our betters* meant the gods, which require to be repaid for benefits received; but it would be impiety in men to expect the same observance for the trifling good they do. Apemantus, agreeably to his character, perverts this sentiment as if Timon had spoke of earthly grandeur and potentates, who expect largest returns for their favours; and therefore ironically replies as above. WARBURTON.

I cannot see that these lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whose character of generosity and condescension they are very suitable. To suppose that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harsh, because to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the highest pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modesty. If I would make any alteration, it should be only to reform the numbers thus:

" Our betters play that game; we must not dare
" T' imitate them: faults that are rich are fair."

JOHNSON.

The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithstanding.

HEATH.

Dr. Warburton with his usual love of innovation, transfers the last word of the first of these lines, and the whole of the second, to Apemantus. Mr. Heath has justly observed that this cannot have been Shakspeare's intention, for thus Apemantus would be made to address Timon personally, who must therefore have seen and heard him; whereas it appears from a subsequent speech that Timon had not yet taken notice of him, as he salutes him with some surprize—

" O, Apemantus!—you are welcome."

The term—*our betters,* being used by the inferior classes of men when they speak of their superiors in the state. Shakspeare uses these words with his usual laxity to express persons of high rank and fortune. MALONE.

So, in King Lear, vol. x. p. 179, Edgar says (referring to the distracted king):

" When we *our betters* see bearing our woes,
" We scarcely think our miseries our foes." STEEVENS.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not [2]?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No,
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:——
They say, my lords [3], *ira furor brevis est,*
But yond' man's ever angry [4].
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil [5], Timon;

[2] —confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?] There seems to be some allusion here to a common proverbial saying of Shakspeare's time: "Confess and be hang'd." See Othello, Act. IV. Sc. I., vol. ix. p. 414. MALONE.

[3] They say, my lords, THAT—] *That* was inserted by Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

[4] But yond' man's EVER angry.] The old copy has—*very* angry; which can hardly be right. The emendation now adopted was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—But yon man's *very anger;* i. e. anger itself, which always maintains its violence. STEEVENS.

I see no difficulty in the old reading. Since yond' man is very angry, which is a humour which does not become a man, let him have a table by himself, as he is not fit company for others.
BOSWELL.

[5] —at thine OWN PERIL,] The old copy reads—at thine *ap-*

I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power [6]: pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee [7].—O you gods! what a number

peril. I have not been able to find such a word in any Dictionary, nor is it reconcileable to etymology. I have therefore adopted an emendation made by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

Apperil, the reading of the old editions, may be right, though no other instance of it has been, or possibly can be produced. It is, however, in actual use in the metropolis, at this day. Ritson.

I have restored the original text, because, as Mr. Gifford has observed, the word which they would discard, occurs more than once in Ben Jonson:

"Sir, I will bail you at mine own *apperil.*"
Devil is an Ass, Gifford's edition, vol. v. p. 137.

"Faith, I will bail him at mine own *apperil.*"
Magnetic Lady, vol. vi. p. 117.

"As you will answer it at your *apperil.*"
Tale of a Tub. vol. vi. p. 159.

Boswell.

6 —I myself would have no power:] If this be the true reading, the sense is,—all Athenians are welcome to share my *fortune:* I would myself have no exclusive right or *power* in this house. Perhaps we might read,—'I myself would have no *poor.*' I would have every Athenian consider himself as joint possessor of my fortune. Johnson.

I understand Timon's meaning to be: 'I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st let my meat make thee silent.' Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests.

Tyrwhitt.

These words refer to what follows, not to that which precedes. 'I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being master of the house: I wish not by my commands to impose silence on any one; but though I myself do not enjoin you to silence, let my meat stop your mouth.' Malone.

7 I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee.] The meaning is,—I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would stick in my throat. Johnson.

Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood [8]; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives [9];
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I
Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes [1]:
Great men should drink with harness [2] on their throats.

For has here perhaps the signification of *because*. So, in Othello:

"—— Haply, *for* I am black." MALONE.

[8] — so many dip their meat
In one man's blood;] The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase. JOHNSON.

[9] Methinks, they should invite them WITHOUT KNIVES:] It was the custom in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's Museum. They were strangers, at that period, to the use of *forks*. RITSON.

[1] — windpipe's dangerous NOTES:] The notes of the windpipe seem to be only the indications which show where the windpipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when he is speaking of the human body, and *windpipe* and *notes* savour strongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

[2] — with HARNESS —] i. e. armour. See vol. xi. p. 267. STEEVENS.

Tim. My lord, in heart[3]; and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!
A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths[4] will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds,
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself:

3 My lord, in heart;] That is, my lord's health with sincerity. An emendation has been proposed thus:

"My *love* in heart;——"

but it is not necessary. JOHNSON.

So, in Chaucer's Knightes Tale, 2685:

"And was all his in chere, as his in *herte*."

Again, in Sir Amyas Poulet's letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, refusing to have any hand in the assassination of Mary Queen of Scots: "—— he [Sir Drue Drury] forbeareth to make any particular answer, but subscribeth *in heart* to my opinion."

Again, in King Henry IV. Part I. Act IV. Sc. I.:

"———— *in heart* desiring still
"You may behold," &c.

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost, Act V. Sc. II.:

"—— Dost thou not wish *in heart*,
"The chain were longer, and the letter short?"

STEEVENS.

4 — Timon,
Those healths —] This speech, except the concluding couplet, is printed as prose in the old copy; nor could it be exhibited as verse but by transferring the word *Timon*, which follows—*look ill*, to its present place. The transposition was made by Mr. Capell. The word might have been an interlineation, and so have been misplaced. Yet, after all, I suspect many of the speeches in this play, which the modern editors have exhibited in a loose kind of metre, were intended by the author as prose: in which form they appear in the old copy. MALONE.

Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin[5]*, and I eat root.*

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

TIM. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

ALCIB. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

TIM. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

ALCIB. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

APEM. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 *LORD.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect[6].

TIM. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart[7]? I

[5] *Rich men* SIN,] Dr. Farmer proposes to read—*sing.* REED.

[6] — for ever perfect.] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness. JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth:

"Then comes my fit again; I had else been *perfect;*—"

STEEVENS.

[7] How had you been my friends else? why have you that CHARITABLE title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?] *Charitable* signifies, *dear, endearing.* So, Milton:

have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you[8]. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and[9] would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born[1]! Mine eyes cannot hold

"Relations dear, and all the *charities*
"Of father, son, and brother——."

Alms, in English, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of alms-giving consisted; not in the *act*, but in the *disposition*.
WARBURTON.

The meaning is probably this:—Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment; was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me? JOHNSON.

[8] I confirm you.] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind.
JOHNSON.

[9] —they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and—] This passage I have restored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

[1] O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, "O joy, e'en made away," destroyed, turned to tears, before "it can be born," before it can be fully possessed. JOHNSON.

So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"These violent delights have violent ends,
"And in their triumphs die."

The old copy has—*joys*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe.
MALONE.

out water, methinks[2]: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink[3], Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe[4] sprung up.

[2] Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:] In the original edition the words stand thus: "Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults I drink to you." Perhaps the true reading is this: "Mine eyes cannot hold out; they water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you." Or it may be explained without any change. "Mine eyes cannot hold out water," that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.

[3] — to make them drink,] Sir T. Hanmer reads—to make them drink *thee;* and is followed by Dr. Warburton, I think, without sufficient reason. The covert sense of Apemantus is, 'what thou losest, they get.' JOHNSON.

[4] — like a babe —] That is, a *weeping babe.* JOHNSON.

I question if Shakspeare meant the propriety of allusion to be carried quite so far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression. Thus, among the anonymous pieces in Lord Surrey's Poems, 1557:

"In eche of her two cristall eyes
"Smileth a *naked boye.*"

Again, in Love's Mistress, by Heywood, 1636:

"Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes."

Again in The Christian turn'd Turk, 1612: "She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his fists, and *babies* in his eyes."

Again, in Churchyard's Tragicall Discours of a dolorous Gentlewoman, 1593:

"Men will not *looke for babes* in hollow eyen."

STEEVENS

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumstances preceding the birth, and means joy was conceived in their eyes, and sprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

The word *conception,* in the preceding line, shows, I think, tha Mr. Tollett's interpretation of this passage is the true one. We have a similar imagery in Troilus and Cressida:

"——— and, almost like the gods,
"Does *thoughts* unveil *in their* dumb *cradles.*" MALONE.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much[5]! [*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise[6];
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

5 Much!] *Much!* is frequently used, as here, ironically, and with some indication of contempt. STEEVENS.

See vol. vi. p. 476, n. 8. MALONE.

6 The ear, &c.] In former copies—

"*There* taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy table rise,
"*They* only now——.

The *five* senses are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only are made out; and those in a very heavy unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we should read—

"*Th' ear*, taste, touch, *smell*, pleas'd from thy table rise,
"*These* only now, &c."

i. e. the five senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing, taste, touch, and smell*, are all feasted at thy board; and these ladies come with me to entertain your *sight* in a masque. Massinger, in his Duke of Millaine, copied

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:
Musick, make their welcome [7]. [*Exit* CUPID.

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. Re-enter CUPID, *with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance [8]! they are mad women.

the passage from Shakspeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where, speaking of a banquet, he says—

" ———— All that may be had
" To please the *eye*, the *ear*, *taste*, *touch*, or *smell*,
" Are carefully provided." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors omit the word—*all;* but omission is the most dangerous mode of emendation. The corrupted word—*There*, shows that—*The ear* was intended to be contracted into one syllable; and *table* also was probably used as taking up only the time of a monosyllable. MALONE.

Perhaps the present arrangement of the foregoing words, renders monosyllabification needless. STEEVENS.

7 Musick, make their welcome.] Perhaps, the poet wrote:

" Musick, make *known* their welcome."

So, in Macbeth:

" We will require her welcome,—
" *Pronounce* it for me, sir, to all our friends." STEEVENS.

8 They dance!] I believe "They dance!" to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we should read:

" *These* are mad women." TYRWHITT.

They DANCE! they are MAD WOMEN.] Shakspeare seems to have borrowed this idea from the puritanical writers of his own time. Thus in Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, 8vo. 1583: "*Dauncers* thought to be *mad men*." " And as in all feasts and pastimes dauncing is the last, so it is the extream of all other vice: And again, there were (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who when they saw men daunce, ran away marvelously affraid, crying out and thinking them to have been *mad*," &c.

Perhaps the thought originated from the following passage

Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root[9].
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift[1]?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of TIMON; *and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.*

TIM. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies[2],
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

from Cicero pro Murena, 6: "Nemo enim ferè *saltat* sobrius, nisi fortè *insanit*." STEEVENS.

9 Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.] *The glory of this life is very near to madness*, as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on *oil and roots*. When we see by example how few are the necessaries of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity. JOHNSON.

The word *like* in this place does not express *resemblance*, but *equality*. Apemantus does not mean to say that the glory of this life was like madness, but it was *just as much madness* in the eye of reason, as the pomp appeared to be, when compared to the frugal repast of a philosopher. M. MASON.

1 —of their friends' gift?] That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

2 —FAIR ladies.] I should wish to read, for the sake of metre —*fairest* ladies. *Fair*, however, may be here used as a dissyllable. STEEVENS.

Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre [3],
And entertain'd me with mine own device [4];
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord [5], you take us even at the best [6].

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking [7], I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you [8]: Please you to dispose yourselves.

3 — LIVELY lustre,] For the epithet—*lively*, we are indebted to the second folio: it is wanting in the first. STEEVENS.

4 — mine own device;] The mask appears to have been designed by Timon to surprise his guests. JOHNSON.

5 1 *Lady.* My lord, &c.] In the old copy this speech is given to the 1 *Lord.* I have ventured to change it to the 1 *Lady*, as Mr. Edwards and Mr. Heath, as well as Dr. Johnson, concur in the emendation. STEEVENS.

The conjecture of Dr. Johnson, who observes, that *L.* only was probably set down in the MS. is well founded; for that abbreviation is used in the old copy in this very scene, and in many other places. The next speech, however coarse the allusion couched under the word *taking* may be, puts the matter beyond a doubt. MALONE.

6 — EVEN at the best.] Perhaps we should read:

"—— *ever* at the best."

So, Act III. Sc. VI.:

"*Ever* at the best." TYRWHITT.

"Take us even at the best," I believe, means, 'you have seen the best we can do.' They are supposed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in such a confession. Mr. Malone's subsequent explanation, however, pleases me better than my own. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, "You have conceived the fairest of us," (to use the words of Lucullus in a subsequent scene,) you have estimated us too highly, perhaps above our deserts. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. vi. c. ix.:

"He would commend his guift, and *make the best*."

MALONE.

7 — would not HOLD TAKING,] i. e. *bear handling*, words which are employed to the same purpose in King Henry IV. Part II.:

"A rotten case abides *no handling*." STEEVENS.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* Cupid, *and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius,——

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour[9]; [*Aside.*
Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could[1].
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind[2];
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind[3].

[*Exit, and returns with the Casket.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

[8] — there is an idle banquet
Attends you:] So, in Romeo and Juliet:
"We have a *foolish trifling* supper towards." Steevens.

[9] There is no crossing him in his humour;] Read:
"There is no crossing him in *this* his humour." Ritson.

[1] — he'd be cross'd then, an he could.] The poet does not mean here, that he would he *crossed* in humour, but that he would have his hand *crossed* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before King Edward the First's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived,—"I have not a *cross* about me;" i. e. 'not a piece of money.' Theobald.

So, in As You Like It: "— yet I should bear no *cross*, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purse." Steevens.

The poet certainly meant this equivoque; but one of the senses intended to be conveyed was, he will then too late wish that it were possible to undo what he had done: he will in vain lament that I did not [*cross* or] *thwart* him in his career of prodigality. Malone.

[2] — had not eyes behind;] To see the miseries that are following her. Johnson.

Persius has a similar idea, Sat. I.:
—— cui vivere fas est
Occipiti cæco. Steevens.

[3] — for his mind.] For nobleness of soul. Johnson.

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends,

I have one word to say to you: Look, my good lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much,

As to advance this jewel[4]; accept and[5] wear it,

Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:

I pr'ythee, let us be provided[6]

To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,

[4] ——— to ADVANCE this jewel;] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

[5] Accept, AND, &c.] Thus the second folio. The first—unmetrically,—"Accept *it*—." STEEVENS.

So, the Jeweller says in the preceding scene:

"Things of like value, differing in the owners,
"Are prized by their masters: believe it, dear lord,
"You *mend the jewel* by wearing it." M. MASON.

[6] I pr'ythee, let us be provided —] As the measure is here imperfect, we may reasonably suppose our author to have written:

"I pr'ythee, let us be provided *straight*—."

So, in Hamlet:

"Make her grave *straight*."

i. e. immediately. STEEVENS.

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer [7].—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

7 And all out of an empty coffer.] Read:
"And all *the while* out of an empty coffer." Ritson.

Tim. And now I remember[8], my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.
2 Lord. O, I beseech you[9], pardon me, my lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true[1]. I'll call on you.
All Lords. None so welcome.
Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms[2] to my friends,

[8] — remember ME,] I have added—*me*, for the sake of the measure. So, in King Richard III.:
"I do remember *me*,—Henry the sixth
"Did prophecy——." STEEVENS.

[9] I beseech you,] Old copy, unmetrically—
"*O*, I beseech you,——."
The player editors have been liberal of their tragick *O's*, to the frequent injury of our author's measure. For the same reason I have expelled this exclamation from the beginning of the next speech but one. STEEVENS.

[1] I'LL tell you true.] Dr. Johnson reads,—*I* tell you, &c. in which he has been heedlessly followed; for though the change does not affect the sense of the passage, it is quite unnecessary, as may be proved by numerous instances in our author's dialogue. Thus in the first line of King Henry V:
"My lord, *I'll* tell you, that self bill is urg'd——."
Again in King John:
"*I'll* tell thee, Hubert, half my power, this night—."
STEEVENS.

[2] — 'tis not enough to give;
METHINKS, I could deal kingdoms —] Thus the passage stood in all the editions before Sir Hanmer's, who restored—*My thanks.* JOHNSON.

I have displaced the words inserted by Sir T. Hanmer. What I have already given, says Timon, is not sufficient on the occasion: Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land [3], my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,——

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,——

Tim. All to you [4].—Lights, more lights.

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends [5].

[*Exeunt* Alcibiades, *Lords, &c.*

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks [6], and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs [7] be worth the sums

3 Ay, defiled land,] *I*, is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that 'his estate lies in a *pitch'd* field.' Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile*. Alcibiades therefore replies that his estate lies *in defiled land*. This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published—

"I defy land ——." Johnson.

I being always printed in the old copy for *Ay*, the editor of the second folio made the absurd alteration mentioned by Dr. Johnson. Malone.

4 All to you.] i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you. So, Macbeth:

"All to all." Steevens.

5 Ready for his friends.] I suppose, for the sake of enforcing the sense, as well as restoring the measure, we should read:

"Ready *ever* for his friends." Steevens.

6 Serving of becks,] *Beck* means a salutation made with the head. So, Milton:

"Nods and *becks* and wreathed smiles."

To *serve a beck*, is to offer a salutation. Johnson.

To *serve a beck*, means, I believe, *to pay a courtly obedience to a nod*. Thus, in The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

"And with low *beck*
"Prevent a sharp check."

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for, if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly [8]: What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Again, in The Play of the Four P's, 1569:
"Then I to every soul again,
"Did give a *beck* them to retain."
In Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611, I find the same word:
"I had my winks, my *becks*, treads on the toe."
Again, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630:
"———— wanton looks,
"And privy *becks*, savouring incontinence."
Again, in Lyly's Woman in the Moon, 1597:
"And he that with a *beck* controuls the heavens."
It happens then that the word *beck* has no less than four distinct significations. In Drayton's Polyolbion, it is enumerated among the appellations of *small streams of water*. In Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra, it has its common reading—*a sign of invitation made by the hand*. In Timon, it appears to denote a *bow*, and in Lyly's play a *nod of dignity or command;* as well as in Marius and Sylla, 1594:
"Yea, Sylla with a *beck* could break thy neck."
Again, in the interlude of Jacob and Esau, 1568:
"For what, O Lord, is so possible to man's judgment
"Which thou canst not with a *beck* perform incontinent?"
STEEVENS.

See Surrey's Poems, p. 29:
"And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete."
TYRWHITT.

7 I doubt whether their LEGS, &c.] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb*, and a *bow* or *act of obeisance*. JOHNSON.

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn, not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better musick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So;—Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock [9] thy heaven [1] from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,

[8] — I fear me, thou
Wilt give thyself away in PAPER shortly.] i. e. be ruined by his securities entered into. WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer would read—in *proper*. So, in William Roy's Satire against Wolsey:

" ——— their order
" Is to have nothynge *in proper*,
" But to use all thynges in commune," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] Thou'lt not hear ME now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock—] The measure will be restored by the omission of an unnecessary word—*me*:

" Thou'lt not hear now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock—". STEEVENS.

[1] Thy heaven —] The pleasure of being flattered. JOHNSON.

Apemantus never intended, at any event, to flatter Timon, nor did Timon expect any flattery from him. By *his heaven* he means *good advice*, the only thing by which he could be saved. The following lines confirm this explanation. M. MASON.

Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty[2] more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses[3]: No porter at his gate;

[2] — twenty —] Mr. Theobald has—*ten.* Dr. Farmer proposes to read—*twain.* REED.

[3] Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
AND able HORSES :] Mr. Theobald reads:
"*Ten* able horses." STEEVENS.

"If I want *gold* (says the Senator) let me steal a beggar's dog, and give it Timon, the dog coins me *gold.* If I would sell my *horse*, and had a mind to buy *ten* better instead of him; why, I need but give my horse to Timon to gain this point; and it presently fetches me *an horse.*" But is that gaining the point proposed? The first folio reads;
"*And* able *horses;*——"
Which reading, joined to the reasoning of the passage, gave me the hint for this emendation. THEOBALD.

The passage which Mr. Theobald would alter, means only this: "If I give my horse to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces *more*, but *able* horses." The same construction occurs in Much Ado about Nothing: "— and men are only turned into tongue, *and trim ones too.*"

Something similar occurs also in Beaumont and Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant:
"—— some twenty, young and handsome,
"As also able maids, for the court service.' STEEVENS.

Perhaps the letters of the word *me* were transposed at the press Shakspeare might have written:
"—— it foals *'em* straight
"And able horses."
If there be no corruption in the text, the word *twenty* in the preceding line, is understood here after *me.*

We have had this sentiment differently expressed in the preceding Act:
"—— no meed but he repays
"Seven-fold above itself; no gift to him,
"But *breeds* the giver a return exceeding
"All use of quittance." MALONE.

But rather one that smiles, and still invites[4]
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety[5]. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

CAPH. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?
SEN. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd[6]

4 —— No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites —] I imagine that a line is lost here, in which the behaviour of a surly porter was described. JOHNSON.

There is no occasion to suppose the loss of a line. *Sternness* was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth castle, [1575] "a *porter* tall of parson, big of lim, and *stearn* of *countinauns*." FARMER.

So also, in A Knight's Conjuring, &c. by Decker: "You mistake, if you imagine that Plutoes *porter* is like one of those big fellowes that stand like gyants at Lordes gates, &c.—yet hee's as *surly* as those key-turners are." STEEVENS.

The word—*one*, in the second line, does not refer to porter, but means a person. He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate to keep people out, but a person who invites them in.
M. MASON.

5 ———— no reason
Can FOUND his state in safety.] [Old copy—*sound*.] The supposed meaning of this must be,—No reason, by *sounding*, *fathoming*, or *trying*, his state can *find* it safe. But, as the words stand, they imply that no reason can *safely* sound his state. I read thus:

" ——— no reason
" Can *found* his state in safety."

Reason cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*.

The types of the first printer of this play were so worn and defaced, that *f* and *ſ* are not always to be distinguished.
JOHNSON.

The following passage in Macbeth affords countenance to Dr. Johnson's emendation:

" Whole as the marble, *founded* as the rock;——"
STEEVENS.

With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah[7],
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspéct,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull[8],

[6] —— be not CEAS'D —] i. e stopped. So, in Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607:

"Why should Tiberius' liberty be *ceased?*"

Again, in The Valiant Welchman, 1615:

"—— pity thy people's wrongs,
"And *cease* the clamours both of old and young."

STEEVENS.

[7] —sirrah,] Was added for the sake of the metre by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[8] —a naked GULL,] A *gull* is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phœnix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. STEEVENS.

The term *gull* is thus explained by my much respected friend Roger Wilbraham, Esq. in a Glossary of Words used in Cheshire: "Gull, s. a naked gull; so are called all nestling birds in quite an unfledged state. They have always a yellowish cast; and the word is, I believe, derived from the Ang. Sax, *geole*, or the Sui. Got. *gul*, *yellow*, Som and Jhre. The commentators, not aware of the meaning of the term *naked gull*, blunder in their attempt to explain those lines of Shakspeare in Timon of Athens:

"'Lord Timon will be left a *naked gull*,
"'Which flashes now a phœnix.' *Archælogia*, vol. xix."

In the Black Booke, 1604, sig. C. 3, a young heir is termed a *gull-finch*. It is probably used with the same meaning in When You See Me You Know Me, by Samuel Rowley, 1633, sig.

Which flashes [9] now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir [1]?—take the bonds along with you,

And have the dates in compt [2].

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Hall in Timon's House

Enter Flavius, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,

E. 2, verso: "The angels has flown about to-night, and two *gulls* are light into my hands." Boswell.

9 Which flashes, &c.] *Which*, the pronoun relative, relating to *things*, is frequently used, as in this instance, by Shakspeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to *persons*. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer. Steevens.

1 *Caph.* I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?] This last speech is not a captious repetition of what Caphis said, but a further injunction to him to go. *I*, in all the old dramatick writers, stands for—*ay*, as it does in this place. M. Mason.

I have left Mr. M. Mason's opinion before the reader, though I do not heartily concur in it. Steevens.

2 —take the bonds along with you,

And have the dates in compt.] [Old copy—"And have the dates in. *Come.*"] Certainly, ever since bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and these bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapsed. The Senator's chaige to his servant must be to the tenour as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them. Theobald.

Mr. Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in Macbeth:

"Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, *in compt*."

Steevens.

That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind [3].
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the Servants of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

CAPH. Good even, Varro [4]: What,
You come for money?

[3] ——— Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.] Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed: and all for the sake of a wretched rhyme. To make it sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus:
" ——— Never mind
" Was [*made*] to be so unwise, [*in order*] to be so kind."
i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expression, conversation affords many examples: " I was always to be blamed, whatever happened."—" I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks." JOHNSON.

[4] Good even, Varro:] It is observable, that this *good evening* is before dinner: for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will *go forth again, as soon as dinner's done*, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cœna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repast. I do not suppose the passage corrupt: such inadvertencies neither author nor editor can escape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Isidore sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of Varro and Isidore. Whether servants, in our author's time, took the names of their masters, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In the old copy it stands: " *Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.*" STEEVENS.

In like manner in the fourth scene of the next Act the servant of Lucius is called by his master's name; but our author's intention is sufficiently manifested by the stage-direction in the fourth

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, *and Lords, &c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again [5],
My Alcibiades.—With me, what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

scene of the third Act, where we find in the first folio, p. 86, col. 2,) "Enter Varro's *man*, meeting others." I have therefore always annexed *Serv.* to the name of the master. Malone.

Good even, or, as it is sometimes less accurately written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment that good morrow became improper. This appears plainly from the following passage in Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. IV.:

"*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
"*Mercutio.* God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman.
"*Nur.* Is it *good den*?
"*Merc.* 'Tis no less I tell you; for the.. hand of the dial is now open upon the.. of *noon*."

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus, Act I. Sc. I. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I presume, of this wide sense of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning;* without any necessity, as from the course of the incidents, precedent and subsequent, the day may well be supposed to be turned of *noon*. Tyrwhitt.

5 —we'll forth again,] i. e. to hunting, from which diversion, we find by Flavius's speech, he was just returned. It may be here observed, that in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus, in Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle, we find that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon; "Monday was hot, and therefore her highness kept in till *five a clok* in the evening; what time it pleaz'd her to ryde forth into the chase, to hunt the hart of fors; which found anon, and after sore chased," &c. Again: "Munday the 18th of this July, the weather being hot, her highness kept the castle for coolness 'till about *five a clok*, her majesty in the chase hunted the hart (as before) of forz," &c. So, in Tancred and Gismund, 1592:

"He means *this evening* in the park to hunt." Reed.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit [6],
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,——
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment [7],——
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,——
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,——
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath:——
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* Alcibiades *and Lords.*
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you,
[*To* Flavius.

[6] That with your other noble parts you'll suit,] i. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities. Steevens.

[7] He humbly prays your speedy payment,] As our author does not appear to have meant that the servant of Isidore should be less civil than those of the other lords, it is natural to conceive that this line, at present imperfect, originally stood thus:

"He humbly prays your *lordship's* speedy payment."

Steevens.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds [8],
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

FLAV. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

TIM. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* TIMON.

FLAV. I pray, draw near.
[*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS *and a Fool* [9].

CAPH. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

[8] — of DATE-broke bonds,] The old copy has:
"—— of *debt*, broken bonds."

Mr. Malone very judiciously reads—*date-broken.* For the sake of measure, I have omitted the last letter of the second word. So, in Much Ado About Nothing: "I have *broke* [i. e. *broken*] with her father." STEEVENS.

To the present emendation I should not have ventured to give a place in the text, but that some change is absolutely necessary, and this appears to be established beyond a doubt by a former line in the preceding scene, page 293:
"And my reliances on his *fracted dates.*"

So, also, in The Merchant of Venice, vol. v. p. 33:
"If he should *break his day*, what should I gain,
"By the exaction of the forfeiture."

The transcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors evaded the difficulty by omitting the corrupted word—*debt.* MALONE.

[9] *Enter Apemantus and a Fool.*] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the Fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtezan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity. JOHNSON.

VAR. SERV. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

ISID. SERV. A plague upon him, dog!

VAR. SERV. How dost, fool?

APEM. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

VAR. SERV. I speak not to thee.

APEM. No; 'tis to thyself,—Come away.
[*To the Fool.*

ISID. SERV. [*To VAR. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

APEM. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

CAPH. Where's the fool now?

APEM. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want[1]!

ALL SERV. What are we, Apemantus?

APEM. Asses.

ALL SERV. Why?

APEM. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

FOOL. How do you, gentlemen?

[1] Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds, &c.] This is said so abruptly, that I am inclined to think it misplaced, and would regulate the passage thus:

"*Caph.* Where's the fool now?
"*Apem.* He last asked the question.
"*All.* What are we, Apemantus?
"*Apem.* Asses.
"*All.* Why?
"*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak," &c.

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the passage transposed was forgot in the copy, and inserted in the margin, perhaps a little beside the proper place, which the transcriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands. JOHNSON.

The transposition proposed by Dr. Johnson is unnecessary. Apemantus does not address these words to any of the others, but mutters them to himself; so that they do not enter into the dialogue, or compose a part of it. M. MASON.

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are[2]. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth[3].

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page[4].

[2] She's e'en setting on water to SCALD, &c.] The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *brenning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms. JOHNSON.

The same thought occurs in the Old Law, by Massinger:

"—— —— look parboil'd,
"As if they came from Cupid's *scalding* house."

Randle Holme, in his Academy of Arms and Blazon, b. iii. ch. ii. p. 441, has also the following passage: "He beareth Argent, a Doctor's tub (otherwise called a *Cleansing Tub*), Sable, Hooped, Or. In this pockifyed, and such diseased persons, are for a certain time put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboil*," &c. STEEVENS.

It was anciently the practice, and in inns perhaps still continues, to scald off the feathers of poultry instead of plucking them. Chaucer hath referred to it in his Romaunt of the Rose, 6820:

"Without *scalding* they hem *pulle*." HENLEY.

[3] 'Would, we could see you at CORINTH.] A cant name for a bawdy-house, I suppose, from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has these words: "Et *Corinthi* supra mille prostitutas in templo Veneris assidue degere, et inflammata libidine quæstui meretricio operam dare, et velut sacrorum ministras Deæ famulari." Milton, in his Apology for Smectymnuus, says: "Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatick old prelatess, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for such a one." WARBURTON.

[4] — my MISTRESS' page.] In the first passage this Fool speaks of his *sister*, in the second [as exhibited in the modern editions] of his *mistress*. In the old copy it is *master* in both places. It should rather, perhaps, be *mistress* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding passage:

"*All.* How does your *mistress*?
"*Fool.* My *mistress* is one, and I am her fool."

STEEVENS.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit Page.*

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

I have not hesitated to print *mistress* in both places. *Master* was frequently printed in the old copy instead of *mistress*, and *vice versa*, from the ancient mode of writing an *M.* only, which stood in the MSS. of Shakspeare's time either for the one or the other; and the copyist or printer completed the word without attending to the context. This abbreviation is found in Coriolanus, folio, 1623, p. 21:

"Where's Cotus? My *M.* calls for him?"

Again, more appositely, in The Merchant of Venice, 1623:

"What ho, M. [*Master*] Lorenzo, and M. [*Mistress*] Lorenzo."

In vol. v. p. 396, n. 1; and Henry VI. Part I. Act. I. Sc. III. are found corruptions similar to the present, in consequence of the printer's completing the abbreviated word of the MS. improperly. MALONE.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house [5] merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one [6]: He is very often like a knight; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

5 — my MISTRESS' house —] Here again the old copy reads—*master's*. I have corrected it for the reason already assigned. The context puts the matter beyond a doubt. Mr. Theobald, I find, had silently made the same emendation; but in subsequent editions the corrupt reading of the old copy was again restored.
MALONE.

6 — his artificial one :] Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it. JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden house. STEEVENS.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come, with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Serv.*

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister [7],
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much [8], I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure

7 — made YOUR minister,] So the original. The second folio and the later editions have all:

"—— made *you* minister." JOHNSON.

The construction is:—"And made that unaptness your minister." MALONE.

8 Return SO MUCH,] He does not mean so *great* a sum, but a certain sum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uses this kind of expression. See a note on the words—"with *so many* talents," p. 316, n. 9. MALONE.

Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord [9],
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time [1],
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold [2].

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning [3]?

9 — My DEAR-lov'd lord!] Thus the second folio. The first omits the epithet—*dear*, and consequently vitiates the measure. STEEVENS.

1 Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,] i. e. Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford editor understood the sense, he would not have altered the text to,—

"Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time." WARBURTON.

I think Sir Thomas Hanmer right, and have received his emendation. JOHNSON.

The old reading is not properly explained by Dr. Warburton. "Though I tell you this (says Flavius) at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it." It is evident, that the steward had very little hope of assistance from his master's friends. RITSON.

Though you now *at last* listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state that the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wise too late. MALONE.

2 THE greatest OF your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.
Tim. Let all my land be sold.] The redundancy of measure in this passage persuades me that it stood originally thus:

"Your greatest having lacks a half to pay
"Your present debts.
"*Tim.* Let all my land be sold." STEEVENS.

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word[4];
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices[5] have been oppress'd

[3] —— and at length
How GOES our reckoning?] This Steward talks very wildly. The Lord indeed might have asked, what a Lord seldom knows:

"How goes our reckoning?"

But the Steward was too well satisfied in that matter. I would read therefore:

"*Hold good* our reckoning?" WARBURTON.

It is common enough, and the commentator knows it is common to propose, interrogatively, that of which neither the speaker nor the hearer has any doubt. The present reading may therefore stand. JOHNSON.

How will you be able to subsist in the time intervening between the payment of the present demands (which your whole substance will hardly satisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatsoever; and finally on the settlement of all accounts in what a wretched plight will you be? MALONE.

[4] O my good lord, the world is but a WORD;] The meaning is, as the *world* itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath. WARBURTON.

[5] — our OFFICES —] i. e. the apartments allotted to culinary purposes, the reception of domesticks, &c. Thus, in Macbeth:

"Sent forth great largess to your *offices*."

Would Duncan have sent *largess* to any but *servants?* See vol. xi. p. 90, n. 8. It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houses of office*. So, in Chaucer's Clerkes Tale, v. 8140, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

"*Houses of office* stuffed with plentee
"Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vittaile." STEEVENS.

I have already given my opinion upon the passage quoted from Macbeth, in its proper place. *Offices* are not apartments allotted to the reception of domesticks; but, as Mr. Steevens has properly explained the word, (where it occurs in Othello, vol. ix. p. 318, n. 7,) it means "all rooms or places, at which refreshments are prepared, or served out." I think his explanation of riotous feeders

With riotous feeders[6]; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock[7],
And set mine eyes at flow.

TIM. Pr'ythee, no more.

FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's[8]?

equally erroneous. It does not follow that because feeders may sometimes have been used to signify servants, that it never should be employed in a more general sense. MALONE.

So, in Shirley's Opportunitie:

"Let all the offices of entertainment
"Be free and open." BOSWELL.

[6] With riotous FEEDERS;] *Feeders* are *servants*, whose low debaucheries are practised in the *offices* of a house. See a note on Antony and Cleopatra, vol. xi. p. 328, n. 9: "— one who looks on *feeders*." STEEVENS.

[7] — a wasteful cock,] i. e, a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *wasteful cock*, signifies a *garret* lying in *waste*, neglected, put to no use. HANMER.

Sir Thomas Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently mistaken. A *wasteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with a turning stopple *running* to *waste*. In this sense, both the terms have their usual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever used for *cockloft*, or *wasteful* for *lying in waste*, or that *lying in waste* is at all a phrase. JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the present passage, it is certain, that *lying in waste* is still a very common phrase. FARMER.

A *wasteful cock* is what we now call a *waste pipe;* a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns, and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the Steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation. COLLINS.

The reader will have a perfect notion of the method taken by Mr. Pope in his edition, when he is informed that, for *wasteful cock*, that editor reads—*lonely room*. MALONE.

[8] Who is not Timon's?] I suppose we ought to read, for the sake of measure:

"Who is not *lord* Timon's?" STEEVENS.

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

TIM. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given[9].
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument[1] of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak[2].

9 No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.] Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEVENS.

1 And try the ARGUMENT—] The licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far-fetched expositions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or *evidences* and *proofs*. JOHNSON.

The matter contained in a poem or play was in our author's time commonly thus denominated. The contents of his Rape of Lucrece, which he certainly published himself, he calls *The Argument*. Hence undoubtedly his use of the word. If I would, says Timon, by borrowing, try of what men's hearts are *composed*, what they *have in them*, &c. The old copy reads—*argument*; not, as Dr. Johnson supposed—*arguments*. MALONE.

So, in Hamlet, vol. vii. p. 360: "Have you heard the *argument?* Is there no offence in it?" Many more instances to the same purpose might be subjoined. STEEVENS.

2 As I CAN bid thee speak.] Thus the old copy; but it being clear from the overloaded measure that these words are a playhouse interpolation, I would not hesitate to omit them. They are understood, though not expressed. STEEVENS.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!
Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd [3],
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there [4]!—Flaminius [5]! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other Servants.*

Serv. My lord, my lord,——

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius;—To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius; commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus [6]? humph!
[*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators [7],
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

3 — crown'd] i. e. dignified, adorned, made respectable. So, in King Henry VIII.:
"And yet no day without a deed to *crown* it." STEEVENS.

4 Within there, HO!] *Ho*, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The frequency of Shakspeare's use of this interjection, needs no examples. STEEVENS.

5 — Flaminius!] The old copy has—*Flavius*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The error probably arose from *Fla.* only being set down in the MS. MALONE.

6 — LORD Lucullus?] As the Steward is repeating the words of Timon, I have not scrupled to supply the title *lord*, which is wanting in the old copy, though necessary to the metre.
STEEVENS.

7 Go you, sir, to the senators,] To complete the line, we might read, as in the first scene of this play:
"——— *the senators* of Athens." STEEVENS.

FLAV. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way [8],)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.
TIM. Is't true? can it be?
FLAV. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall [9], want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but [1]
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending [2] other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions [3],

[8] — I knew it the most GENERAL way,] *General* is not *speedy*, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

[9] — at fall,] i. e. at an ebb. STEEVENS.

[1] — but —] Was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the verse. STEEVENS.

[2] — intending —] Is *regarding*, *turning their notice* to other things. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the same meaning. So, in The Spanish Curate of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Good sir, *intend* this business."

See vol. v. p. 314, n. 4. STEEVENS.

See also, vol. ix. p. 264, n. 4. BOSWELL.

So, in Wits, Fits, and Fancies, &c. 1595:

"Tell this man that I am going to dinner to my lord maior, and that I cannot now *intend* his tittle-tattle."

Again, in Pasquil's Night-Cap, a poem, 1623:

"For we have many secret ways to spend,
"Which are not fit our husbands should *intend*."

MALONE.

[3] — and these HARD FRACTIONS,] Flavius, by *fractions*, means *broken* hints, *interrupted* sentences, *abrupt* remarks.

JOHNSON.

With certain half-caps [4], and cold-moving nods [5],
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary [6]:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy [7].—
Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*To Flavius,*] be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously [8] I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,

4 — half caps,] A *half-cap* is a *cap* slightly moved, not put off. Johnson.

5 — cold-moving nods,] By *cold-moving* I do not understand with Mr. Theobald, *chilling* or *cold-producing* nods, but a slight motion of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

Cold-moving is the same as *coldly-moving*. So *perpetual sober* gods, for *perpetually* sober; *lazy-pacing* clouds,—*loving-jealous*—*flattering sweet*, &c. Such distant and uncourteous salutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly disposition. Malone.

6 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:] *Hereditary*, for *by natural constitution*. But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude so. Warburton.

7 And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.] The same thought occurs in The Wife for a Month, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Beside, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,
"Which shows all honour is departed from us,
"And we are earth again."

—— pariterque senescere mentem. *Lucret. I.* Steevens.

8 — ingeniously —] *Ingenious* was anciently used instead of *ingenuous*. So, in The Taming of the Shrew:

"A course of learning and *ingenious* studies." Reed.

I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend [9], which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had,—[*To* FLAV.]
give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mongst his friends can sink.

FLAV. I would, I could not think it [1]; That
thought is bounty's foe;
Being free [2] itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in LUCULLUS'S House.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

SERV. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

9 Bid him suppose, some GOOD necessity
Touches his friend,] *Good*, as it may afford Ventidius an opportunity of exercising his bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former kindness:—or, some *honest* necessity, not the consequence of a *villainous and ignoble bounty*. I rather think this latter is the meaning. MALONE.

So afterwards:

"If his occasion were not *virtuous*,
"I should not urge it half so faithfully." STEEVENS.

1 I would, I could not THINK IT, &c.] I concur in opinion with some other editors, that the words—*think it*, should be omitted. Every reader will mentally insert them from the speech of Timon, though they are not expressed in that of Flavius. The laws of metre, in my judgment, should supersede the authority of the players, who appear in many instances to have taken a designed ellipsis for an error of omission, to the repeated injury of our author's versification. I would read:

"I would, I could not: That thought's bounty foe—."
STEEVENS.

2 — free —] Is *liberal*, not *parsimonious*. JOHNSON.

FLAM. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

SERV. Here's my lord.

LUCUL. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer[3] to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir[4].—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

FLAM. His health is well, sir.

LUCUL. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

FLAM. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, have sent to your lord-

[3] — a silver BASON and EWER —] A *bason* and *ewer* seem to have been furniture of which much account was made in our author's time. They were usually of silver, and probably the fashion of these articles was more particularly attended to, because they were regularly exhibited to the guests before and after dinner, it being the custom to wash the hands at both those times. See vol. v. p. 466. So, in The Taming of the Shrew, vol. v. p. 429:

"——— my house within the city
"Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
"*Basons and ewers* to lave her dainty hands."

So, also, in The Returne from Parnassus: "Immerito his gifts have appeared in as many coloures, as the rayn-bowe, first to maister Amoretto in colour of the sattine suite he weares: to my lady in the similitude of a loose gowne: to my maister in the likenesse of *a silver bason and ewer*." MALONE.

[4] —very RESPECTIVELY welcome, sir.] i. e. respectfully. So, in King John, Act I. Sc. I.:

"'Tis too *respective*, and too sociable." STEEVENS.

ship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his[5]; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with Wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares[6] for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;

5 Every man has his fault, and HONESTY is his;] *Honesty* does not here mean *probity*, but *liberality*. M. MASON.

6 — three SOLIDARES —] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS.

And we alive, that liv'd [7]? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.
[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation [8],
Thou disease of a friend [9], and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights [1]? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion [2]! This slave
Unto his honour [3], has my lord's meat in him:

7 And we alive, that liv'd?] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, *in so short a time.* Warburton.

8 Let molten coin be thy damnation,] Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In The Shepherd's Calendar, however, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise."

Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled, The Dead Man's Song:

"And ladles full of *melted gold*
"Were poured downe their throotes."

Mr. M. Mason thinks that Flaminius more "probably alludes to the story of Marcus Crassus and the Parthians, who are said to have poured molten gold down his throat, as a reproach and punishment for his avarice." Steevens.

9 Thou disease of a friend,] So, in King Lear:

"——— my daughter;
"Or rather, a *disease*," &c. Steevens.

1 It turns in less than two nights?] Alluding to the turning or acescence of milk. Johnson.

2 — passion!] i. e. suffering. So, in Macbeth:

"You shall offend him, and extend his *passion.*"

i. e. prolong his *suffering.* Steevens.

3 Unto his honour,] Thus the old copy. What Flaminius seems to mean is,—This slave (to the honour of his character)

Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he is sick to death[4], let not that part of
nature[5]
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour[6]! [*Exit.*

has, &c. The modern editors read—Unto *this hour*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

I should have no doubt in preferring the modern reading, "unto this hour," as it is by far the stronger expression, so probably the right one. M. MASON.

Mr. Ritson is of the same opinion. STEEVENS.

4 — to death,] If these words, which derange the metre, were omitted, would the sentiment of Flaminius be impaired? STEEVENS.

5 — of NATURE —] So the common copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*nurture*. JOHNSON.

Of nature is surely the most expressive reading. Flaminius considers that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as constituting a great part of his animal system. STEEVENS.

6 — HIS hour!] i. e. the hour of sickness. *His* for *its*. STEEVENS.

His in almost every scene of these plays is used for *its*, but here, I think, "*his* hour" relates to Lucullus, and means *his life*.

If my notion be well founded, we must understand that the Steward wishes that the life of Lucullus may be prolonged only for the purpose of his being miserable; that sickness may "play the torturer by small and small," and "have him nine whole years in killing."—"Live loath'd and *long!*" says Timon in a subsequent scene; and again:

"Decline to your confounding contraries,
"And yet confusion *live!*"

This indeed is nearly the meaning, if, with Mr. Steevens, we understand "his hour" to mean "the hour of sickness:" and it must be owned that a line in Hamlet adds support to the interpretation:

"This physick but *prolongs thy sickly days*." MALONE.

Mr. Malone's interpretation may receive further support from a passage in Coriolanus, where Menenius says to the Roman Sentinel: "Be that you are, *long;* and your misery increase with your age." STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Publick Place.

Enter Lucius, with Three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less [7], though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents [8]; nay, urged extremely

7 We know him for no less,] That is, 'we know him by report to be no less than you represent him, though we are strangers to his person.' Johnson.

To *know*, in the present, and several other instances, is used by our author for—*to acknowledge*. So, in Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. V.:

"——— You are to *know*
"That prosperously I have attempted, and
"With bloody passage led your wars—." &c.

Steevens.

8 —to borrow so many talents;] Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily—"fifty talents." *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number. The Stranger might not know the exact sum.

Steevens.

So, Queen Elizabeth to one of her parliaments: "And for me it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a queen having reigned *such a time*, [i. e. the time that she should have reigned, whatever time that might happen to be,] lived and died a virgin."

So, Holinshed: "The bishop commanded his servant to bring

for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me [9], I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents [2].

him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, *in such* a place." We should now write in a *certain* place.

Again, in the Account-book, kept by Empson in the time of Henry the Seventh, and quoted by Bacon in his History of that king:

"*Item*, Received of *such a one* five marks, for a pardon to be procured, and if the pardon do not pass, the money to be re-paid."

"He sold *so much* of his estate, when he came of age," (meaning *a certain portion* of his estate,) is yet the phraseology of Scotland. Malone.

9 — yet, had he MISTOOK him, and sent to me,] We should read *mislook'd* him, i. e. overlooked, neglected to send to him. Warburton.

I rather read, "yet had he *not* mistook him, and sent to me." Johnson.

Mr. Edwards proposes to read—"yet had he *missed* him." Lucius has just declared that he had had fewer presents from Timon, than Lucullus had received, who therefore ought to be the first to assist him. Yet, says he, had Timon *mistook him*, or overlooked that circumstance, and sent to me, I should not have denied, &c. Steevens.

That is, 'had he (Timon) mistaken himself and sent to me, I would ne'er,' &c. He means to insinuate that it would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to a person who had received such trifling favours from him, in preference to Lucullus, who had received much greater; but if Timon had made that mistake, he should not have denied him so many talents. M. Mason.

Enter SERVILIUS.

SER. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,— [*To* LUCIUS.

LUC. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

SER. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

LUC. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

SER. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents [3].

"Had he *mistook* him," means, 'had he by mistake thought him under less obligations than me, and sent to me accordingly.' HEATH.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *him* relates to Timon, and that *mistook him* is a reflective verb: had he mistook *himself*, or been mistaken. MALONE.

[2] —denied his occasion SO MANY talents.] i. e. a certain number of talents, such a number as he might happen to want. This passage, as well as a former, (see n. 8, p. 316,) shows that the text below is not corrupt. MALONE.

[3] —with SO MANY talents.] Such again is the reading with which the old copy supplies us. Probably the exact number of *talents wanted* was not expressly set down by Shakspeare. If this was the case, the player who represented the character, spoke of the first number that was uppermost in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouse books, put down an indefinite for the definite sum which remained unspecified. The modern editors read again in this instance, *fifty talents*. Perhaps the Servant brought a note with him which he tendered to Lucullus. STEEVENS.

There is, I am confident, no error. I have met with this kind of phraseology in many books of Shakspeare's age. In Julius

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.
Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous [4],
I should not urge it half so faithfully [5].
Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?
Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.
Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour [6]!—

Cæsar, we have the phrase used here. Lucilius says to his adversary:

"There is *so much*, that thou will kill me straight."

MALONE.

[4] If his occasion were not VIRTUOUS,] *Virtuous*, for *strong*, *forcible*, *pressing*. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be—'If he did not want it for a good use.' JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is certainly right.—We had before:

"Some *good necessity* touches his friend." MALONE.

[5] —half so FAITHFULLY.] *Faithfully*, for *fervently*. Therefore, without more ado, the Oxford editor alters the text to *fervently*. But he might have seen, that Shakspeare used *faithfully* for *fervently*, as in the former part of the sentence he had used *virtuous* for *forcible*. WARBURTON.

Zeal or *fervour* usually attending *fidelity*. MALONE.

[6] That I should purchase the day before for a little PART, and undo a great deal of honour?] Though there is a seeming plausible antithesis in the terms, I am very well assured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only substantive that follows in the sentence. How much is the antithesis improved by the sense which my emendation gives? "That I should purchase for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!" THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, like all others, by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in suspecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, "purchase the day before for a little *park*." JOHNSON.

I am satisfied with the old reading, which is sufficiently in our

Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

SER. Yes, sir, I shall.

LUC. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—
[*Exit* SERVILIUS.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.

1 *STRAN.* Do you observe this, Hostilius [7]?

author's manner. 'By purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend.' Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation, and *honour* (i. e. the *lordship* of a place,) in a legal sense. See Jacob's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

I am neither satisfied with the amendments proposed, or with Steevens's explanation of the present reading; and have little doubt but we should read "purchase for a little *port*," instead of *part*, and the meaning will be—"How unlucky was I to have purchased but the day before, out of a little vanity, and by that means disabled myself from doing an honourable action." *Port* means *show*, or *magnificence*. M. MASON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's reading is the true one. I once suspected the phrase "purchase *for*;" but a more attentive examination of our author's works and those of his contemporaries, has shown me the folly of suspecting corruptions in the text, merely because it exhibits a different phraseology from that used at this day. MALONE.

7 Do you observe this, Hostilius?] I am willing to believe, for the sake of metre, that our author wrote:

"Observe you this, Hostilius?
" Ay, too well." STEEVENS.

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.
1 *Stran.* Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit [8]. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish [9]? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man

8 — flatterer's SPIRIT.] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other [modern] editions read:

"Why, this is the world's *soul;*
"And just of the same piece is every flatterer's *sport.*"

Mr. Upton has not unluckily transposed the two final words, thus:

"Why, this is the world's *sport;*
"Of the same piece is every flatterer's *soul.*"

The passage is not so obscure as to provoke so much enquiry. "This," says he, "is the soul or *spirit* of the world: every flatterer plays the same game, makes sport with the confidence of his friend." JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason prefers the amendment of Dr. Warburton to the transposition of Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

The emendation, *spirit*, belongs not to Dr. Warburton, but to Mr. Theobald. The word was frequently pronounced as one syllable, and sometimes, I think, written *sprite*. Hence the corruption was easy; whilst on the other hand it is highly improbable that two words so distant from each other as *soul* and *sport* [or *spirit*] should change places. Mr. Upton did not take the trouble to look into the old copy; but finding *soul* and *sport* the final words of two lines in Mr. Pope's and the subsequent editions, took it for granted they held the same situation in the original edition, which we see was not the case. I do not believe this speech was intended by the author for a verse. MALONE.

After all, the reading of the old copy has not been mentioned. It is thus arranged:

"Why, this is the world's soul;
"And just of the same piece
"Is every flatterer's sport," &c. BOSWELL.

9 — that dips in the same dish?] This phrase is scriptural: "He that dippeth his hand with me in the same dish." St. Matthew, xxvi. 23. STEEVENS.

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his [1],
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *STRAN.* Religion groans at it.

1 *STRAN.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him [2],

[1] —in respect of his,] i. e. considering Timon's claim for what he asks. WARBURTON.

"In respect of his" *fortune*: what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON.

Does not *his* refer to the *lip of Timon*?—Though Lucius himself drink from a silver cup which was Timon's gift to him, he refuses to Timon, in return, drink from any cup. HENLEY.

[2] I would have put my wealth into DONATION,
And the best half should have RETURN'D to him,] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

"I would have put my wealth into *partition*,
"And the best half should have *attorn'd* to him,——"

Dr. Warburton receives *attorn'd*. The only difficulty is in the word *return'd*, which, since he had receiv'd nothing from him, cannot be used but in a very low and licentious meaning. JOHNSON.

'Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the best half of what I had gained myself, or received from others, should have found its way to him.' Either such licentious exposition must be allowed, or the passage remain in obscurity, as some readers may not choose to receive Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation.

The following lines, however, in Hamlet, Act II. Sc. II. persuades me that my explanation of—"put my wealth into donation"—is somewhat doubtful:

"*Put* your dread pleasures more *into command*
"Than to entreaty."

So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

Again, in Cymbeline, Act. III. Sc. IV. vol. xiii. p. 121:
"And mad'st me *put into contempt* the suits
"Of princely fellows," &c.

Perhaps the Stranger means to say, I would have treated my wealth as a present originally received from him, and on this occasion have returned him the half of that whole for which I supposed myself to be indebted to his bounty. Lady Macbeth has nearly the same sentiment:
"——— in compt
"To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
"Still to *return your own.*" STEEVENS.

The difficulty of this passage arises from the word *return'd.* Warburton proposes to read *attorn'd;* but that word always relates to persons, not to things. It is the tenant that attorns, not the lands. The meaning of the passage appears to be this:—"Though I never tasted of Timon's bounty, yet I have such an esteem for his virtue, that had he applied to me, I should have considered my wealth as proceeding from his donation, and have *returned* half of it to him again." To put his wealth into donation, means, to put it down in account as a donation, to suppose it a donation. M. MASON.

I have no doubt that the latter very happy interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one, 'Though' (says the speaker) 'I never tasted Timon's bounty in my life, I would have *supposed* my whole fortune to have been a *gift* from him,' &c. So, in the common phrase,—*Put* yourself [i. e. suppose yourself] in my place. The passages quoted by Mr. Steevens fully support the phrase—into *donation.*

"*Return'd* to him" necessarily includes the idea of having *come from* him, and therefore can not mean simply—*found its way,* the interpretation first given by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

I am dissatisfied with my former explanation; which arose from my inattention to a sense in which our author very frequently uses the verb to *return*; i. e. to *reply.* Thus in King Richard II.:
"Northumberland, say—thus the king *returns;*——"

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:
"*Returns* to chiding fortune:"
i. e. *replies* to it. Again, in King Henry V.:
"——— The Dauphin
"*Returns* us—that his powers are not yet ready."

The sense of the passage before us therefore will be:—'The best half of my wealth should have been the *reply* I would have made to Timon: I would have *answered* his requisition with the best half of what I am worth.' STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a Servant of* TIMON'S.

SEM. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison[3]: All these[4]
Owe their estates unto him.

SERV. My lord,
They have all been touch'd[5], and found base metal; for
They have all denied him.

SEM. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius[6] and Lucullus denied him?

[3] And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison,] This circumstance likewise occurs in the anonymous unpublished comedy of Timon:
" O yee ingrateful! have I freed yee
" From bonds in prison, to requite me thus,
" To trample ore mee in my misery?" MALONE.

[4] — these THREE —] The word *three* was inserted by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the measure; as was the exclamation *O*, for the same reason, in the following speech. STEEVENS.

[5] They have all been TOUCH'D,] That is *tried*, alluding to the *touchstone*. JOHNSON.

So, in King Richard III.:
" O Buckingham, now I do play the *touch*,
" To try, if thou be current gold, indeed." STEEVENS.

[6] Has Ventidius, &c.] With this mutilated and therefore rugged speech no ear accustomed to harmony can be satisfied. Sir Thomas Hanmer thus reforms the first part of it:
" Have *Lucius and* Ventidius, and Lucullus,
" Denied him *all?* and does he send to me?"
Yet we might better, I think, read with a later editor:
" Denied him, *say you?* and does he send to me?
" Three? humph!
" It shows," &c.

And does he send to me? Three? humph!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over [7]; Must I take the cure upon me?

But I can only point out metrical dilapidations which I profess my inability to repair. STEEVENS.

[7] — His friends, like physicians,
THRIVE, give him over;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plausibly enough. Instead of *three* proposed by Mr. Pope, I should read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—*shriv'd*. They "give him over shriv'd;" that is 'prepared for immediate death by shrift.' TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following passage in Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, is the best comment after all:

"———— Physicians thus
"*With their hands full of money*, use to *give o'er*
"Their patients."

The passage will then mean:—"His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish and forsake him*, or give his case up as desperate." *To give over* in The Taming of the Shrew, has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but simply means to *leave*, to *forsake*, to *quit*:

"And therefore let me be thus bold with you
"*To give you over* at this first encounter,
"Unless you will accompany me thither." STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio, the first and principal corrupter of these plays, for *Thrive*, substituted *Thriv'd*, on which the conjectures of Sir Thomas Hanmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt were founded.

The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from The Dutchess of Malfy, is a strong confirmation of the old reading; for Webster appears both in that and in another piece of his (The White Devil) to have frequently imitated Shakspeare. Thus in The Dutchess of Malfy, we find:

"—— Use me well, you were best;
"What I have done, I have done; I'll confess nothing."

Apparently from Othello:

"Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
"From this time forth I never will speak word."

Again, the Cardinal, speaking to his mistress Julia, who had importuned him to disclose the cause of his melancholy, says:

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;

" ——— Satisfy thy longing;
" The only way to make thee keep thy counsel,
" Is, not to tell thee."

So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

" ——— for secrecy
" No lady closer; for I well believe
" Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know."

Again, in The White Devil:

" Terrify *babes*, my lord, with *painted devils*."

So, in Macbeth:

" ——— 'tis the eye of *childhood*
" That fears a *painted devil*."

Again, in The White Devil:

" ——— the secret of my prince,
" Which I will *wear* i'th' *inside of my heart*."

Copied, I think, from these lines of Hamlet:

" ——— Give me the man
" That is not passion's slave, and I will *wear* him
" *In my heart's core*, ay, in my heart of heart."

The White Devil was not printed till 1612. Hamlet had appeared in 1604. See also another imitation quoted in a note on Cymbeline, Act IV. Sc. III.; and the last scene of the fourth Act of The Dutchess of Malfy, which seems to have been copied from our author's King John, Act IV. Sc. II.

The Dutchess of Malfy had certainly appeared before 1619, for Burbage, who died in that year, acted in it; I believe, before 1616, for I imagine it is the play alluded to in Ben Jonson's Prologue to Every Man in his Humour, printed in that year:

" To make a child new-swaddled to proceed
" Man," &c.

So that probably the lines above cited from Webster's play by Mr. Steevens, were copied from Timon before it was in print; for it first appeared in the folio, 1623. Hence we may conclude, that *thrive* was not an error of the press, but our author's original word, which Webster imitated, not from the printed book, but from the representation of the play, or the MS. copy.

It is observable, that in this piece of Webster's, the duchess, who like Desdemona is strangled, revives *after long seeming* dead, speaks a few words, and then dies. MALONE.

For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool[8].
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage[9] to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

SERV. Excellent[1]! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear[2]. How fairly this lord strives to

[8] And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.] [Old copy—"and '*mongst* lords be thought a fool."] The personal pronoun was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

I have changed the position of the personal pronoun, and added *the* for the sake of metre, which, in too many parts of this play, is incorrigible. STEEVENS.

[9] I had such a courage—] Such an ardour, such an eager desire. JOHNSON.

[1] Excellent, &c.] I suppose the former part of this speech to have been originally written in verse, as well as the latter; though the players have printed it as prose (omitting several syllables necessary to the metre): it cannot now be restored without such additions as no editor is at liberty to insert in the text.
STEEVENS.

I suspect no omission whatsoever here. MALONE.

[2] The devil knew NOT what he did, when he made man politick: he CROSSED himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him CLEAR.] I cannot but think, that the negative *not* has intruded into this passage, and the reader will think so too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's explanation of the next words. JOHNSON.

"—will set him clear." *Set him clear* does not mean acquit him before heaven; for then *the devil* must be supposed *to know*

appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire [3].

what he did; but it signifies puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons. WARBURTON.

How the devil, or any other being, should be *set clear* by being *puzzled* and *outdone*, the commentator has not explained. When in a croud we would have an opening made, we say, "Stand clear," that is, "out of the way of danger." With some affinity to this use, though not without great harshness, to *set clear*, may be to *set aside*. But I believe the original corruption is the insertion of the negative, which was obtruded by some transcriber, who supposed *crossed* to mean *thwarted*, when it meant, *exempted from evil*. The use of *crossing* by way of protection or purification, was probably not worn out in Shakspeare's time. The sense of *set clear* is now easy; he has no longer the guilt of tempting man. To "cross himself" may mean, in a very familiar sense, "to clear his score, to get out of debt, to quit his reckoning." He knew not *what he did*, may mean, he knew not how much good he was doing himself. There is no need of emendation.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Warburton's explanation is the true one. *Clear* is an adverb, or so used; and Dr. Johnson's Dictionary observes, that *to set* means, in Addison, to *embarrass*, to *distress*, to *perplex*.—If then the devil made men politick, he has thwarted his own interest, because the superior cunning of man will at last puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations. TOLLET.

Johnson's explanation of this passage is nearly right; but I don't see how the insertion of the negative injures the sense, or why that should be considered as a corruption. Servilius means to say, that the devil did not foresee the advantage that would arise to himself from thence, when he made men politick. He redeemed himself by it; for men will, in the end, become so much more villainous than he is, that they will set him clear; he will appear innocent when compared to them. Johnson has rightly explained the words, "he crossed himself by it."—So, in Cymbeline, Posthumus says of himself—

"———— It is I
"That all the abhorred things o' the earth *amend*,
"By being worse than they." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is this:—"The devil did not know what he was about, [how much his reputation for wickedness would be diminished] when he made men crafty and interested; he thwarted himself by it; [by thus raising up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to surpass him;] and I cannot but think that at last the enormities of mankind will rise to such

Of such a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only[4]: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their
wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

a height, as to make even Satan himself, in comparison, appear (what he would least of all wish to be) spotless and innocent."

Clear is in many other places used by our author and the contemporary writers, for *innocent.* So, in The Tempest:

"—— nothing but heart's sorrow,
"And a *clear* life ensuing."

Again, in Macbeth:

"—— This Duncan
"Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
"So *clear* in his great office—."

Again, in the play before us:

"Roots, ye *clear* gods!"

Again, in Marlowe's Lust's Dominion, 1657:

"———— I know myself am *clear*
"As is the new-born infant." MALONE.

The devil's folly in making man politick, is to appear in this, that he will at the long run be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thraldom. RITSON.

Concerning this difficult passage, I claim no other merit than that of having left before the reader the notes of all the commentators. I myself am in the state of Dr. Warburton's devil,—*puzzled,* instead of being *set clear* by them. STEEVENS.

3 —takes VIRTUOUS COPIES to be wicked; like those, &c.] This is a reflection on the Puritans of that time. These people were then set upon the project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples; which makes him say, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would set whole realms on fire.* So, Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At best the similitude is an aukward one; but it fitted the *audience,* though not the *speaker.* WARBURTON.

4 Save the gods only:] Old copy—"Save only the gods." The transposition is Sir Thomas Hanmer's." STEEVENS.

And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house [5].
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter Two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.

VAR. SERV. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

TIT. The like to you, kind Varro.

HOR. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?

LUC. SERV. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

TIT. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

LUC. SERV. And sir
Philotus too!

PHI. Good day at once.

LUC. SERV. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

PHI. Labouring for nine.

LUC. SERV. So much?

PHI. Is not my lord seen yet?

[5] —keep his house.] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. JOHNSON.

So, in Measure for Measure, Act III. Sc. II.: "You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will *keep the house*." STEEVENS.

Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's [6]; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little [7].
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I am weary of this charge [8], the gods can witness:

6 — a prodigal course
Is like the sun's;] That is, like him in blaze and splendor.
Soles occidere et redire possunt. *Catull.* Johnson.
Theobald, and the subsequent editors, elegantly enough, but without necessity, read—" a *prodigal's* course." We have the same phrase as that in the text in the last couplet of the preceding scene:
" And this is all a *liberal course* allows." Malone.

7 — reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.] Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow. Steevens.

8 I am weary of this charge,] That is, of this *commission*, of this *employment*. Johnson.

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 *VAR. SERV.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's yours?

LUC. SERV. Five thousand mine.

1 *VAR. SERV.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd[9].

9 Else, surely, HIS had equall'd.] Should it not be, "Else, surely, *mine* had equall'd." JOHNSON.

The meaning of the passage is evidently and simply this: "Your master, it seems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwise his (i. e. my master's) debt (i. e. the money due to him from Timon) would certainly have been as great as your master's (i. e. as the money which Timon owes to your master;)" that is, my master being as rich as yours, could and would have advanced Timon as large a sum as your master has advanced him, if he, (my master) had thought it prudent to do so. RITSON.

The meaning may be, "The confidential friendship subsisting between your master [Lucius] and Timon was greater than that subsisting between my master [Varro] and Timon; else surely the sum borrowed by Timon from your master had been *equal* to, and *no greater* than, the sum borrowed from mine; and this *equality* would have been produced by the application made to my master being *raised* from *three* thousand crowns to *five* thousand."

Two sums of unequal magnitude may be reduced to an equality, as well by addition to the lesser sum, as by subtraction from the greater. Thus, if A has applied to B for ten pounds, and to C for five, and C requests that he may lend A precisely the *same* sum as he shall be furnished with by B, this may be done, either by C's *augmenting* his loan, and lending ten pounds as well as B, or by B's *diminishing* his loan, and, like C, lending only five pounds. The words of Varro's servant therefore may mean, 'Else surely the *same sums* had been borrowed by Timon from both our masters.'

I have preserved this interpretation, because I once thought it *probable*, and because it may strike others as *just*. But the true explication I believe is this (which I also formerly proposed). *His* may refer to *mine*. "It should seem that the confident friendship subsisting between your master and Timon, was greater than that subsisting between Timon and my master; else surely *his* sum, i. e. the sum borrowed from *my* master, [the last antecedent] had been as large as the sum borrowed from yours."

Enter FLAMINIUS.

TIT. One of lord Timon's men.

LUC. SERV. Flaminius! Sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

FLAM. No, indeed, he is not.

TIT. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

FLAM. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS *in a Cloak, muffled.*

LUC. SERV. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled
so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

TIT. Do you hear, sir?

1 *VAR. SERV.* By your leave, sir,——

FLAV. What do you ask of me, my friend?

TIT. We wait for certain money here, sir.

FLAV. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat

The former interpretation (though I think it wrong,) I have stated thus precisely, and exactly in substance as it appeared several years ago, (though the expression is a little varied,) because a *Remarker* [Mr. Ritson] has endeavoured to represent it as unintelligible.

This *Remarker*, however, after a feeble attempt at jocularity, (to which our great satirist tells us, such criticks are much addicted,) and it is observable, saying, that he shall take no notice of *such see-saw conjectures*, with great gravity proposes a comment evidently formed on the latter of them, as an original interpretation of *his own*, on which the reader may *safely* rely. MALONE.

It must be perfectly clear, that the *Remarker* could not be indebted to a note which, so far as it is intelligible, seems diametrically opposite to his idea. It is equally so, that the editor [Mr. Malone] has availed himself of the above Remark, to vary the expression of his conjecture, and give it a sense it would otherwise never have had. RITSON.

Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and
fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves
but wrong,
To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve[1],
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.
[*Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius[2].

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it[3]: for, take it on my soul, my lord leans wond'rously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook

[1] If 'twill not,] Old copy—If 'twill not *serve*. I have ventured to omit the useless repetition of the verb—*serve*, because it injures the metre. Steevens.

[2] *Enter* Servilius.] It may be observed that Shakspeare has unskilfully filled his Greek story with Roman names. Johnson.

[3] ———— I should much
Derive from it, &c.] Old copy:
" ———— I should
" Derive much from it," &c.
For this slight transposition, by which the metre is restored, I am answerable. Steevens.

I have printed these two speeches as prose, according to the old copy. Boswell.

him; he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer [4], sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, *in a rage;* Flaminius *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord [5].

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

4 — for AN answer,] The article *an*, which is deficient in the old copy, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Steevens.

5 *Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.] In the old copy this speech is given to Varro. I have given it to the servant of Hortensius, (who would naturally prefer his claim among the rest,) because to the following speech in the old copy is prexfied, 2 *Var.* which from the words spoken [And *ours*, my lord,] meant, I conceive, "the two servants of Varro." In the modern editions this latter speech is given to Caphis, who is not upon the stage. Malone.

This whole scene perhaps was strictly metrical, when it came from Shakspeare; but the present state of it is such, that it cannot be restored but by greater violence than an editor may be allowed to employ. I have therefore given it without the least attempt at arrangement. Steevens.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em[6]: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,——

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,

[6] Knock me down with 'em.] Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills;* he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills* or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakspeare's time. See the scene between Dogberry, &c. in Much Ado About Nothing, vol. vii. p. 87, n. 1. Again, in Heywood's If You Know Not Me You Know Nobody, 1633, Second Part, Sir John Gresham says to his creditors: "Friends, you cannot beat me down with *your bills.*" Again, in Decker's Guls Hornbook, 1609: "—they durst not *strike down* their customers with large *bills.*" Steevens.

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius ; Ullorxa all :
I'll once more feast the rascals[7].

FLAV. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul ;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

TIM. Be't not in thy care ; go,
I charge thee ; invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

7 So fitly ? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius ; all :
I'll once more feast the rascals.] Thus the second folio ; except that, by an apparent error of the press, we have—*add* instead of *and.*

The first folio reads :

" Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius *Vllorxa :* all,
" I'll once more feast the rascals."

Regularity of metre alone would be sufficient to decide in favour of the present text, which, with the second folio, rejects the fortuitous and unmeaning aggregate of letters—*Ullorxa.* This *Ullorxa,* however, seems to have been considered as one of the " inestimable stones, unvalued jewels," which " emblaze the forehead " of that august publication, the folio 1623 ; and has been set, with becoming care, in the text of Mr. Malone. For my own part, like the cock in the fable, I am content to leave this gem on the stercoraceous spot where it was discovered.—*Ullorxa* (a name unacknowledged by Athens or Rome) must (if meant to have been introduced at all) have been a corruption as gross as others that occur in the same book, where we find *Billinsgate* instead of *Basing-stoke ; Epton* instead of *Hyperion ;* and an *ace* instead of *Atê.* Types, indeed, shook out of a hat, or shot from a dice-box, would often assume forms as legitimate as the proper names transmitted to us by Messieurs Hemings, Condell, and C°. who very probably did not accustom themselves to spell even their own appellations with accuracy, or always in the same manner. STEEVENS.

As Mr. Malone has taken no notice of these observations, I conclude that he meant to retain the word *Ullorxa.* It is certainly corrupt ; but amputation is the last remedy to which we should resort. BOSWELL.

SCENE V.

The Same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him [8].

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside [9],
Of comely virtues [1]:

[8] —shall bruise HIM.] The old copy reads—shall bruise *'em*. The same mistake has happened often in these plays. In a subsequent line in this scene we have in the old copy—with *him*, instead of—with *'em*. For the correction, which is fully justified by the context, I am answerable. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer also reads—bruise *him*. STEEVENS.

[9] —setting his FATE aside,] i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question. STEEVENS.

[1] He is a man, &c.] I have printed these lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

"He is a man, setting his *fault* aside,
"Of *virtuous honour*, which buys out his fault;
"Nor did he soil," &c. JOHNSON.

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent[2],

This licentious alteration of the text, with a thousand others of the same kind, was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[2] And with such sober and UNNOTED passion
He did BEHAVE his anger, ere 'twas spent, &c.] *Unnoted* for *common, bounded. Behave,* for *curb, manage.* WARBURTON.

I would rather read:
"—— and unnoted passion
"He did behave, ere was his anger spent."

Unnoted passion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his passion, such a one as has not hitherto been observed. "Behave his anger," may, however, be right. In Sir W. D'Avenant's play of The Just Italian, 1630, *behave* is used in as singular a manner:

"How well my stars *behave* their influence."

Again:

"—— You an Italian, sir, and thus
"*Behave* the knowledge of disgrace!"

In both these instances, to *behave* is to *manage.* STEEVENS.

"Unnoted passion," I believe, means a passion operating inwardly, but not accompanied with any external or boisterous appearances; so regulated and subdued, that no spectator could *note,* or observe, its operation.

The old copy reads—He did *behoove,* &c. which does not afford any very clear meaning. *Behave,* which Dr. Warburton interprets *manage,* was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I doubt the text is not yet right. Our author so very frequently converts nouns into verbs, that I have sometimes thought he might have written—"He did *behalve* his anger,"—i. e. suppress it. So, Milton:

"—— yet put he not forth all his strength,
"But check'd it *mid-way.*"

Behave, however, is used by Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, b. i. c. iii. in a sense that will suit sufficiently with the passage before us:

"But who his limbs with labours, and his *mind*
"*Behaves* with cares, cannot so easy miss."

To *behave* certainly had formerly a very different signification

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox[3],
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe[4]; and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord,——

from that in which it is now used. Cole, in his Dictionary, 1679, renders it by *tracto*, which he interprets to *govern*, or *manage*. MALONE.

On second consideration, the sense of this passage, (however perversely expressed on account of rhyme,) may be this: "He managed his anger with such sober and unnoted *passion* [i. e. *suffering*, forbearance,] before *it* was spent, [i. e. before that disposition to endure the insult he had received, was exhausted,] that it seemed as if he had been only engaged in supporting an argument he had advanced in conversation. *Passion* may as well be used to signify *suffering*, as any *violent commotion of the mind*: and that our author was aware of this, may be inferred from his introduction of the Latin phrase—"*hysterica passio*," in King Lear. See also vol. xii. p. 13, n. 7. STEEVENS.

3 You undergo too STRICT a paradox,] You undertake a paradox too *hard*. JOHNSON.

4 —that man can BREATHE;] i. e. can *utter*. So afterwards:
"You *breathe* in vain." MALONE.

Again, in Hamlet:
"Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
"The youth you *breathe* of, guilty." STEEVENS.

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain,—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threatnings[5]? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad[6]? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the fellow[7],

[5] — threatnings?] Old copy—*threats*. This slight, but judicious change, is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. In the next line but one, he also added, for the sake of metre,—*but*—. Steevens.

[6] ———— what make we
Abroad?] What do we, or what have we to do in the field. Johnson.

See vol. viii. p. 150, n. 5. Malone.

[7] And th' ass, more captain than the lion, &c.] Here is another arbitrary regulation [the omission of—*captain*]: the original reads thus:

"———— what make we
"Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
"That stay at home, if bearing carry it:
"And the ass, more captain than the lion,
"The *fellow*, loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
"If wisdom," &c.

I think it may be better adjusted thus:

"———— what make we
"Abroad? why then *the* women are more valiant
"That stay at home;
"If bearing carry it, *then is* the ass
"More captain than the lion; and the *felon*
"Loaden with irons, wiser," &c. Johnson.

"—— if *bearing* carry it:" Dr. Johnson when he proposed to connect this hemistich with the following line instead of the preceding words, seems to have forgot one of our author's favourite propensities. I have no doubt that the present arrangement is right.

Mr. Pope, who rejected whatever he did not like, omitted the

Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust [8];
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just [9].

words—"more captain." They are supported by what Alcibiades has already said:

"My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
"If I speak like a *captain*——."

and by Shakspeare's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is used with at least as much harshness as in the text:

"And captive good attending *captain* ill."

Again, in another of his Sonnets:

"Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
"Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet."

Dr. Johnson with great probability proposes to read *felon* instead of *fellow*. MALONE.

The word *captain* has been very injudiciously restored. That it cannot be the author's is evident from its spoiling what will otherwise be a metrical line. Nor is his using it elsewhere any proof that he meant to use it here. RITSON.

I have not scrupled to insert Dr. Johnson's emendation, *felon*, for *fellow* in the text; but do not perceive how the line can become strictly metrical by the omission of the word—*captain*, unless, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, we transpose the conjunction—*and*, and read:

"The ass more than the lion, *and* the felon——."

STEEVENS.

Fellow is a common term of contempt. BOSWELL.

8 — sin's extremest GUST;] *Gust*, for *aggravation*.

WARBURTON.

Gust is here in its common sense: the utmost degree of *appetite* for sin. JOHNSON.

I believe *gust* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden *gust of wind*. STEEVENS.

So we say, it was done in a sudden *gust* of passion. MALONE.

9 — by MERCY, 'tis most just.] By *mercy* is meant *equity*. But we must read:

"———— 'tis *made* just." WARBURTON.

Mercy is not put for equity. If such explanation be allowed, what can be difficult? The meaning is, 'I call *mercy* herself to witness, that defensive violence is just.' JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, 'Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered as justifiable.' MALONE.

To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
1 *Sen.* What's that?
Alcib. Why, I say[1], my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em[2],
He's a sworn rioter[3]: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone[4]
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is the more spirited; but a passage in King John should seem to countenance that of Mr. Malone:
"Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
"And so doth yours——." STEEVENS.

[1] Why, I say,] The personal pronoun was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[2] —with 'EM,] The folio—with *him*. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[3] Is a SWORN RIOTER:] A *sworn rioter* is a man who practises riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

The expression *a sworn rioter*, seems to be similar to that of *sworn brothers*. See Henry V. Act. II. Sc. I. MALONE.

[4] —alone—] This word was judiciously supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to complete the measure. Thus, in All's Well That Ends Well:
"———— Good *alone*
"Is good——." STEEVENS.

1 *Sen.* He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn[5] my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.
Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.
2 *Sen.* How?
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances[6].
3 *Sen.* What?
Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base[7],
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

[5] —your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn, &c.] He charges them obliquely with being usurers. Johnson.
So afterwards:
"———— banish *usury*
"That makes the senate ugly." Malone.

[6] —remembrances.] Is here used as a word of five syllables. In the singular number it occurs as a quadrisyllable only. See Twelfth-Night, Act I. Sc. I.:
"And lasting in her sad *remembrance*." Steevens.

[7] I should prove so base,] *Base*, for *dishonoured*. Warburton.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect [8];
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit [9],
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment [1]?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

[8] Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;] This reading may pass, but perhaps the author wrote:
"———— our anger?
"'Tis few *in* words, but spacious in effect." Johnson.

[9] And, not to swell our spirit,] I believe, means 'not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage, take our definitive resolution.' So, in King Henry VIII. Act III. Sc. I.:
"The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
"So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
"They *swell* and grow as terrible as storms." Steevens.

[1] —ha! banishment?] Thus the second folio. Its ever-blundering predecessor omits the interjection *ha!* and consequently spoils the metre.—The same exclamation occurs in Romeo and Juliet:
"*Ha!* banishment? be merciful, say—death——."
Steevens.

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds[2];
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.
[*Exit.*

[2] ——— and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with most LANDS to be at odds;] But surely even in a soldier's sense of honour, there is very little in being at odds with all about him; which shows rather a quarrelsome disposition than a valiant one. Besides, this was not Alcibiades's case. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phrase in the foregoing line will direct us to the right reading. "I will lay," says he, "for hearts;" which is a metaphor taken from card-play, and signifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain then the figure was continued in the following line, which should be read thus:

"'Tis honour with most *hands* to be at odds;"

i. e. to fight upon odds, or at disadvantage; as he must do against the united strength of Athens; and this, by soldiers, is accounted *honourable*. Shakspeare uses the same metaphor on the same occasion, in Coriolanus:

"He *lurch'd* all swords." WARBURTON.

I think *hands* is very properly substituted for *lands*. In the foregoing line, for, *lay for hearts*, I would read *play* for *hearts*. JOHNSON.

I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card play, or that *lay* should be changed into *play*. We should now say, *to lay out for hearts*, i. e. the affections of the people; but *lay* is used singly, as it is here, by Jonson, in The Devil is an Ass, [Mr. Whalley's edition] vol. iv. p. 33:

"*Lay* for some pretty principality." TYRWHITT.

A kindred expression occurs in Marlowe's Lust's Dominion, 1657:

"He *takes up* Spanish *hearts* on trust, to pay them
"When he shall finger Castile's crown. MALONE.

"'Tis honour with most *lands* to be at odds;" I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *lands* cannot be right. To assert that it is honourable to fight with the *greatest* part of the *world*, is very wild. I believe, therefore, our author meant that Alcibiades in his spleen against the Senate, from whom alone he has received any injury, should say:

"'Tis honour with most *lords* to be at odds. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. It is surely more honourable to wrangle for a score of kingdoms, (as Miranda expresses it,) than to enter into quarrels with *lords*, or any other private adversaries. STEEVENS.

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in TIMON'S House.

Musick. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords[3], *at several Doors.*

1 *LORD.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *LORD.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *LORD.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring[4],

The objection to the old reading still in my apprehension remains. It is not difficult for him who is so inclined, to quarrel with a lord; (or with any other person;) but not so easy to be at odds with his *land.* Neither does the observation just made, prove that it is honourable to quarrel, or to be at odds, *with most* of the lands or kingdoms of the earth, which must, I conceive, be proved, before the old reading can be supported. MALONE.

By *most* lands, perhaps our author means *greatest* lands. So, in King Henry VI. Part I. Act IV. Sc. I.:

"But always resolute in *most* extremes."

i. e. in *greatest.* Alcibiades, therefore, may be willing to regard a contest with a great and extensive territory like that of Athens, as a circumstance honourable to himself. STEEVENS.

[3] *Enter divers* LORDS,] In the modern editions these are called *Senators;* but it is clear from what is said concerning the banishment of Alcibiades, that this must be wrong. I have therefore substituted *Lords.* The old copy has "Enter divers *friends.*" MALONE.

[4] Upon that were my thoughts TIRING,] A hawk, I think, is said to *tire,* when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore to be *idly employed upon it.* JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson is mistaken. *Tiring* means here, I think, *fixed, fastened,* as the hawk fastens its beak eagerly on its prey. So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"Like as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
"*Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,—"

Tirouër, that is *tiring* for hawks, as Cotgrave calls it, signified any thing by which the falconer brought the bird back, and fixed him to his hand. A capon's wing was often used for this purpose.

In King Henry VI. Part. II. we have a kindred expression;

when we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your

"—— your *thoughts*
"*Beat on a* crown." Malone.

Dr. Johnson's explanation, I believe, is right. Thus, in The Winter's Tale, Antigonus is said to be "woman-*tir'd*," i. e. *pecked* by a woman, as we now say, with a similar allusion, hen-*pecked*. Steevens.

ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,——

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance [5].—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward [6].

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

[5] —your BETTER remembrance.] i. e. your *good* memory: the *comparative* for the *positive* degree. See vol. xi. p. 138, n. 7.
STEEVENS.

[6] Here's a noble feast TOWARD.] i. e. in a state of readiness. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"We have a foolish trifling banquet *towards*."

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does: but time will—and so——

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike[7]. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees[8], *O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag*[9] *of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to be nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The Dishes uncovered are full of warm Water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

[7] —your diet shall be in all places alike.] See a note on The Winter's Tale, Act I. Sc. II. Steevens.

[8] *The rest of your* FEES,] We should read—*foes.*
Warburton.

We must surely read *foes* intead of *fees*. I find no sense in the present reading. M. Mason.

[9] — *the common* LAG—] Old copy—*leg*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

The *fag*-end of a web of cloth, is, in some places, called the *lag*-end. Steevens.

TIM. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection [1]. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing Water in their Faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long [2],
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune [3], trencher-friends, time's flies [4],
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks [5]!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady [6]
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

[1] Is your PERFECTION.] Your *perfection*, is *the highest of your excellence*. JOHNSON.

[2] — Live loath'd, and long,] This thought has occurred twice before:

"———— let not that part
"Of nature my lord paid for, be of power
"To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour*."

Again:

"Gods keep you *old* enough," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] — fools of fortune,] The same expression occurs in Romeo and Juliet:

"O! I am *fortune's fool*." STEEVENS.

[4] — time's flies,] Flies of a season. JOHNSON.

So, before:

"—— one cloud of winter showers,
"These *flies* are couch'd." STEEVENS.

[5] — minute-jacks!] Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*, which shines and disappears in an instant. What it was I know not; but it was something of quick motion, mentioned in King Richard III. JOHNSON.

A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-house;* an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street. See note on K. Richard III. Act IV. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

[6] — the infinite malady —] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.

Soft, take thy physick first—thou too,—and thou;—
[*Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords[7]?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones[8]. [*Exeunt.*

7 How now, my lords?] This and the next speech are spoken by the newly arrived Lords. Malone.

8 — stones.] As Timon has thrown nothing at his worthless guests, except warm water and empty dishes, I am induced, with Mr. Malone, to believe that the more ancient drama described in p. 244, had been read by our author, and that he supposed he had introduced from it the "painted *stones*" as part of his banquet; though in reality he had omitted them. The present mention therefore of such missiles, appears to want propriety. Steevens.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

TIM. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths [9]
Convert o' the instant, green [1] virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel [2]! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,

9 — general filths —] i. e. common sewers. STEEVENS.

1 — green —] i. e. immature. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:
"When I was *green* in judgment —." STEEVENS.

2 — *O'* the brothel!] So the old copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *i'* the brothel. JOHNSON.

One would suppose it to mean, that the mistress frequented the brothel; and so Sir Thomas Hanmer understood it. RITSON.

The meaning is, go to thy master's bed, for he is alone; thy mistress is now *of* the brothel; is now there. In the old copy, *i'th*, *o'th'*, and *a'th'*, are written with very little care, or rather seem to have been set down at random in different places.
MALONE.

"*Of* the brothel!" is the true reading. So, in King Lear, Act II. Sc. II. the Steward says to Kent, "Art *of* the house?"
STEEVENS.

Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries[3],
And yet confusion[4] live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty[5]
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou dètestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns[6]!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

3 — CONFOUNDING contraries.] i. e. contrarieties whose nature it is to *waste* or *destroy* each other. So, in King Henry V.:

" ——— as doth a galled rock
" O'erhang and jutty his *confounded* base." STEEVENS.

4 — YET confusion —] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *let* confusion; but the meaning may be, "though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution, *yet* let not dissolution come, but the miseries of *confusion* continue. JOHNSON.

5 — liberty —] *Liberty* is here used for *libertinism*. So, in The Comedy of Errors:

" And many such like *liberties* of sin;"

apparently meaning—*libertines*. STEEVENS.

6 — MULTIPLYING banns!] i. e. accumulated curses. *Multiplying* for *multiplied*: the *active* participle with a *passive* signification. See vol. iv. p. 66, n. 1. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS[7], *with Two or Three Servants.*

1 *SERV.* Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
FLAV. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded[8] by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *SERV.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
2 *SERV.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes[9]

7 *Enter* FLAVIUS,] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.
JOHNSON.

8 Let ME be recorded —] In compliance with ancient elliptical phraseology, the word *me*, which disorders the measure, might be omitted. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
"Let *it* be recorded," &c. STEEVENS.

9 — TO his buried fortunes —] So the old copies. Sir T. Hanmer reads *from*; but the old reading might stand.
JOHNSON.

I should suppose that the words *from*, in the second line, and *to* in the third line, have been misplaced, and that the original reading was:
"As we do turn our backs
"*To* our companion thrown into his grave,
"So his familiars *from* his buried fortunes
"Slink all away;——"
When we leave a person, we turn our backs *to* him, not *from* him.
M. MASON.

"So his familiars *to* his buried fortunes," &c. So those who

Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

FLAV. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
3 *SERV.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.
FLAV. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor[1].
[*Exeunt Servants.*
O, the fierce wretchedness[2] that glory brings us!

were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the most ample manner participated of them, slink all away," &c. MALONE.

[1] — RICH in sorrow, parting POOR.] This conceit occurs again in King Lear:

"Fairest Cordelia, thou art most *rich,* being *poor.*"
STEEVENS.

[2] O, the FIERCE wretchedness —] I believe *fierce* is here used for *hasty, precipitate.* Perhaps it is employed in the same sense by Ben Jonson in his Poetaster:

"And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity
"One fit him with a larger pair of ears."

In King Henry VIII. our author has *fierce vanities.* In all instances it may mean *glaring, conspicuous, violent.* So, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, the Puritan says:

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood [3],
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to

"Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol."

Again, in King John:

"O vanity of sickness! *fierce* extremes
"In their continuance will not feel themselves."

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost:

"With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit." STEEVENS.

3 — Strange, unusual BLOOD,] Of this passage, I suppose, every reader would wish for a correction: but the word, harsh as it is, stands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propose. Perhaps—

"—— Strange, unusual *mood*,"

may, by some, be thought better, and by others worse.

JOHNSON.

In The Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608, attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* seems to be used for *inclination*, *propensity*:

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

"Strange, unusual blood," may therefore mean, 'strange unusual disposition.'

Again, in the 5th book of Gower, De Confessione Amantis:

"And thus of thilke unkinde *blood*
"Stant the memorie unto this daie."

Gower is speaking of the ingratitude of one Adrian, a lord of Rome.

STEEVENS.

Throughout these plays *blood* is frequently used in the sense of natural propensity or disposition. MALONE.

Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

TIM. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb[4]
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature[5].

4 — below thy sister's orb —] That is, the moon's, this *sublunary* world. JOHNSON.

5 ——— Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.] The meaning I take to be this: 'Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune will despise beings of nature like its own.' JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that this passage "but by the addition of a single letter may be rendered clearly intelligible; by merely reading *natures* instead of *nature*." The meaning will then be—"Not even beings reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness, can bear good fortune, without contemning their fellow-creatures."—The word *natures* is afterwards used in a similar sense by Apemantus:

"——— Call the creatures
"Whose naked *natures* live in all the spite
"Of wreakful heaven," &c.

Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord[6];
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides[7],

Perhaps, in the present instance, we ought to complete the measure by reading:

"—— not *those* natures ——." STEEVENS.

But by is here used for *without*. MALONE.

6 Raise me this beggar and DENY'T that lord,] Where is the sense and English of *deny't that lord?* Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be referred? And it would be absurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raise* that lord. The antithesis must be, 'let fortune *raise* this beggar, and let her *strip* and *despoil* that lord of all his pomp and ornaments,' &c. which sense is completed by this slight alteration:

"———— and *denude* that lord;——"

So, Lord Rea, in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1650: "All these Hamiltons had *denuded* themselves of their fortunes and estates." And Charles the First, in his message to the parliament, says: "*Denude* ourselves of all."—Clar. vol. iii. p. 15, octavo edit. WARBURTON.

Perhaps the former reading, however irregular, is the true one. 'Raise me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord.' A lord is not so high a title in the state, but that a man originally poor might be raised to one above it. We might read *devest* that lord. *Devest* is an English law phrase, which Shakspeare uses in King Lear:

"Since now we will *devest* us both of rule," &c.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce is not, however, uncommon. I find it in The Tragedie of Crœsus, 1604:

"As one of all happiness *denuded*." STEEVENS.

The objection to the reading of the old copy is, that there is no antecedent to which the word *it* can be referred; but this is in Shakspeare's manner.

So in Othello:

"And bid me when my fate would have me wive
"To give it *her*."

i. e. his wife, which is understood. So in this passage, "Raise me this beggar [to eminence], and deny't that lord." MALONE.

7 It is the PASTURE lards the BROTHER'S sides,] This, as the editors have ordered it, is an idle repetition at the best; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same sentiment as the foregoing lines. But Shakspeare meant quite a different thing: and having, like a sensible writer, made a smart observation, he illustrates it by a similitude thus:

"It is the pasture lards the *wether's* sides,
"The want that makes him lean."

the text is — the words' grades are paramount to every consideration

The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,

And the similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this satirical reflection; there is no more difference between man and man in the esteem of superficial and corrupt judgments, than between a fat sheep and a lean one. WARBURTON.

This passage is very obscure, nor do I discover any clear sense, even though we should admit the emendation. Let us inspect the text as it stands in the original edition:

"It is the *pastour* lards the *brother's* sides,
"The want that makes him *leave*."

Dr. Warburton found the passage already changed thus:

"It is the *pasture* lards the *beggar's* sides,
"The want that makes him *lean*."

And upon this reading of no authority, raised another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without necessity. Let us see what sense the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, says the poet, *bears contempt hereditary*, and *wealth native honour*. To illustrate this position, having already mentioned the case of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by those whom it least becomes; *it is the pastour that greases or flatters the rich brother, and will grease him on till want make him leave.* The poet then goes on to ask, *Who dares to say this man,* this pastour, *is a flatterer;* the crime is universal; through all the world, *the learned pate*, with allusion to the pastour, *ducks to the golden fool*. If it be objected, as it may justly be, that the mention of a pastour is unsuitable, we must remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many such anachronisms in many others. I would therefore read thus:

"It is the *pastour* lards the *brother's* sides,
"'*Tis* want that makes him *leave*."

The obscurity is still great. Perhaps a line is lost. I have at least given the original reading. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *pasterer*, for I meet with such a word in Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1617: "Alexander, before he fell into the Persian delicacies, refused those cooks and *pasterers* that Ada queen of Caria sent to him." There is likewise a proverb among Ray's Collection, which seems to afford much the some meaning as this passage in Shakspeare:—"Every one basteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth." Again, in Troilus and Cressida, Act II.:

"That were to *enlard* his *fat-already* pride." STEEVENS.

In this very difficult passage, which still remains obscure, some liberty may be indulged. Dr. Farmer proposes to read it thus:

"It is the *pasterer* lards the *broader* sides,
"The *gaunt* that makes him *leave*."

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer*[8]*?* if one be,

And in support of this conjecture, he observes, that the Saxon *d* is frequently converted into *th*, as in murther, *murder*, burthen, *burden*, &c. REED.

That the passage is corrupt as it stands in the old copy, no one, I suppose, can doubt; emendation therefore in this and a few other places, is not a matter of choice but necessity. I have already more than once observed, that many corruptions have crept into the old copy, by the transcriber's ear deceiving him. In Coriolanus we have *higher* for *hire*, and *hope* for *holp;* in the present play, *reverends* for *reverend'st;* and in almost every play similar corruptions. In King Richard II. quarto, 1598, we find the very error that happened here:

"———— and bedew
"Her *pastor's* grass with faithful English blood."

Again, in As You Like It, folio, 1623, we find, "I have heard him read many *lectors* against it;" intead of *lectures.*

Pasture when the *u* is sounded thin, and *pastor*, are scarcely distinguishable.

Thus, as I conceive, the true reading of the first disputed word of this contested passage is ascertained. In As You Like It, we have—"good *pasture* makes fat sheep." Again, in the same play:

"Anon, a careless herd,
"Full of *the pasture*, jumps along by him," &c.

The meaning then of the passage is,—'It is the land alone which each man possesses that makes him rich, and proud, and flattered; and the want of it, that makes him poor, and an object of contempt. I suppose, with Dr. Johnson, that Shakspeare was still thinking of the rich and poor *brother* already described.

I doubt much whether Dr. Johnson himself was satisfied with his far-fetched explication of *pastour*, as applied to brother; [See his note] and I think no one else can be satisfied with it. In order to give it some little support, he supposes "*This* man's a flatterer," in the following passage, to relate to the imaginary *pastor* in this; whereas those words indubitably relate to *any* one individual selected out of the aggregate mass of mankind.

Dr. Warburton reads—*wether's* sides; which affords a commodious sense, but is so far removed from the original reading as to be inadmissible. Shakspeare, I have no doubt, thought at first of those animals that are fatted by *pasture*, and passed from thence to the *proprietor* of the *soil.*

Concerning the third word there can be no difficulty. *Leane* was the old spelling of *lean*, and the *u* in the MSS. of our author's time is not to be distinguished from an *n*. Add to this, that in

So are they all; for every grize of fortune [9]
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate

the first folio *u* is constantly employed where we now use a *v*; and hence by inversion, the two letters were often confounded (as they are at this day in almost every *proof*-sheet of every book that passes through the press). Of this I have given various instances in a note in vol. viii. p. 176, n. 3.

But it is not necessary to have recourse to these instances. This very word *leave* is again printed instead of *leane,* in King Henry IV. Part II. quarto, 1600:

"The lives of all your loving complices
"*Leave* on your health."

On the other hand in King Henry VIII. 1623, we have *leane* instead of *leave:* "You'll *leane* your noise anon, you rascals." But any argument on this point is superfluous, since the context clearly shows that *lean* must have been the word intended by Shakspeare.

Such emendations as those now adopted, *thus founded* and supported, are not capricious conjectures, against which no one has set his face more than myself, but almost certainties.

This note has run out into an inordinate length, for which I shall make no other apology than that finding it *necessary* to depart from the reading of the old copy, to obtain any sense, I thought it incumbent on me to support the readings I have chosen, in the best manner in my power. MALONE.

As a *brother* (meaning, I suppose, a churchman) does not, literally speaking, fatten himself by feeding on *land,* it is probable that *pasture* signifies *eating* in general, without reference to *terra firma.* So, in Love's Labour's Lost:

"Food for his rage, *repasture* for his den."

Pasture in the sense of nourishment collected from fields, will undoubtedly fatten the sides of a sheep or an ox, but who ever describes the owner of the fields as having derived from them his *embonpoint?*

The emendation—*lean* is found in the second folio, which should not have been denied the praise to which it is entitled.

The reading in the text may be the true one; but the condition in which this play was transmitted to us, is such as will warrant repeated doubts in almost every scene of it. STEEVENS.

[8] And say, THIS *man's a flatterer?*] *This man* does not refer to any particular person before mentioned, as Dr. Johnson thought, but to some supposed individual. Who, says Timon, can with propriety lay his hand on *this* or *that* individual, and pronounce him a peculiar flatterer? All mankind are equally flatterers. So, in As You Like It:

Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblance, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind[1]!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging*.
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist[2]. Roots, you clear heavens[3]!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul,
fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,
valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?
Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides[4];

"Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
"When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?"
MALONE.

9 — for every GRIZE of fortune —] *Grize* for *step*, or *degree*.
POPE.

See vol. xi. p. 438, n. 8. MALONE.

1 — FANG mankind!] i. e. seize, gripe. This verb is used by Decker in his Match Me at London, 1631:

"—— bite any catchpole that *fangs* for you." STEEVENS.

2 — no idle votarist.] No insincere or inconstant supplicant. *Gold* will not serve me instead of *roots*. JOHNSON.

3 — you CLEAR HEAVENS!] This may mean either ye *cloudless skies*, or *ye deities exempt from guilt*. Shakspeare mentions the *clearest gods* in King Lear; and in Acolastus, a comedy, 1540, a stranger is thus addressed: "Good stranger or alyen, *clere* gest," &c. Again, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"Than Collatine again by Lucrece' side,
"In his *clear* bed might have reposed still."

i. e. his *uncontaminated* bed. STEEVENS.

See p. 327, n. 2. MALONE.

4 ———— Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;] Aristophanes, in his Plutus, Act V. Sc. II. makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads[5]:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy[6] ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it[7],
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again[8];

[5] Pluck STOUT men's pillows from below their heads;] i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor, supposing *stout* to signify *healthy*, alters it to *sick*, and this he calls emending. WARBURTON.

[6] —the hoar leprosy—] So, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, book xxviii. ch. xii.: "—the *foul white leprie* called *elephantiasis*." STEEVENS.

[7] —this is it,] Some word is here wanting to the metre. We might either repeat the pronoun—*this;* or avail ourselves of our author's common introductory adverb, emphatically used—

"——*why*, this it is." STEEVENS.

[8] That makes the WAPPEN'D widow wed again;] *Waped* or *wappen'd* signifies both sorrowful and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affection and her fears.

WARBURTON.

Of *wappened* I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To *awhape* is used by Spenser in his Hubberd's Tale, but I think not in either of the senses mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *decayed by time*. So, our author, in King Richard III.:

"A beauty-*waining*, and distressed widow." JOHNSON.

In the comedy of The Roaring Girl, by Middleton and Decker, 1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will easily explain for himself, when he has seen the following passage:

"*Moll.* And there you shall *wap* with me.
"*Sir B.* Nay, *Moll*, what's that *wap?*
"*Moll. Wappening* and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed:

"Boarded at Tappington,
"*Bedded* at *Wappington*."

Again, in Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London, 1610: "*Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman: this

She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at [9], this embalms and spices

word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping*-morts for whores." Again, in one of the Paston Letters, vol. iv. p. 417 : "Deal courteously with the Queen, &c. and with Mrs. Anne Hawte for *wappys*," &c.

Mr. Anmer observes, that "the editor of these same Letters, to wit, Sir John Fenn, (as perhaps becometh a grave man and a magistrate,) professeth not to understand this passage."

It must not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in The Complaint of Annelida, line 217, uses the word in the sense in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

"My sewertye in *waped* countenance."

Wappened, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean,—"The widow whose curiosity and passions had been already gratified." So, in Hamlet:

"The instances that second marriage move,
"Are base respects of *thrift*, but none of *love*."

And if the word *defunct*, in Othello, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the same sentiment may be discovered there. There may, however, be some corruption in the text. After all, I had rather read—*weeping* widow. So, in the ancient bl. l. ballad entitled, The Little Barley Corne:

"'Twill make a *weeping widow* laugh,
"And soon incline to pleasure." STEEVENS.

The instances produced by Mr. Steevens fully support the text in my apprehension, nor do I suspect any corruption. *Unwapper'd* is used by Fletcher in The Two Noble Kinsmen, for *fresh*, the opposite of *stale*: and perhaps we should read there *unwappen'd*.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation however, is, I think, not quite exact, because it appears to me likely to mislead the reader with respect to the general import of the passage. Shakspeare means not to account for the wappen'd widow's *seeking* a husband, (though "her *curiosity* has been *gratified*,") but for her *finding* one. It is her gold, says he, that induces some one (more attentive to *thrift* than *love*) to *accept* in marriage the hand of the *experienced* and *o'er-worn* widow.—*Wed* is here used for *wedded*. So, in The Comedy of Errors, Act I. Sc. I.:

"In Syracusa was I born, and *wed*
"Unto a woman, happy but for me."

Again, in The Taming of the Shrew, vol. v. p. 426:

"To wish me *wed* to one half lunatick."

Again, in The Maid's Tragedy:

"———— He that understands
"Whom you have *wed* needs not to wish you joy."

To the April day again [1]. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds

If *wed* is used as a verb, the words mean, "that effects or produces her second marriage." MALONE.

I believe, *unwapper'd* means undebilitated by venery, i. e. not *halting under crimes many and stale.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Tyrwhitt explains *wap'd* in the line cited from Chaucer, by *stupified;* a sense which accords with the other instances adduced by Mr. Steevens, as well as with Shakspeare. The *wappen'd* widow, is one who is no longer alive to those pleasures, the desire of which was her first inducement to marry. HENLEY.

I suspect that there is another error in this passage, which has escaped the notice of the editors, and that we should read—"*woo'd* again," instead of "*wed* again." That a woman should *wed* again, however wapper'd, [or *wappen'd*] is nothing extraordinary. The extraordinary circumstance is, that she should be *woo'd* again, and become an object of desire. M. MASON.

Mr. Malone's remark that *wed* is frequently used for *wedded* is one answer to Mr. Mason's objection; another is, that there must be two parties to a marriage, and that the widow could not be wedded unless she could persuade some one to wed her.

BOSWELL.

9 She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at,] Surely we ought to read:

"She, *whose* ulcerous sores the spital-house
"Would cast the gorge *at*——."

Or, should the first line be thought deficient in harmony—

"She, *at whose* ulcerous sores the spital-house
"Would cast the gorge *up*——."

So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen:

"And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
"He spewed *up* his gorge."

The old reading is nonsense.

I must add, that Dr. Farmer joins with me in suspecting this passage to be corrupt, and is satisfied with the emendation I have proposed. STEEVENS.

In Antony and Cleopatra, we have *honour and death*, for *honourable death.* "The spital-house and ulcerous sores," therefore, may be used for *the contaminated spital-house;* the spital-house replete with ulcerous sores. If it be asked, how can the spital-house, or how can ulcerous sores, *cast the gorge* at the female here described, let the following passages answer the question:

"Heaven stops the *nose* at it, and the moon *winks.*"
Othello.

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature [2].—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a
drum?—Thou'rt quick [3],

Again, in Hamlet:
" Whose *spirit*, with divine ambition puff'd,
" *Makes mouths* at the invincible event."
Again, ibidem:
" ———— till our *ground*
" Singing his *pate* against the burning zone," &c.
Again, in Julius Cæsar:
" Over thy *wounds* now do I prophecy,—
" Which, like dumb mouths, do *ope their* ruby *lips*—."
Again, in The Merchant of Venice:
" ——— when the bag-pipe sings i' the *nose*."
Again, in the play before us:
" —— when our vaults have *wept*
" With drunken spilth of wine——."

In the preceding page, all *sores* are said to lay *siege* to nature; which they can no more do, if the passage is to be understood literally, than they can *cast the gorge* at the sight of the person here described.—In a word, the diction of the text is so very Shakspearian, that I cannot but wonder it should be suspected of corruption.

The meaning is,—Her whom the spital-house, however polluted, would not admit, but reject with abhorrence, this embalms, &c. or, (in a looser paraphrase) Her, at the sight of whom all the patients in the spital-house, however contaminated, would sicken and turn away with loathing and abhorrence, disgusted by the view of still greater pollution, than any they had yet experience of, this embalms and spices, &c.

To " cast the gorge *at*," was Shakspeare's phraseology. So, in Hamlet, Act V. Sc. I.: " How abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my *gorge* rises *at* it."

To the various examples which I have produced in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added these:
" Our *fortune* on the sea is *out of breath*,
" And sinks most lamentably." *Antony and Cleopatra.*
Again, ibidem:
" Mine *eyes* did *sicken* at the sight."
Again, in Hamlet:
" Even to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our *faults*."
Again, ibidem:
" —— we will fetters put upon this fear,
" Which now goes too *free-footed*."
Again, in Troilus and Cressida:
" His *evasions* have ears thus long." MALONE.

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief[4],
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.
[*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with Drum and Fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

[1] To the APRIL day again.] That is, *to the wedding day*, called by the poet, satirically, *April day*, or *fool's day*. JOHNSON.

The *April day* does not relate to *the widow*, but to the other *diseased female*, who is represented as the *outcast of an hospital*. She it is whom gold *embalms and spices* to the *April day again:* i. e. gold restores her to all the *freshness and sweetness* of youth. Such is the power of gold, that it will—

"—— make black, white; foul, fair;
"Wrong, right;" &c.

A quotation or two may perhaps support this interpretation. So, in Sidney's Arcadia, p. 262, edit. 1633: "Do you see how the spring time is full of flowers, decking itself with them, and not aspiring to the fruits of autumn? What lesson is that unto you, but that in the *April of your age* you should be like *April*."

Again, in Stephens's Apology for Herodotus, 1607: "He is a young man, and in the *April of his age*." Peacham's Compleat Gentleman, chap. iii. calls *youth* "the *April* of man's life." Shakspeare's Sonnet entitled Love's Cruelty, has the same thought:

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
"Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime."

Daniel's 31st Sonnet has, "—the *April* of my years." Master Fenton "smells *April* and May." TOLLET.

[2] Do thy right nature.] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. JOHNSON.

[3] — Thou'rt quick,] Thou hast life and motion in thee. JOHNSON.

[4] — strong thief,] Thus, Chaucer, in the Pardonere's Tale:

"Men wolden say that we were *theeves strong*."

STEEVENS.

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am *misanthropos*[5], and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules[6]:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee[7]; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

5 I am *misanthropos*,] A marginal note in the old translation of Plutarch's Life of Antony, furnished our author with this epithet: "Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon *Misanthropus*, the Athenian." MALONE.

6 — gules, gules:] Might we not repair the defective metre of this line, by adopting a Shakspearian epithet, and reading—
"—— gules, *total* gules;"
as in the following passage in Hamlet:
"Now is he *total* gules." STEEVENS.

7 I will not kiss thee;] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips, by kissing thee. JOHNSON.

Thus, The Humourous Lieutenant says:
"He has some wench, or such a toy, to kiss over,
"Before he go: 'would I had such another,
"*To draw this foolish pain down.*"
See also the fourth Satire of Donne. STEEVENS.

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise [8], the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time [9].

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

8 ——— If
Thou wilt not promise, &c.] That is, however thou may'st act, since thou art a man, hated man, I wish thee evil.
JOHNSON.

9 — THEN was a blessed time.] I suspect, from Timon's answer, that Shakspeare wrote—*thine* was a blessed time. MALONE.

I apprehend no corruption. *Now,* and *then,* were designedly opposed to each other. STEEVENS.

For tubs, and baths [1]; bring down rose-cheeked youth [2]
To the tub-fast, and the diet [3].

[1] Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: &c.] There is here a slight transposition. I would read:

"—— they love thee not that use thee.
"Leaving with thee their lust; give them diseases,
"Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
"For tubs, and baths;——" JOHNSON.

[2] — bring down ROSE-CHEEKED youth —] This expressive epithet our author might have found in Marlowe's Hero and Leander:

"*Rose-cheek'd* Adonis kept a solemn feast." MALONE.

[3] — To the TUB-FAST, and the diet.] [Old copy—*fub-fast.*] One might make a very long and vain search, yet not be able to meet with this preposterous word *fub-fast*, which has notwithstanding passed current with all the editors. We should read—*tub-fast*. The author is alluding to the lues venerea and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and lest, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. "The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Friend, in his History of Physick, vol. ii. p. 380,) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself was macerated." Wiseman says, in England they used a *tub* for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days, (as he observes, p. 375,) and during this time there was necessarily an extraordinary *abstinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-fast*. WARBURTON.

So, in Jasper Maine's City Match, 1639:

"You had better match a ruin'd bawd,
"One ten times cur'd by sweating, and the *tub*."

Again, in The Family of Love, 1608, a doctor says: "— O for one of the hoops of my Cornelius' *tub*, I shall burst myself with laughing else." Again, in Monsieur D'Olive, 1606: "Our embassage is into France, there may be employment for thee: Hast thou a *tub*?"

The diet was likewise a customary term for the regimen pre-

TIMAN. Hang thee, monster!
ALCIB. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

scribed in these cases. So, in Springes to Catch Woodcocks, a collection of Epigrams, 1606:

" Priscus gave out, &c.——
" Priscus had tane *the diet* all the while."

Again, in another collection of ancient Epigrams called The Mastive, &c.

" She took not *diet* nor the sweat in season."

Thus also, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle:

" —— whom I *in diet* keep
" Send lower down into the cave,
" And in a *tub* that's heated smoaking hot," &c.

Again, in the same play:

" —— caught us, and put us in a *tub*,
" Where we this two months sweat, &c.
" This bread and water hath our *diet* been," &c.

STEEVENS.

The preceding lines, and a passage in Measure for Measure, fully support the emendation:

" Truly, sir, she [the bawd] hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the *tub*." MALONE.

In the Latin comedy of Cornelianum Dolium, which was probably written by T. Randolph, there is a frontispiece representing the sweating-tub. Some account of the sweating-tub with a cut of it may be seen in Ambrose Paræus's Works, by Johnson, p. 48. Another very particular representation of it may be likewise found in the Recueil de Proverbes par Jacques Lagniet, with the following lines:

Pour un petit plaisir je soufre mille maux;
Je fais contre un hyver deux este ci me semble:
Partout le corps je sue, et ma machoir tremble;
Je ne croy jamais voir la fin de mes travaux.

For another print of this tub, see Holmes's Academy of Armory.

DOUCE.

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them [4],—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i' thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd:

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,
By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.
Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air [5]: Let not thy sword skip one:

[4] — trod upon them,] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—"*had* trod upon them." Shakspeare was not thus minutely accurate.
MALONE.

[5] Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air:] This is wonderfully sublime and picturesque. WARBURTON.

We meet with the same image in King Richard II.:
"———— or suppose
"Devouring *pestilence hangs* in our *air*." MALONE.

The same idea occurs in Chapman's version of the sixth Iliad:
"——— and therefore *hangs*, I fear,
"*A plague above* him." STEEVENS.

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword[6]; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes[7],

[6] — thy TRENCHANT sword;] So, in Philemon Holland's translation of the ninth Book of Pliny's Natural History, 1601, p. 237: " — they all to cut and hacke them with their *trenchant* teeth;—" See note on Macbeth, vol. xi. p. 271, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[7] That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,] The virgin that shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is almost confirmed by the following passage in Cymbeline:

" —— or let her beauty
" *Look through* a casement *to allure false hearts,*
" And be false with them."

Shakspeare at the same time might aim a stroke at this indecency in the wantons of his own time, which is also animadverted on by several contemporary dramatists. So, in the ancient interlude of The Repentance of Marie Magdalene, 1567:

" Your garment must be worne alway,
" That your *white pappes* may be seene if you may.—
" If young gentlemen may see your white skin,
" It will allure them to love, and soon bring them in.
" Both damsels and wives use many such feates.
" I know them that will lay out their *faire teates*."

All this is addressed to Mary Magdalen.

To the same purpose, Jovius Pontanus:

Nam quid lacteolos sinus, et ipsas
Præ te fers sine linteo papillas?
Hoc est dicere, posce, posce, trado,
Hoc est ad Venerem vocare amantes. STEEVENS.

Our author has again the same kind of imagery in his Lover's Complaint:

" —— spite of heaven's fell rage,
" Some *beauty* peep'd through *lattice* of fear'd age."

I do not believe any particular satire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerset, and many of the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus represented in their pictures; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehensible than the ladies of the present day, who from the same extravagant pursuit of what is called fashion, run into an opposite extreme. MALONE.

× 'trenchant blade' (Timon 1. 1. 17)

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down [8] horrible traitors: Spare not
the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
mercy [9];

I have not hitherto met with any ancient portrait of a modest English woman, in which the *papillæ exertæ* were exhibited as described on the present occasion by Shakspeare; for he alludes not only to what he has called in his celebrated Song, "the hills of snow," but to the "pinks that grow" upon their summits. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read nearly thus:

"—— *nor* those milk-paps,
"That through the *widow's barb* bore at men's eyes,
"Are not within the leaf of pity writ."

The use of the doubled negative is so common in Shakspeare that it is unnecessary to support it by instances. The *barbe*, I believe, was a kind of *veil*. Cressida, in Chaucer, who appears as a *widow*, is described as wearing a *barbe*. Troilus and Cressida, book ii. v. 110, in which place Caxton's edition (as I learn from the Glossary) reads—*wimple*, which certainly signifies a *veil*, and was probably substituted as a synonimous word for *barbe*, the more antiquated reading of the manuscripts. *Unbarbed* is used by Shakspeare for *uncovered*, in Coriolanus, Act III. Sc. V.:

"Must I go show them my *unbarbed* sconce?"

See also Leland's Collectanea, vol. v. p. 317, new edit. where the ladies, mourning at the funeral of Queen Mary, are mentioned as having *their barbes above their chinnes*. TYRWHITT.

There is a singular passage in Weaver's Plantagenet's Tragical Story, in which the term *windows* is used for a woman's breasts. I insert it, as it is barely possible that Timon, among the violent metaphors which his rage suggests, might, if we had any other authority for *windows* being used in this sense, mean by the *window-bars*, the handkerckief which confined them. At all events, the passage is curious.

"Like to a wrinkled carrion I have seen,
"Instead of fifty, write her down fifteen;
"Wearing her bought complexion in a box,
"And every morn, her closet-face unlocks,
"Plants cherries in her cheeks, her eye she chears,
"And with her pencill cancells thirty years;
"Opening her lustfull *windows*, which are shown,
"Nigh to the navell o'er with lillies sown!" BOSWELL.

[8] Set them down —] Old copy in defiance of metre—
"*But* set them down." STEEVENS.

[9] — EXHAUST their mercy;] For *exhaust*, Sir Thomas Han-

Think it a bastard [1], whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat [2] shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects [3];
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd [4]. Hold up, you sluts,

mer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*extort*; but *exhaust* here signifies literally to *draw forth*. Johnson.

[1] —*bastard*,] An allusion to the tale of Oedipus. Johnson.

[2] —thy throat—] Old copy—*the* throat. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[3] Swear against objects;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

"—— 'gainst *all objects*."

So in our author's 152d Sonnet:

"Or made them *swear against the thing they see*."

Steevens.

Perhaps *objects* is here used *provincially* for *abjects*. Farmer.

Against objects is, against objects of charity and compassion. So, in Troilus and Cressida, Ulysses says:

"For Hector in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
"To tender *objects*." M. Mason.

[4] And to make whores, a bawd.] That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores.

Johnson.

Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you [5],—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions [6]: Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats [7]: Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary [8]: And thatch your poor thin roofs [9]

[5] The immortal gods that hear you,] The same thought is found in Antony and Cleopatra, Act. I. Sc. III.

"Though you with swearing *shake the throned gods.*"

Again in The Winter's Tale:

"Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths."

STEEVENS.

[6] I'll trust to your conditions:] You need not swear to continue whores, I will trust to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

See vol. ix. p. 424, n. 1. MALONE.

Timon, I believe does not mean their *dispositions* but their *vocations*, and accordingly conjures them *to be whores still.*

M. MASON.

[7] And be no turncoats:] By an old statute, those women who lived in a state of prostitution, were, among other articles concerning their dress, enjoined to wear their garments, with the *wrong side outward,* on pain of forfeiting them. Perhaps there is in this passage a reference to it. HENLEY.

I do not perceive hnw this explanation of—*turncoat,* will accord with Timon's train of reasoning; yet the antiquary may perhaps derive satisfaction from that which affords no assistance to the commentator. STEEVENS.

[8] Yet may your PAINS, six months,

Be quite contrary:] This is obscure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains,* and partly from the generality of the expression. The meaning is this: he had said before, follow constantly your trade of debauchery: that is (says he) for six months in the year. Let the other six be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the severe discipline necessary for the repair of those disorders that your debaucheries occasion, in order to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year

With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,

be spent in these different occupations. On this account he goes on, and says, "Make false hair, &c." WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the author and his readers to meet on easier terms. We may read:

"—— Yet may your pains six months
"Be quite *contraried*:—"

Timon is wishing ill to mankind, but is afraid lest the whores should imagine that he wishes well to them; to obviate which he lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and disappointments enough to plague themselves. He wishes that they may do all possible mischief, and yet take *pains six months* of the year in vain.

In this sense there is a connection of this line with the next. "Finding your pains contraried, try new expedients, thatch your thin roofs, and paint."

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latimer relates, that when he went to court, he was advised not to *contrary* the King. JOHNSON.

If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, which I do not believe, the present words appear to me to admit it, as well as the reading he would introduce. Such unnecessary deviations from the text should ever be avoided. Dr. Warburton's is a very natural interpretation, which cannot often be said of the expositions of that commentator. The words that follow fully support it: "And thatch your poor thin roofs," &c. i. e. after you have lost the greatest part of your hair by disease, and the medicines that for six months you have obliged to take, then procure an artificial covering, &c. MALONE.

I believe this means,—'Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on harlots in houses of correction.' STEEVENS.

These words should be enclosed in a parenthesis. Johnson wishes to connect them with the following sentences, but that cannot be, as they contain an imprecation, and the following lines contain an instruction. Timon is giving instructions to those women; but in the middle of his instructions, his misanthropy breaks forth in an imprecation against them. I have no objection to the reading of *contraried* instead of *contrary*, but it does not seem to be necessary. M. MASON.

9 — thatch your poor thin roofs, &c.] About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places,

No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore still ;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles !

PHR. & TIMAN. Well, more gold ; — What then ?—
Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

TIM. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring [1]. Crack the lawyer's voice,

and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in A Mad World my Masters, 1608 : " — to wear perriwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind ?"

Again, in Drayton's Mooncalf :

" And with large sums they stick not to procure
" *Hair from the dead,* yea, and the most unclean ;
" To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet :

" Before the golden tresses of the dead,
" The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
" To live a second life on second head,
" Ere *beauty's dead fleece* made another gay."

Again, in Churchyard's Tragicall Discours of a Dolorous Gentlewoman, 1593 :

" The *perwickes* fine must curle wher haire doth lack
" The swelling grace that fils the empty sacke."

Warner, in his Albion's England, 1602, book ix. ch. xlvii. is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stowe informs us, that " women's *periwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris." STEEVENS.

See also vol. v. p. 83, n. 4.

The *first* edition of Stubbes's Anatomy of Abuses quoted above, was in 1583. Drayton's Mooncalf did not, I believe, appear till 1627. MALONE.

1 — men's SPURRING.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*sparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word. JOHNSON.

Spurring is certainly right. The disease that enfeebled their *shins* would have this effect. STEEVENS.

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly[2]: hoar the flamen[3],
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee[4],
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all[5]!

[2] Nor sound his QUILLETS shrilly:] *Quillets* are *subtilties*. So, in Law Tricks, &c. 1608: "—a *quillet* well applied!" STEEVENS.

Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders *quillet*, *res frivola recula*. MALONE.

[3] —HOAR the flamen,] Mr. Upton would read—*hoarse*, i. e. make hoarse; for to be *hoary* claims reverence. "Add to this (says he) that *hoarse* is here most proper, as opposed to *scolds*. It may, however, mean,—Give the flamen the *hoary leprosy*." So, in Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:

"—— shew like *leprosy*,
"The *whiter* the fouler."

And before, in this play:

"Make the *hoar leprosy* ador'd." STEEVENS.

[4] —that his particular to FORESEE,] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To "foresee his particular," is 'to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of publick good.' In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds "to smell from the general weal, and foresee their own particular." Shakspeare, who seems to have been a skilful sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes here to hunting. [Dr. Warburton would read—*forefend*, i. e. (as he interprets the word) provide for, secure.]

To the commentator's emendation it may be objected, that he uses *forefend* in the wrong meaning. To *forefend* is, I think, never to *provide for*, but to *provide against*. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative sense. JOHNSON.

PHR. & TIMAN. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

TIM. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

ALCIB. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon;
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

TIM. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

ALCIB. I never did thee harm.

TIM. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

ALCIB. Call'st thou that harm?

TIM. Men daily find it such[6]. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

ALCIB. We but offend him.—
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

TIM. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast[7],

[5] And ditches GRAVE you all!] To *grave* is to *entomb.* The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors. So, in Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth book of Virgil's Æneid:

"Cinders (think'st thou) mind this? or *graved* ghostes?"

Again, in Chapman's version of the fifteenth Iliad:

"—— the throtes of dogs shall *grave*
"His manlesse lims."

To *ungrave* was likewise to turn out of a grave. Thus, in Marston's Sophonisba:

"——— and me, now dead,
"Deny a grave; hurl us among the rocks
"To stanch beasts hunger: therefore, thus *ungrav'd*,
"I seek slow rest." STEEVENS.

[6] — find it SUCH.] For the insertion of the pronoun—*such*, I am answerable. It is too frequently used on similar occasions by our author, to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

[7] Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,] This image

Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm [9],
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven [1]
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate [2],
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb [3],
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man [4]!

is taken from the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia, called παναίολος φύσις πάντων μήτηρ; and is a very good comment on those extraordinary figures. See Montfauçon, l' Antiquitê Expliqueé, lib. iii. ch. xv. Hesiod, alluding to the same representations, calls the earth, ΓΑΙ' ΕΥΡΥΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ. WARBURTON.

"Whose infinite breast" means no more than 'whose boundless surface.' Shakspeare probably knew nothing of the statue to which the commentator alludes. STEEVENS

9 — eyeless venom'd worm,] The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind-worm*, and the Latins, *cœcilia*. JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth:

"Adder's fork, and *blindworm's* sting." STEEVENS

1 — below CRISP heaven —] We should read—*cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In The Tempest, Ariel talks of riding—

"On the *curl'd* clouds."

Chaucer, in his House of Fame, says—

"Her here that was *oundie* and *crips*."

i. *e. wavy* and *curled*.

Again, in The Philosopher's Satires, by Robert Anton:

"Her face as beauteous as the *crisped* morn." STEEVENS.

2 — who all THY human sons DOTH hate,] Old copy—*the* human sons *do* hate. The former word was corrected by Mr. Pope; the latter by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

3 ENSEAR thy fertile and conceptious womb,] So, in K. Lear:

"*Dry up* in her the organs of encrease." STEEVENS.

4 Let it no more BRING OUT ingrateful man!] It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*. JOHNSON.

Neither Dr. Warburton nor Dr. Johnson seem to have been aware of the import of this passage. It was the great boast of the

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion[5] all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas[6];
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung

Athenians that they were *αυτοχθονες*; *sprung from the soil on which they lived;* and it is in allusion to this, that the terms *common mother*, and *bring out*, are applied to the *ground*. HENLEY.

Though Mr. Henley, as a scholar, could not be unacquainted with this Athenian boast, I fear that Shakspeare knew no more of it than of the many-breasted Diana of Ephesus, brought forward by Dr. Warburton in a preceding note. STEEVENS.

5 — the MARBLED mansion —] So, Milton, b. iii. l. 564:

"Through the pure *marble* air——."

Virgil bestows the same epithet on the sea. STEEVENS.

Again, in Othello:

"Now by yon *marble* heaven——." MALONE.

6 Dry up thy MARROWS, vines, and plow-torn leas;] The sense is this: *O nature! cease* to *produce men, ensear thy womb;* but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows*, on which they fatten with *unctuous morsels*, thy *vines*, which give them *liquorish draughts*, and thy *plow-torn leas*. Here are effects corresponding with causes, *liquorish draughts*, with *vines*, and *unctuous morsels* with *marrows*, and the old reading literally preserved. JOHNSON.

From change of fortune [7]. Why this spade? this
place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes [8], and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper [9].
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy
knee [1],
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;

[7] This is in thee a nature but AFFECTED;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of FORTUNE.] The old copy reads—*infected*, and "change of *future*." Mr. Rowe made the emendation.
MALONE.

[8] Hug their diseas'd PERFUMES,] i. e. their diseas'd perfumed mistresses. MALONE.

So, in Othello:
"'Tis such another fitchew; marry, a *perfum'd* one."
STEEVENS.

[9] —the CUNNING OF A CARPER.] For the philosophy of a Cynick, of which sect Apemantus was; and therefore he concludes:
"——— Do not assume my likeness." WARBURTON.

Cunning here seems to signify *counterfeit appearance*.
JOHNSON.

The "cunning of a carper," is the insidious art of a critick. Shame not these woods, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. Maurice Kyffin in the preface to his translation of Terence's Andria, 1588, says: "Of the *curious carper* I look not to be favoured." Again, Ursula speaking of the sarcasms of Beatrice, observes—
"Why sure, such *carping* is not commendable."

There is no apparent reason why Apemantus (according to Dr. Warburton's explanation) should ridicule his own sect.
STEEVENS.

[1] —hinge thy knee,] Thus, in Hamlet:
"To crook the pregnant *hinges* of the *knee*." STEEVENS.

Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome[2],
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees[3],
That have outliv'd the eagle[4], page thy heels,

[2] —like tapsters, that BID welcome,] So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
"Soothing the humour of fantastick wits."

The old copy has—*bad* welcome. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

[3] —MOSS'D trees,] [Old copy—*moist* trees.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads very elegantly:

"——— *moss'd* trees." JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same epithet in As You Like It, Act IV.:

"Under an oak, whose boughs were *moss'd* with age." STEEVENS.

So also Drayton, in his Mortimeriados, no date:

"Even as a bustling tempest rousing blasts
"Upon a forest of old branching oakes,
"And with his furie teyrs their *mossy* loaks."

Moss'd is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE.

I have inserted this reading in the text, because there is less propriety in the epithet—*moist*; it being a known truth that trees become more and more *dry*, as they encrease in age. Thus, our author, in his Rape of Lucrece, observes, that it is one of the properties of time—

"To *dry* the *old* oak's sap——." STEEVENS.

[4] —outliv'd the eagle,] *Aquilæ Senectus* is a proverb. I learn from Turberville's Book of Falconry, 1575, that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its *eyrie*, or nest, in the same place. STEEVENS.

And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature [5],—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee [6].

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too [7]?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou

5 Answer MERE NATURE,] So, in King Lear, Act II. Sc. III.:
"And with presented nakedness outface
"The winds," &c. STEEVENS.

6 To vex thee.] As the measure is here imperfect, we may suppose, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, our author to have written:
"*Only* to vex thee." STEEVENS.

7 What! a KNAVE too?] Timon had just called Apemantus *fool*, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him that he comes *to vex him*, Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool;* that *to vex by design* is *villainy*, *to vex without design* is *folly*. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*, and when he answers, *yes*, Timon replies,—"What! a knave too?" I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but now I find thee likewise a *knave*. JOHNSON.

Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before [8]:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content [9].
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

TIM. Not by his breath [1], that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd [2]; but bred a dog [3].

[8] — is crown'd before:] Arrives sooner at *high wish;* that is, at the *completion of its wishes.* JOHNSON.

So, in a former scene of this play:

"And in some sort these wants of mine are *crown'd,*
"That I account them blessings."

Again, more appositely, in Cymbeline:

"—— my supreme *crown* of *grief.*" MALONE.

[9] Worse than the worst, content.] Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content. JOHNSON.

[1] — by his breath,] It means, I believe, by his *counsel,* by his *direction.* JOHNSON.

"By his breath," I believe, is meant his *sentence.* To *breathe* is as licentiously used by Shakspeare in the following instance from Hamlet:

"Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
"The youth you *breathe* of, guilty," &c. STEEVENS.

By his *breath* means in our author's language, by his *voice* or *speech,* and so in fact by his sentence. Shakspeare frequently uses the word in this sense. It has been twice used in this play. See p. 340, n. 4. MALONE.

[2] Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd;] In a Collection of Sonnets, entitled, Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard, by William Smith, 1596, a similar image is found:

"Doth any live that ever had such hap,
"That all her actions are of none effect?
"Whom *Fortune never dandled in her lap,*
"But as an abject still doth me reject." MALONE.

[3] — but bred a DOG.] Alluding to the word *Cynick,* of which sect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.

For the etymology of *Cynick,* our author was not obliged to

Hadst thou, like us[4], from our first swath[5], proceeded

have recourse to the Greek language. The dictionaries of his time furnished him with it. See Cawdrey's Dictionary of Hard English Words, octavo, 1604: "Cynical, *doggish*, froward." Again, in Bullokar's English Expositor, 1616: "Cynical, *doggish*, or currish. There was in Greece an old sect of philosophers so called, because they did ever sharply *barke* at men's vices," &c. After all, however, I believe Shakspeare only meant, thou wert born in a low state, and used from thy infancy to hardships. MALONE.

4 Hadst thou, like us.] There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe, every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence:

"God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly*." JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in a MS. metrical translation of an ancient French romance, preserved in the Library of King's College, Cambridge. [See note on Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV. Sc. X.]:

"But heretofore of hardnesse hadest thou never;
"But were brought forth in blisse, as swich a burde ought,
"Wyth alle maner gode metes, and to misse them now
"It were a botles bale," &c. p, 26, b. STEEVENS.

5 — first SWATH,] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

The sweet degrees [6] that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it [7]
Freely command [8], thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust [9]; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect [1], but follow'd

So, in Heywood's Golden Age, 1611:
"No more their cradles shall be made their tombs,
"Nor their soft *swaths* become their winding-sheets."
Again, in Chapman's translation of Homer's Hymn to Apollo:
"——— swaddled with sincere
"And spotless *swath*-bands—." STEEVENS.

[6] THE sweet degrees —] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read—*Through*, &c. but this neglect of the preposition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

[7] To such as may the PASSIVE DRUGS of it —] Though all the modern editors agree in this reading, it appears to me corrupt. The epithet *passive* is seldom applied, except in a metaphorical sense, to inanimate objects; and I cannot well conceive what Timon can mean by the *passive drugs of the world*, unless he means *every thing that the world affords.*

But in the first folio the words are not "passive *drugs*," but "passive *drugges*." This leads us to the true reading—*drudges*, which improves the sense, and is nearer to the old reading in the trace of the letters.

Dr. Johnson says in his Dictionary, that a *drug* means a *drudge*, and cites this passage as an instance of it. But he is surely mistaken; and I think it is better to consider the passage as erroneous, than to acknowledge, on such slight authority, that a *drug* signifies a *drudge*. M. MASON.

[8] — command,] Old copy—*command'st.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] —— MELTED down thy youth
In different beds of lust;] Thus, in the Achilleid of Statius, ii. 394:
—— tenero nec *fluxa* cubili
Membra——. STEEVENS.

[1] — precepts of respect,] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

Timon cannot mean by the word *respect*, obedience to the laws, as Johnson supposes; for a poor man is more likely to be impressed with a reverence for the laws, than one in a station of nobility and affluence. *Respect* may possibly mean, as Steevens

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself[2],
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment[3];
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

supposes, a *regard* to the opinion of the world: but I think it has a more enlarged signification, and implies a consideration of consequences, whatever they may be. In this sense it is used by Hamlet:

"——— There's the *respect*
"That makes calamity of so long life." M. MASON.

"The icy precepts of *respect*" mean the cold admonitions of *cautious prudence*, that deliberately weighs the consequences of every action. So, in Troilus and Cressida:

"——— Reason and *respect*,
"Makes livers pale, and lustihood deject."

Again, in our poet's Rape of Lucrece:

"Then, childish fear, avaunt! *debating* die!
"*Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age!
"Sad pause and deep regard become the sage."

Hence in King Richard III. the King says:

"I will converse with iron-witted fools,
"And *unrespective boys;* none are for me,
"That look into me with *considerate* eyes." MALONE.

Respect, I believe, means the *qu'en dira't on?* the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentiousness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood; what Mr. Burke, in his admirable Reflections on the Revolution in France, has emphatically styled "one of the greatest controuling powers on earth, the *sense of fame and estimation*." STEEVENS.

[2] — But myself.] The connection here requires some attention. *But* is here used to denote opposition; but what immediately precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adversative particle refers to the two first lines:

"Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
"With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
"——— But myself,
"Who had the world as my confectionary," &c.

The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of passion. JOHNSON.

[3] — than I could frame employment;] i. e. frame employment *for*. Shakspeare frequently writes thus. See vol. xii. p. 23, n. 6. MALONE.

Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare[4]
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou
hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag[5],
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer[6].

[4] —with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare, &c.] So, in Massinger's Maid of Honour:

"O summer friendship,
"Whose flatt'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our
"Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
"In the autumn of adversity." STEEVENS.

Somewhat of the same imagery is found in our author's 73d Sonnet:

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
"When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
"Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
"Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."
MALONE.

[5] —that poor RAG.] If we read—*poor rogue*, it will correspond rather better to what follows. JOHNSON.

In King Richard III. Margaret calls Gloster *rag* of honour; in the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned; and John Florio speaks of a "tara-*rag* player." STEEVENS.

We now use the word *ragamuffin* in the same sense.
M. MASON.

The term is yet used. The lowest of the people are yet denominated—Tag, *rag*, &c. So, in Julius Cæsar: "—if the *tag-rag* people did not clap him and hiss him,—I am no true man." MALONE.

[6] Thou hadst been a KNAVE, and flatterer.] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Ape-

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a Root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company[7], take away thyself[8].

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

mantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble. JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in King Lear, a *finical superserviceable rogue.*—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious. STEEVENS.

7 First mend MY company,] The old copy reads—"mend *thy* company." The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 —take away thyself.] This thought seems to have been adopted from Plutarch's Life of Antony. It stands thus in Sir Thomas North's translation: "Apemantus said unto the other, O, here is a trimme banket, Timon. Timon aunswered, yea, said he, *so thou wert not here.*" STEEVENS.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me[9].
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity[1]; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee[2].

9 *Apem.* Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that's above me.] So, in Coriolanus:
"3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?
"*Cor.* Under the canopy." STEEVENS.

1 — for too much CURIOSITY;] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courtesy*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has explained the word justly. So, in Jervas Markham's English Arcadia, 1606: "— for all those eye-charming graces, of which with such *curiosity* she had boasted." Again, in Hobby's translation of Castiglione's Cortegiano, 1556: "A waiting gentlewoman should flee *affection* or *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is here inserted as a synonyme to *affection*, which means *affectation*. *Curiosity* likewise seems to have meant *capriciousness*. Thus, in Greene's Mamillia, 1593: "Pharicles hath shewn me some curtesy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curiosity*: he hath made some shew of love, and I have not wholly seemed to mislike." STEEVENS.

2 Ay, though it look like thee.] Timon here supposes that an

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou

objection against hatred, which through the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have answered—

"*Yes*, for it looks like thee."

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun instead of the affirmative particle, has it—

"*I*, though it look like thee."

Perhaps we should read:

"I *thought* it *look'd* like thee." JOHNSON.

the unicorn[3], pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion[4], and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion[5]; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in tranformation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

[3] — the unicorn, &c.] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. Gesner *Hist. Animal.* HANMER.

See a note on Julius Cæsar, vol. xii. p. 50, n. 1. STEEVENS.

[4] — thou wert german to the lion,] This seems to be an allusion to Turkish policy:

"Bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne." *Pope.* STEEVENS.

[5] — were REMOTION;] i. e. removal from place to place. So, in King Lear:

"'Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her." STEEVENS.

Remotion means, I apprehend, not a frequent removal from place to place, but merely *remoteness*, the being placed at a distance from the lion. See vol. ix. p. 28, n. 7. MALONE.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive [6].

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse [7].

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure [8].

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a Stone at him.*

[6] Thou art the cap, &c.] The *top*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson's explication is, I think, right; but I believe our author had also the *fool's cap* in his thoughts. Malone.

In All's Well That Ends Well, "the *cap* of the time," apparently means—the *foremost* in the fashion. Steevens.

[7] *Apem.* A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.] Thus tl e old copies, and, I think, rightly. Mr. Theobald, however, is of a contrary opinion; for, according to the present regulation, says he, Apemantus is "made to curse Timon, and immediately to subjoin that he was too bad to curse." He would therefore give the former part of the line to Timon. Steevens.

[8] All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure. The same sentiment is repeated in King Lear:

"Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
"When others are more wicked." Steevens.

APEM. Beast!
TIM. Slave!
APEM. Toad!
TIM. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*
I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the Gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire[9]! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap[1]! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts[2]!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

[9] 'Twix't natural son and sire!]
Διὰ τȣ̃τον ȣ̓κ ἀδελφὸς
Διὰ τȣ̃τον ȣ̓ τοκῆες. *Anac.* JOHNSON.

[1] Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap!] The imagery is here exquisitely beautiful and sublime. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have said—Here is a very elegant turn given to a thought more coarsely expressed in King Lear:
" ——— yon simpering dame,
" Whose face *between her forks* presages snow."
STEEVENS.

[2] — O thou TOUCH of hearts!] *Touch,* for *touchstone.* So, in King Richard III:
" O, Buckingham, now do I play the *touch,*
" To try if thou be'st current gold——." STEEVENS.

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou will be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—
[*Exit* Apemantus.
More things like men[3]?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves[4].

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he

[3] More things like men?] This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Sir Thomas Hanmer has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unskilfully, but with unwarrantable licence. Johnson.

I believe, as the name of Apemantus was prefixed to this line, instead of Timon, so the name of Timon was prefixed to the preceding line by a similar mistake. That line seems more proper in the mouth of Apemantus; and the words—"I am quit," seem to mark his *exit*. Malone.

The words—"I am quit," in my opinion, belong to Timon, who means that he is *quit* or clear, has at last got *rid* of Apemantus; is delivered from his company. This phrase is yet current among the vulgar. Steevens.

[4] *Enter Thieves.*] The old copy reads,—"Enter the *Banditti*." Steevens.

care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat[5].

[5] —you want much of MEAT.] Thus both the player and poetical editor have given us this passage: quite *sand-blind*, as honest Launcelot says, to our author's meaning. If these poor Thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be cursed with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote:

"—— you much want of *meet*."

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be;* much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

"—— you want much of *men*."

They have been all busy without necessity. Observe the series of the conversation. The Thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want*, and *want* of *much*. Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their *greatest want is*, that, like other men, *they want much of meat;* then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, *Want? why want?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read:

"Your greatest want is, you want much of *me*."

rejecting the two last letters of the word. The sense will then be—your greatest want is that you expect supplies of *me* from whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply for relief to one in my situation. Dr.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath
roots [6];
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con [7],
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions [8]. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the
grape,
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

Farmer, however, with no small probability, would point the passage as follows:

"Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat
"Why should you want? Behold, &c." STEEVENS.

[6] — the earth hath roots; &c.]

Vile olus, et duris hærentia mora rubetis,
Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:
Flumine vicino stultus sitit.

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions. JOHNSON.

[7] — Yet THANKS I must you CON,] To *con thanks* is a very common expression among our old dramatick writers. So, in The Story of King Darius, 1565, an interlude:

"Yea and well said, I *con you* no thanke."

Again, in Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil, by Nash, 1592: "It is well done to practise my wit; but I believe our lord will *con thee little thanks* for it." STEEVENS.

[8] In LIMITED professions,] *Limited*, for *legal*. WARBURTON.

Regular, orderly, professions. So, in Macbeth:

"For, 'tis my *limited* service."

i. e. my appointed service, prescribed by the necessary duty and *rules* of my office. MALONE.

And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't[9],
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears[1]: the earth's a thief,

9 —since you PROFESS to do't,] The old copy has—*protest*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

1 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The MOON into salt tears:] The *moon* is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be *resolved* by the *surges* of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: The sun, moon, and sea, all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

He says simply, that the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *sea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all: the sea, i. e. *liquid surge*, by supplying the *moon* with moisture, robs her in turn of the *soft* tears of *dew* which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *salt* is an easy change. In this sense Milton speaks of *her moist continent*. Paradise Lost, book v. l. 422. And, in Hamlet, Horatio says:

"——— the *moist* star
"Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands."
STEEVENS.

We are not to attend on such occasions merely to philosophical truth; we are to consider what might have been the received or vulgar notions of the time.—The populace, in the days of Shakspeare, might possibly have considered the waining of the moon as a gradual dissolution of it, and have attributed to this melting of the moon, the increase of the sea at the time she disappears. They might, it is true, be told, that there is a similar increase in the tides when the moon becomes full; but when popular notions are once established, the reasons urged against them are but little attended to. It may also be observed, that the moon, when viewed through a telescope, has a humid appearance, and seems to have drops of water suspended from the rim of it; to which circumstance Shakspeare probably alludes in Macbeth where Hecate says:

"Upon the corner of the *moon*
"There hangs a *vaporous* drop," &c. M. MASON.

That feeds and breeds by a composture [2] stole
From general excrement: each thing's a thief,

Shakspeare knew that the moon was the cause of the tides, [See the last Scene of The Tempest,] and in that respect the liquid surge, that is, the waves of the sea, rising one upon another, in the progress of the tide, may be said to *resolve the moon into salt tears;* the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humidity, and the accretion to the sea, in consequence of her tears being the cause of the *liquid surge.* Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the *watry quality* of that planet. In Romeo and Juliet, he speaks of her "*watry beams.*"

Again, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"Quench'd in the chaste beams of the *watry moon.*"

Again, more appositely, in King Richard III:

"That I, being *govern'd* by the *watry moon,*
"May bring forth plenteous *tears,* to drown the world."

Salt is so often applied by Shakspeare to *tears,* that there can be no doubt that the original reading is the true one: nor had the poet, as I conceive, *dew,* at all in his thoughts. So, in All's Well That Ends Well: "—your *salt tears'* head—." Again, in Troilus and Cressida:

"Distasted with the *salt* of broken *tears.*"

Again in King Richard III.:

"Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn *salt tears.*"

Again more appositely, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"———— to drain
"Upon his face an *ocean* of *salt tears.*"

Mr. Tollet idly conjectures, (for conjecture is always idle where there is little difficulty,) that we should read—The *main,* i. e. the main land or continent. So, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act III. Sc. I.: "The continent melt itself into the sea." An observation made by this gentleman in Love's Labour's Lost, had he recollected it, might have prevented him from attempting to disturb the text here: "No alteration should be made in these lines that destroys the artificial structure of them."—In the first line the sun is the thief: in the second he is himself *plundered* by that thief, the moon. The moon is subjected to the same fate, and, from being a *plunderer,* is herself *robbed* of moisture (line 4th and 5th) by the sea. MALONE.

I cannot say for a certainty whether Albumazar or this play was first written, as Timon made its earliest appearance in the folio, 1623. Between Albumazar and The Alchymist there has been likewise a contest for the right of eldership. The original

The laws, your curb and whip [3], in their rough power

of Albumazar was an Italian comedy called Lo Astrologo, written by Battista Porta, the famous physiognomist of Naples, and printed at Venice in 1606. The translator is said to have been a Mr. Tomkis, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Alchymist was brought on in 1610, which is four years before Albumazar was performed for the entertainment of King James; and Ben Jonson in his title-page boldly claims the merit of having introduced a new subject and new characters on the stage:

—— petere inde coronam
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.

The play of Albumazar was not entered on the books of the Stationer's Company till April 28, 1615. In Albumazar, however, such examples of thievery likewise occur:

" The world's a theatre of theft: Great rivers
" Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.
" And in this world of ours, this microcosm,
" Guts from the stomach steal; and what they spare
" The meseraicks filch, and lay't i'the liver;
" Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,
" 'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,
" And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,
" In tendons, skin, and hair; so that the property
" Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discover'd.
" Now all these pilferies, couch'd, and compos'd in order,
" Frame thee and me: Man's a quick mass of thievery."

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his Arte of English Poesie, 1589, quotes some one of a " reasonable good facilitie in translation, who finding *certaine* of Anacreon's Odes very well translated by Ronsard the French poet—comes our minion, and translates the same out of French into English:" and his strictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronsard; and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of transcribing it:

La terre les eaux va boivant;
L'arbre la boit par sa racine,
La mer salee boit le vent,
Et le soleil boit la marine.
Le soleil est beu de la lune,
Tout boit soit en haut ou en bas:
Suivant ceste reigle commune,
Pourquoy donc ne boirons-nous pas? Edit. fol. p. 507.

FARMER.

The name of the wretched plagiarist stigmatized by Puttenham,

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away:
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal [4],
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less [5], for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen. [*Timon retires to his Cave.*

3 *Thief.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery [6].

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true [7].

[*Exeunt Thieves.*

was John Southern, as appears from the only copy of his Poems that has hitherto been discovered. He is mentioned by Drayton in one of his Odes. See also the European Magazine, for June 1778. Steevens.

2 — by a composture —] i. e. composition, compost. Steevens.

3 The laws, your curb and whip,] So, in Measure for Measure:
"———— most biting *laws*,
"The needful *bits* and *curbs* for headstrong steeds."
Malone.

4 — nothing can you steal,] To complete the measure I would read:
"— *where* nothing can you steal —." Steevens.

5 — Steal not less,] *Not,* which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

6 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.] The reason of his advice, says the Thief, is *malice to mankind,* not any kindness to us, or desire *to have us thrive in our mystery.* Johnson.

7 Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.] [Dr. Warburton divides this line between the two thieves.] This and the concluding little speech have in all the editions been placed to one speaker: But, it is evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *second* Thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade. Warburton.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made [8]!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely [9] does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies [1]:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do [2]!

The second Thief has just said, he'll give over his trade. It is time enough for that, says the first Thief: let us wait till Athens is at peace. There is no hour of a man's life so wretched, but he always has it in his power to become a *true*, i. e. an honest man. I have explained this easy passage, because it has, I think, been misunderstood. MALONE.

[8] What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!] *An alteration of honour*, is an *alteration* of an *honourable state* to a state of disgrace. JOHNSON.

[9] How RARELY does it meet —] *Rarely* for *fitly*; not for *seldom*. WARBURTON.

How curiously; how happily. MALONE.

[1] When man was WISH'D to love his enemies:] We should read—*will'd*. He forgets his Pagan system here again. WARBURTON.

Wish'd is right. It means *recommended*. See vol. vi. p. 388, n. 6; and vol. vii. p. 72, n. 6. REED.

[2] Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that DO!] It is plain, that in this whole speech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity*; for the *friend* is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. The sense is, "Let me rather woo or caress those that *would* mischief, that *profess to mean me mischief*, than those *that really do me* mischief, under false professions of kindness." The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: "Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself." This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage. JOHNSON.

He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

TIM. Away! what art thou?
FLAV. Have you forgot me, sir?
TIM. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man[3], I have forgot thee.
FLAV. A honest poor servant of yours.
TIM. Then
I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
About me, I; all that[4] I kept were knaves[5],
To serve in meat to villains.
FLAV. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.
TIM. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping[6]:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
FLAV. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

3 — thou'rt man,] Old copy—"thou'rt *a* man." STEEVENS.

4 — that —] I have supplied this pronoun, for the metre's sake. STEEVENS.

5 — knaves,] *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a *servant* and a *rascal*. JOHNSON.

6 — Pity's sleeping:] I do not know that any correction is necessary, but I think we might read:

"——— eyes do never give,
"But thorough lust and laughter, *pity* sleeping:——"

Eyes never flow (to *give* is to dissolve, as saline bodies in moist weather,) *but by lust* or *laughter*, undisturbed *by* emotions of *pity*. JOHNSON.

To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild [7]. Let me behold

Johnson certainly is right in reading—"Pity sleeping." The following line proves it:

"*Alcib.* —— on thy low grave, on faults forgiven."

Surely Theobald's punctuation is preferable to Malone's.

M. Mason.

"— Pity's sleeping:" So, in Daniel's second Sonnet, 1594:

"Waken her *sleeping pity* with your crying." Malone.

7 ——— It almost turns

My dangerous nature WILD.] i. e. It almost turns my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature; for, by *dangerous nature* is meant *wildness*. Shakspeare wrote:

"It almost turns my dangerous nature *mild*."

i. e. It almost reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that, he puts in a caution immediately after, that he makes an exception but for one man. To which the Oxford editor says, *rectè*.

Warburton.

This emendation is specious, but even this may be controverted. To *turn wild* is to *distract*. "An appearance so unexpected, (says Timon,) almost turns my savageness *to distraction*." Accordingly he examines with nicety lest his phrenzy should deceive him:

"———— Let me behold

"Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman —."

And to this suspected disorder of the mind he alludes:

"Perpetual-*sober* gods!"

Ye powers whose intellects are out of the reach of perturbation.

Johnson.

He who is so much disturbed as to have no command over his actions, and to be *dangerous* to all around him, is already distracted, and therefore it would be idle to talk of *turning* such "a dangerous nature wild:" it is wild already. Besides; the baseness and ingratitude of the world might very properly be mentioned as driving Timon into frenzy: (So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"The *ingratitude* of this Seleucus does
"Even make me *wild*.")

but surely the kindness and fidelity of his Steward was more likely to soften and compose him; that is, to render his dangerous nature *mild*. I therefore strongly incline to Dr. Warburton's emendation. Malone.

Thy face. Surely, this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober[8] gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring[9] kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,

[8] Perpetual-sober—] Old copy, unmetrically—
"*You* perpetual," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] IF NOT a usuring—] *If not* seems to have slipt in here, by an error of the press, from the preceding line. Both the sense and metre would be better without it. TYRWHITT.

I do not see any need of change. Timon asks—"Has not thy kindness some covert design? Is it not proposed with a view to gain some *equivalent* in return, or rather to gain *a great deal more* than thou offerest? Is it not at least the offspring of avarice, *if not* of something worse, of usury? In this there appears to me no difficulty. MALONE.

My opinion most perfectly coincides with that of Mr. Tyrwhitt. The sense of the line, with or without the contested words, is nearly the same; yet, by the omission of them, the metre would become sufficiently regular. STEEVENS.

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To require me, by making rich yourself.

TIM. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men[1];
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them to nothing[2]: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

FLAV. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

TIM. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

[1] — from men;] Away from human habitations. JOHNSON.

[2] Debts wither them:] Old copy:

"Debts wither them *to nothing:* —"

I have omitted the redundant words, not only for the sake of metre, but because they are worthless. Our author has the same phrase in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Age cannot *wither* her—." STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Same. Before TIMON'S Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter[3]*; TIMON behind, unseen.*

PAIN. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

3 *Enter* POET *and* PAINTER;] The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him could see them: But the scenes of the Thieves and Steward have passed before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected, that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the Thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order, for the Painter alludes to the Thieves, when he says, "he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity." This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one Act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it must be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into separate Acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration. JOHNSON.

In the immediately preceding scene, Flavius, Timon's steward, has a conference with his master, and receives gold from him. Between this and the present scene, a single minute cannot be supposed to pass; and yet the Painter tells his companion:—"'Tis said he gave *his steward* a mighty sum."—Where was it said? Why in Athens, whence, it must therefore seem, they are but newly come. Here then should be fixed the commencement of the fifth Act, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for rumour to publish his adventure with Timon. But how are we in this case to account for Apemantus's announcing the approach of the Poet and Painter in the last scene of the preceding Act, and before the Thieves appear? It is possible, that when this play was abridged for representation, all between this passage, and the entrance of the Poet and Painter, may have been omitted by the players, and these words put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them; and that when it was published at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and Painter to see Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his presence necessary at their in-

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish [4] with the highest. There-

terview with Timon, and had therefore returned back into the city. RITSON.

I am afraid, many of the difficulties which the commentators on our author have employed their abilities to remove, arise from the negligence of Shakspeare himself, who appears to have been less attentive to the connection of his scenes, than a less hasty writer may be supposed to have been. On the present occasion I have changed the beginning of the Act. It is but justice to observe, that the same regulation has already been adopted by Mr. Capell. REED.

I perceive no difficulty. It is easy to suppose that the Poet and Painter, after having been seen at a distance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods separately in search of Timon's habitation. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c. before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they set out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the *Thieves* and the *Steward* might have been gained in his rambles: or, having searched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been descried by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens, and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty.—But Shakspeare was not very attentive to these minute particulars; and if *he* and the *audience* knew of the several persons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not scruple to attribute this knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.

The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding scene, has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be supposed to have elapsed between this and the last. MALONE.

[4] —a PALM—and FLOURISH, &c.] This allusion is scriptural,

fore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use[5]. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself[6]: a satire against the softness of prosperity;

and occurs in Psalm xcii. 11: "The righteous shall *flourish* like a *palm*-tree." STEEVENS.

5 — the deed OF SAYING is quite out of use.] The *doing* of that which we have *said* we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use. So, in King Lear:

"———— In my true-heart
"I find she names my very *deed of love*."

Again, more appositely, in Hamlet:

"As he, in his peculiar act and force,
"May give his *saying deed*."

Mr. Pope rejected the words—*of saying*, and the four following editors adopted his licentious regulation. MALONE.

I claim the merit of having restored the old reading. STEEVENS.

6 It must be a PERSONATING of himself:] *Personating*, for

with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

TIM. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

POET. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

PAIN. True;
When the day serves [7], before black-corner'd night [8],
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

TIM. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye

representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was Timon's *case,* not his *person.* WARBURTON.

7 When the day serves, &c.] Theobald with some probability assigns these two lines to the Poet. MALONE.

8 — before BLACK-CORNER'D night,] An anonymous correspondent sent me this observation: "As the shadow of the earth's body, which is round, must be necessarily conical over the hemisphere which is opposite to the sun, should we not read *black-coned?* See Paradise Lost, book iv."

To this observation I might add a sentence from Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, b. ii.: "Neither is the night any thing else but the shade of the earth. Now the figure of this shadow resembleth a pyramis pointed forward, or a top turned upside down."

I believe, nevertheless, that Shakspeare, by this expression, meant only, "Night which is as obscure as a *dark corner.* In Measure for Measure, Lucio calls the Duke, "a duke of dark corners." Mr. M. Mason proposes to read—"black-*crown'd* night;" another correspondent, "black-*cover'd* night."

STEEVENS.

Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them [9]. [*Advancing*.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold;
I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

[9] 'Fit I do meet them.] For the sake of harmony in this hemistich, I have supplied the auxiliary verb. Steevens.

TIM. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit [1]
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

PAIN. So, so, my lord.

TIM. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction, [*To the Poet.*
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you: neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

BOTH. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.

TIM. You'll take it ill.

BOTH. Most thankfully, my lord.

TIM. Will you, indeed?

BOTH. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIM. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

BOTH. Do we, my lord?

TIM. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain [2].

[1] —a COUNTERFEIT—] It has been already observed, that a *portrait* was so called in our author's time:
"——— What find I here?
"Fair Portia's *counterfeit!*" *Merchant of Venice.*
STEEVENS.

[2] —a MADE-UP villain.] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite.
JOHNSON.

A *made-up* villain, may mean a *complete*, a *finished* villain.
M. MASON.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I [3].

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught [4],
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company [5]:—

3 Nor I.] As it may be supposed (perhaps I am repeating a remark already made on a similar occasion) that our author designed his Poet's address to be not less respectful than that of his Painter, he might originally have finished this defective verse, by writing:

"Nor I, *my lord.*" Steevens.

4 —in a draught,] That is, in the *jakes*. Johnson.

So, in Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 735: "—he was then sitting on a *draught.*" Steevens.

5 —but two in company:] This is an imperfect sentence, and is to be supplied thus: "But two in company *spoils all.*" Warburton.

This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: "but two in company," that is, stand apart, "let only two be together;" for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain. Johnson.

This passage may receive some illustration from another in The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "My master is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave.*" The sense is, each man is *a double villain*, i. e. a villain with more than a single share of guilt. See Dr. Farmer's note on the third Act of The Two Gentlemen of Verona, &c. Again, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578: "Go, *and a knave with thee.*" Again, in The Storye of King Darius, 1565, an interlude:

"——if you needs will go away,
"Take *two knaves* with you by my faye."

There is a thought not unlike this in The Scornful Lady of Beaumont and Fletcher:—"Take to your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, lady." Steevens.

There are not two words more frequently mistaken for each other, in the printing of these plays, than *but* and *not*. I have

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company,
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment[6]: Hence!

no doubt but that mistake obtains in this passage, and that we should read it thus:

" —*not* two in company:
" Each man apart——." M. MASON.

" You that way, and you this, but two in company:
" Each man apart, all single, and alone,
" Yet an arch-villain keeps him company." The first of these lines has been rendered obscure by false pointing; that is, by connecting the words, " but two in company," with the subsequent line, instead of connecting them with the preceding hemistich. The second and third line are put in apposition with the first line, and are merely an illustration of the assertion contained in it. Do you (says Timon) go that way, and you this, and yet still *each* of you will have *two* in your company: each of you, though single and alone, will be *accompanied* by an arch-villain. Each man, being himself a villain, will *take a villain along with him*, and so each of you will have two in company. It is a mere quibble founded on the word *company*. See the former speech, in which Timon exhorts *each* of them to " hang or stab *the villain* in his *company*," i. e. himself. The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from Promos and Cassandra, puts the meaning beyond a doubt. MALONE.

6 You have DONE work, &c.] For the insertion of the word *done*, which, it is manifest, was omitted by the negligence of the compositor, I am answerable. Timon in this line addresses the Painter, whom he before called " excellent *workman*;" in the next the Poet. MALONE.

I had rather read:

" You've work'd for me, there is *your* payment: Hence!"
STEEVENS.

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter FLAVIUS, *and Two Senators.*

FLAV. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *SEN.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *SEN.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

FLAV. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

TIM. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn [7]!—Speak, and be hang'd:

[7] Thou sun that comfort'st, burn!] "Thine eyes," says King Lear to Regan, "do comfort and not burn."

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'rizing [8] to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,——

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love [9],
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the publick body [1],—which doth seldom

A similar wish occurs in Antony and Cleopatra:

"O, *sun*,
"*Burn* the great sphere thou mov'st in!" STEEVENS.

[8] — *a* CAUT'RIZING —] The old copy reads—*cantherizing;* the poet might have written, *cancering*. STEEVENS.

To *cauterise* was a word of our author's time; being found in Bullokar's English Expositor, octavo, 1616, where it is explained, "To burn to a sore." It is the word of the old copy, with the *u* changed to an *n*, which has happened in almost every one of these plays. MALONE.

[9] — with one CONSENT of love,] With one united voice of affection. So, in Sternhold's translation of the 100th Psalm:

"With one *consent* let all the earth."

All our old writers spell the word improperly, *consent*, without regard to its etymology, *concentus*. MALONE.

This sense of the word consent, or *concent*, was originally pointed out and ascertained in a note on the first scene of The First Part of King Henry VI. STEEVENS.

[1] WHICH now the public body,] Thus the old copy, ungrammatically certainly; but our author frequently thus begins a sentence, and concludes it without attending to what has gone before: for which perhaps, the carelessness and ardour of colloquial

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall [2], restraining aid to Timon [3];
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render [4],
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram [5];

language may be an apology. So afterwards in the third scene of this Act:

"*Whom*, though in general part we were oppos'd,
"Yet our old love made a particular force,
"And made us speak like friends."

See also the Poet's second speech in p. 414.—Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors read here more correctly—*And* now the publick body, &c. but by what oversight could *Which* be printed instead of *And?* MALONE.

The mistake might have been that of the transcriber, not the printer. STEEVENS.

It is just as improbable that a transcriber should write *which* for *and*, as that a compositor should print one of these words for the other. There is nothing to mislead either the eye or the ear. MALONE.

2 Of its own FALL,] The Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger *of their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades, JOHNSON.

I once suspected that our author wrote—"Of its own *fail*," i. e. failure. So, in Coriolanus:

"That if you *fail* in our request, the blame
"May hang upon your hardness."

But a subsequent passage fully supports the reading of the text:

"——— In, and prepare:
"Ours is the *fall*, I fear, our foes the snare."

Again, in Sc. IV.:

"Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
"Whose *fall* the mark of his ambition is." MALONE.

3 — RESTRAINING aid to Timon;] I think it should be *refraining* aid, that is, with-holding aid that should have been given *to* Timon. JOHNSON.

Where is the difference? to *restrain*, and to *refrain*, both mean to with-hold. M. MASON.

4 — sorrowed RENDER,] Thus the old copy. *Render* is *confession*. So in Cymbeline, Act. IV. Sc. IV.:

"—— may drive us to a *render*
"Where we have liv'd."

The modern editors read—*tender*. STEEVENS.

5 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;] This, which was in the former editions, can scarcely be right, and yet

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

TIM. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *SEN.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power[6], and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up[7]
His country's peace.

I know not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, 'We will give thee a recompense that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exactest measure.' A little disorder may perhaps have happened in transcribing, which may be reformed by reading:

"——— Ay, ev'n such heaps,
"And sums of love and wealth, down by the dram,
"As shall to thee——." JOHNSON.

A recompense so large, that the offence they have committed, though every dram of that offence should be put into the scale, cannot counterpoise it. The recompense will outweigh the offence, which instead of *weighing down* the scale in which it is placed will kick the beam. MALONE.

The speaker means, a recompense that shall more than counterpoise their offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness. M. MASON.

6 ALLOW'D with absolute power,] *Allowed* is *licensed*, *privileged*, *uncontrolled*. So of a buffoon, in Love's Labour's Lost, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what he will, a privileged scoffer. JOHNSON.

7 — like a BOAR, too SAVAGE, doth ROOT-UP—] This image might have been caught from Psalm lxxx. 13: "The *wild boar* out of the wood doth *root* it *up*," &c. STEEVENS.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.
1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;
Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp [8],
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods [9],
As thieves to keepers.

[8] There's not a WHITTLE in the unruly camp,] A *whittle* is still in the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use. Chaucer speaks of a "Sheffield *thwittell.*" STEEVENS.

[9] — of the PROSPEROUS gods,] I believe *prosperous* is used here with our poet's usual laxity, in an active, instead of a passive, sense: 'the gods who are the authors of the prosperity of mankind.' So, in Othello:

"To my unfolding lend a *prosperous* ear."

I leave you, says Timon, to the protection of the gods, the great distributors of prosperity, that they may *so* keep and guard you, as jailors do thieves; i. e. for final punishment. MALONE.

I do not see why the epithet—*prosperous*, may not be employed here with its common signification, and mean—'the gods who are prosperous in all their undertakings.' Our author, elsewhere,

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness[1]
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!
1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit[2] doth put it.
1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.
Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—
1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.
2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.
Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love[3], with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them[4]:

has *blessed* gods, *clear* gods, &c. nay, Euripides, in a chorus to his Medea, has not scrupled to style these men of Athens—ΘΕΩΝ παῖδες ΜΑΚΑΡΩΝ. Steevens.

[1] —My long sickness—] The disease of life begins to promise me a period. Johnson.

[2] —bruit—] i. e. report, rumour. So, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"The *bruit* whereof will bring you many friends."

Steevens.

[3] Their pangs of love, &c.] Compare this part of Timon's speech with part of the celebrated soliloquy in Hamlet.

Steevens.

[4] —I will some kindness, &c.] i. e. I will do them some kindness, for such, elliptically considered, will be the sense of

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree [5], which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree [6],
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.
Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.
Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day [7] with his embossed froth [8]

these words, independent of the supplemental—*do them*, which only serves to derange the metre, and is, I think, a certain interpolation. Steevens.

5 I have a tree, &c.] Perhaps Shakspeare was indebted to Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Prologue, for this thought. He might, however, have found it in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, tom. i. Nov. 28, as well as in several other places. Steevens.

Our author was indebted for this thought to Plutarch's Life of Antony: " It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time, (the people being assembled in the market-place about dispatch of some affaires,) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly use to speake unto the people; and silence being made, everie man listeneth to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: 'My lordes of Athens, I have a little yard in my house where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and because I meane to make some building upon the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves." Malone.

6 — in the sequence of degree,] Methodically, from highest to lowest. Johnson.

7 Whom once a day —] Old copy—*Who.* For the correc-

The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit* TIMON.

1 *SEN.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 *SEN.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril[9].

1 *SEN.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

tion [*whom*] I am answerable. *Whom* refers to Timon. All the modern editors (following the second folio) read—*Which* once, &c. MALONE.

Which, in the second folio, (and I have followed it) is an apparent correction of—*Who*. Surely, it is the *everlasting mansion*, or the *beach* on which it stands, that our author meant to cover with the foam, and not the corpse of *Timon*. Thus we often say that the grave in a churchyard, and not the body within it is trodden down by cattle, or overgrown with weeds. STEEVENS.

[8] — EMBOSSED froth —] When a deer was run hard, and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *embossed*. See vol. v. p. 361, n. 9. The thought is from Painter's Palace of Pleasure, tom. i. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

It is so; and if Mr. Steevens had thought fit to have quoted the passage from Painter, it would have clearly shewn that my reading, formed upon the first folio, whom, was the true one: "By his last will he ordained himselfe to be interred upon the sea shore, that the waves and surges might beate and vexe his dead *carcas*."

Embossed froth, is *swollen* froth; from *bosse*, Fr. a *tumour*. So, in Henry IV. Part I. the Prince addresses Falstaff:

"Why thou whoreson impudent *embossed* rascal."

The term *embossed*, when applied to deer, is from *emboçar*, Span. to cast out of the mouth. MALONE.

[9] In our DEAR peril.] So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor alters *dear* to *dread*, not knowing that *dear*, in the language of that time, signified *dread*, and is so used by Shakspeare in numberless places. WARBURTON.

Dear, in Shakspeare's language, is *dire*, *dreadful*. So, in Hamlet:

"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven." MALONE.

SCENE III.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?
Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.
2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.
Mess. I met a courier[1], one mine ancient friend[2];—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,

Dear may, in the present instance, signify *immediate*, or *imminent*. It is an enforcing epithet with not always a distinct meaning. To enumerate each of the seemingly various senses in which it may be supposed to have been used by our author, would at once fatigue the reader and myself.

In the following situations, however, it cannot signify either *dire* or *dreadful:*

"Consort with me in loud and *dear* petition."
Troilus and Cressida.
"———— Some *dear* cause
"Will in concealment wrap me up a while." *King Lear.*
STEEVENS.

It seems, in all these instances, to mean—*greatest*, *most important*. So, in Othello:

"For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
"Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
"Their *dearest* action in the tented field."

See vol. ix. p. 257, where Mr. Malone gives the same explanation. BOSWELL.

[1] — a COURIER,] The players read—a *currier*. STEEVENS.

[2] — ONE mine ancient friend;] Mr. Upton would read—*once* mine ancient friend. STEEVENS.

And made us speak like friends[3]:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 *SEN.* Here come our brothers.
3 *SEN.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Woods. TIMON'S Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

SOLD. By all description this should be the place.

3 WHOM, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us SPEAK like friends:] Our author, hurried away by strong conceptions, and little attentive to minute accuracy, takes great liberties in the construction of sentences. Here he means, '*Whom*, though we were on opposite sides in the publick cause, yet the force of our old affection wrought so much *upon* as to make *him speak to me* as a friend. See p. 419, n. 1. MALONE.

I am fully convinced that this and many other passages of our author to which similar remarks are annexed, have been irretrieveably corrupted by transcribers or printers, and could not have proceeded, in their present state, from the pen of Shakspeare; for what we cannot understand in the closet, must have been wholly useless on the stage.—The aukward repetition of the verb—*made*, very strongly countenances my present observation. STEEVENS.

Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man[4].
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—

[4] Some beast REAR'D this; there does not live a man.] [Old copy—*read* this.] Some beast *read* what? The Soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heaped up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it. We should read:

"Some beast *rear'd* this; ——"

The Soldier seeking, by order, for Timon, sees such an irregular mole, as he concludes must have been the workmanship of some beast inhabiting the woods; and such a cavity as must either have been so over-arched, or happened by the casual falling in of the ground. WARBURTON.

"The Soldier (says Theobald) had *yet* only seen the rude pile of earth heaped up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it." In support of his emendation, which was suggested to him by Dr. Warburton, he quotes these lines from Fletcher's Cupid's Revenge:

"Here is no food, nor beds; nor any *house*
"Built by a better architect than *beasts*." MALONE.

Notwithstanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. "The soldier had only seen the rude heap of earth." He had evidently seen something that told him *Timon was dead;* and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he sees, and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, "some beast read this," for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is something elaborately unskilful in the contrivance of sending a Soldier, who cannot read, to take the epithet in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene. JOHNSON.

I am convinced that the emendation made by Mr. Theobald is right, and that it ought to be admitted into the text:—Some beast *rear'd* this. Our poet certainly would not make the Soldier call on a beast to read the inscription, *before* he had informed the audience that he could not read it himself; which he does *afterwards*.

Besides; from the time he asks, "What is this?" [i. e. what is this cave, tomb, &c. not what is this *inscription*?] to the words, "What's on this tomb,"—the observation evidently relates to Timon himself, and his grave; whereas, by the erroneous reading of the old copy, "Some beast *read* this,"—the Soldier is first made

What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, *and Forces.*

ALCIB. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A Parley sounded.*

to call on a beast to read the inscription, without assigning any reason for so extraordinary a requisition;—then to talk of Timon's death and of his grave; and, at last, to inform the audience that he cannot read the inscription. Let me add, that a beast being as unable to read as the Soldier, it would be absurd to call on one for assistance; whilst on the other hand, if a den or cave, or any rude heap of earth resembling a tomb, be found where "there does not live a man," it is manifest that it must have been formed by a beast.

A passage in King Lear also adds support to the emendation:

" ——— this hard *house*,
" More hard than are the stones whereof 'tis *rais'd*."

MALONE.

It is evident, that the Soldier, when he first sees the heap of earth, does not know it to be a *tomb*. He concludes Timon must be dead, because he receives *no answer*. It is likewise evident, that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c. he has *not* seen the inscription. And Dr. Warburton's emendation is therefore, not only just and happy, but absolutely necessary. "What can this heap of earth be? (says the Soldier;) Timon is certainly dead: some beast must have *erected* this, for here does not live a man to do it. Yes, he is dead, sure enough, *and this must be his grave. What is this writing upon it?*" RITSON.

The foregoing observations are acute in the extreme, and I have not scrupled to adopt the reading they recommend.

STEEVENS.

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms [5], and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush [6],
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more* [7]: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 SEN. Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity [8].

5 — TRAVERS'D arms,] Arms across. JOHNSON.

The same image occurs in The Tempest:
"His *arms* in this sad *knot*." STEEVENS.

6 — the time is FLUSH,] A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is *mature*. JOHNSON.

7 When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, NO MORE:] The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. WARBURTON.

Pliny says, that the camel will not carry more than his accustomed and usual load. *Holland's Translation*, b. viii. c. xviii. REED.

The image may as justly be said to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his shoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more*. MALONE.

I wish the reader may not find himself affected in the same manner by our commentaries, and often concur in a similar exclamation. STEEVENS.

8 Above THEIR quantity.] *Their* refers to *rages*. WARBURTON.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means [9];
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs [1]: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them [2].

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out [3];
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess

Their refers to *griefs*. "To give thy rages balm," must be considered as parenthetical. The modern editors have substituted *ingratitudes* for *ingratitude*. MALONE.

9 So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd MEANS;] *Promis'd means* must import the *recruiting of his sunk fortunes;* but this is not all. The senate had wooed him with humble message, and promise of general reparation. This seems included in the slight change which I have made:

"—— and by promis'd *mends*." THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but the old reading may well stand. JOHNSON.

"By promis'd *means*," is 'by promising him a competent subsistence.' So, in King Henry IV. Part II.: "Your *means* are very slender, and your waste is great." MALONE.

1 You have receiv'd your GRIEFS:] The old copy has—*grief;* but as the Senator in his preceding speech uses the plural, *grief* was probably here an error of the press. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

2 For private faults in THEM.] That is, in the persons from whom you have received your griefs. MALONE.

3 — the MOTIVES that you first went out;] i. e. those who made the motion for your exile. This word is as perversely employed in Troilus and Cressida:

"———— her wanton spirits look out
"At every joint and *motive* of her body." STEEVENS.

Hath broke their hearts[4]. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square[5], to take,
On those that are, revenges[6]: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle[7], and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether[8].

[4] Shame, that they wanted CUNNING, in excess
Hath broke their hearts.] Shame in excess (i. e. extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts. THEOBALD.

I have no wish to disturb the manes of Theobald, yet think some emendation may be offered that will make the construction less harsh, and the sentence more serious. I read:

"Shame that they wanted, *coming* in excess,
"Hath broke their hearts."

"Shame which they *had so long* wanted, at last *coming in* its utmost *excess*." JOHNSON.

I think that Theobald has, on this occasion, the advantage of Johnson. When the old reading is clear and intelligible, we should not have recourse to correction.—*Cunning* was not, in Shakspeare's time, confined to a bad sense, but was used to express knowledge or understanding. M. MASON.

[5] — not square,] Not regular, not equitable. JOHNSON.

[6] — revenges:] Old copy—*revenge*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. See the preceding speech. MALONE.

[7] — thy ATHENIAN CRADLE,] Thus Ovid, Met. viii. 99:
——— Jovis incunabula Crete. STEEVENS.

[8] But kill not ALL TOGETHER.] The old copy reads—*altogether*. Mr. M. Mason suggested the correction I have made. STEEVENS.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.
1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.
2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.
Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports [9];
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning [1],—not a man
Shall pass his quarter [2], or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied [3], to your publick laws
At heaviest answer.

9 — UNCHARGED ports;] That is, *unguarded* gates. JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:
"That keep'st the *ports* of slumber open wide." STEEVENS.

Uncharged means *unattacked*, not *unguarded*. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason is right. So, in Shakspeare's 70th Sonnet:
"Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
"Either not assail'd, or victor, being *charg'd*." MALONE.

1 — to ATONE your fears
With my more noble meaning,] i. e. to *reconcile* them to it, So, in Cymbeline: "I was glad I did *atone* my countryman and you." STEEVENS.

2 — not a man
Shall pass his quarter,] Not a soldier shall quit his station, or be let loose upon you; and, if any commits violence, he shall answer it regularly to the law. JOHNSON.

3 But shall be REMEDIED,] The construction is, 'But *he* shall

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words [4].

The Senators descend, and open the Gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture: which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance [5].

Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:*
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left [6]*!*

be remedied;' but Shakspeare means, that his offence shall be remedied, the word offence bring included in *offend* in a former line. The editor of the second folio, for *to*, in the last line but one of this speech, substituted *by*, which all the subsequent editors adopted. Malone.

I profess my inability to extract any determinate sense from these words as they stand, and rather suppose the reading in the second folio to be the true one. To be remedied *by*, affords a glimpse of meaning: to be remedied *to*, is "the blanket of the dark." Steevens.

Mr. Steevens has mistaken the construction. It is—"At heaviest answer to your laws." Malone.

4 Descend, and keep your words.] Old copy—*Defend.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

5 — for my poor ignorance.] *Poor* is here used as a dissyllable, as *door* is in The Merchant of Venice. Malone.

6 — *caitiffs left!*] This epitaph is found in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* instead of *caitiffs.* Steevens.

This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs which Shakspeare found in Plutarch. The first couplet is said by Plutarch to have been composed by Timon himself as his epitaph; the second to have been written by the poet Callimachus.

Perhaps the slight variation mentioned by Mr. Steevens, arose from our author's having another epitaph before him, which is found in Kendal's Flowers of Epigrammes, 1577, and in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, vol. i. Nov. 28:

Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not
here thy gait.
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow[7], and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven[8]. Dead

"TIMON HIS EPITAPHE.

"My wretched *caitiffe* daies expired now and past,
"My carren corps enterred here, is graspt in ground,
"In weltring waves of swelling seas by sourges caste;
"My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confound!"
MALONE.

7 — our BRAIN's flow.] Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read,—*brine's* flow. Our *brains flow*, is our *tears;* but we may read, "our *brine's* flow,"—'our *salt* tears.' Either will serve. JOHNSON.

"Our *brain's* flow" is right. So, in Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606:
"I shed not the tears of my *brain*."
Again, in The Miracles of Moses, by Drayton:
"But he from *rocks* that fountains can command,
"Cannot yet stay the *fountains of his brain*." STEEVENS.

8 — ON faults forgiven.] Alcibiades's whole speech is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon's death, and his addresses to the Athenian Senators: and as soon as he has commented on the place of Timon's grave, he bids the Senate set forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promises to use them with mercy. THEOBALD.

I suspect that we ought to read:
"—— *One* fault's forgiven.—Dead
"Is noble Timon;" &c.
One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person. TYRWHITT.

The old reading and punctuation appear to me sufficiently intelligible. Mr. Theobald asks, "why should Neptune weep over Timon's faults, or indeed what fault had he committed?" The faults that Timon committed, were, 1. that boundless prodigality which his Steward so forcibly describes and laments; and 2. his

Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war[9]; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech[1].—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt*[2].

becoming a *Misanthrope*, and abjuring the society of all men for the crimes of a few.—Theobald supposes that Alcibiades bids the Senate set forward, assuring them at the same time that he forgives the wrongs they have done him. "On;—Faults forgiven." But how unlikely is it, that he should desert the subject immediately before him, and enter upon another quite different subject, in these three words; and then return to Timon again? to say nothing of the strangeness of the phrase—"faults forgiven," for "faults *are* forgiven." MALONE.

[9] — STINT war;] i. e. stop it. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen:
"—— 'gan the cunning thief
"Persuade us die, to *stint* all further strife." STEEVENS.

[1] — leech.] i. e. physician. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen:
"Her words prevail'd, and then the learned *leech*
"His cunning hand 'gan to his wounds to lay ——."
STEEVENS.

[2] The play of Timon is a domestick tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the stage in 1678. In the *modest* title-page he calls it Timon of Athens, or the Man-Hater, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a Play. STEEVENS.

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[illegible]

[illegible] for [illegible] the [illegible] forgiven [illegible] comedies." But [illegible] comedietly [illegible] in these [illegible] nothing of [illegible] "faults are [illegible]

[illegible] Fairy Queen:

[illegible]

"Therefore [illegible] in that old forlorn [illegible]." STEEVENS.

[illegible] Fairy Queen:

"[illegible] and then the barked back

"His [illegible] 'gan in the wounds to lay ——."

STEEVENS.

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